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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

KING RICHARD II.
KING HENRY IV. Part I.
KING HENRY IV. Part II.
KING HENRY V.
KING HENRY VI. Part I.

LONDON:

Printed *for* J. *and* R. Tonſon, H. Woodfall, J. Rivington, R. Baldwin, L. Hawes, Clarke *and* Collins, T. Longman, W. Johnſton, T. Caſſon, C. Corbet, T. Lownds, *and the* Executors *of* B. Dod.

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THE LIFE *and* DEATH OF *RICHARD* THE SECOND.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Richard *the Second.*
Duke of York,
John *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter, } *Uncles to the King.*
Bolingbroke, *Son to* John *of* Gaunt, *afterwards King* Henry *the Fourth.*
Aumerle, *Son to the Duke of* York.
Mowbray, *Duke of* Norfolk.
Earl of Saliſbury.
Earl of Berkley.
Buſhy,
Bagot, } *Servants to King* Richard.
Green,
Earl of Northumberland,
Percy, *Son to* Northumberland, } *Friends to* Bolingbroke.
Roſs,
Willoughby,
Biſhop of Carliſle,
Sir Stephen Scroop, } *Friends to King* Richard.
Fitzwater,
Surry,
Abbot of Weſtminſter, } *Lords in the Parliament.*
Sir Pierce *of* Exton,

Queen to King Richard.
Dutcheſs of Glouceſter.
Dutcheſs of York.
Ladies, attending on the Queen.

Heralds, two Gardiners, Keeper, Meſſenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, diſperſedly, in ſeveral Parts of *England.*

The

(1) The LIFE and DEATH of KING *RICHARD* II.

ACT I.

SCENE, the COURT.

Enter King Richard, John *of* Gaunt, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

King RICHARD.

OLD *John* of *Gaunt*, time-honour'd *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſt'rous late appeal,

(1) *The* life *and* death *of King* Richard II.] But this hiſtory comprizes little more than the two laſt years of this unfortunate Prince. The action of the drama begins with *Bolingbroke*'s appealing the Duke of *Norfolk*, on an accuſation of high treaſon, which fell out in the year 1398; and it cloſes with the murder of King *Richard* at *Pomfret*-Caſtle, towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the enſuing year. Mr. *Gildon* acknowledges, that *Shakeſpeare* has drawn K. *Richard*'s character according to the beſt accounts of hiſtory; that is, inſolent, proud, and thoughtleſs in proſperity; dejected, and deſponding on the appearance of danger. —— But whatever blemiſhes he had either in temper or conduct, the diſtreſſes of his latter days, the double divorce from his throne and Queen, are painted in ſuch ſtrong colours, that thoſe blemiſhes are loſt in the ſhade of his misfortunes; and our compaſſion for him wipes out the memory of ſuch ſpots, *quas humana parum cavit natura.*

Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I have, my Liege.

K. *Rich.* Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good ſubject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparent danger ſeen in him
Aim'd at your Highneſs; no inveterate malice.

K. *Rich.* Then call them to our preſence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourſelves will hear
Th' accuſer, and th' accuſed freely ſpeak:
High-ſtomach'd are they both, and full of ire;
In rage, deaf as the ſea; haſty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Mowbray.

Boling. May many years of happy days befal
My gracious Sovereign, my moſt loving Liege!

Mowb. Each day ſtill better other's happineſs;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. *Rich.* We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, t'appeal each other of high treaſon.
Couſin of *Hereford*, what doſt thou object
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Boling. Firſt, (Heaven be the record to my ſpeech!)
In the devotion of a ſubject's love,
Tend'ring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other miſ-begotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence.
Now, *Thomas Mowbray*, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heav'n.
Thou art a traitor and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and cryſtal is the ſky,
The uglier ſeem the clouds, that in it fly.

Once

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name ſtuff I thy throat:
And wiſh, ſo pleaſe my Sov'reign, e're I move,
What my tongue ſpeaks, my right-drawn ſword may prove.
Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal;
'Tis not the tryal of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſh'd, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt, the fair rev'rence of your Highneſs curbs me,
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech;
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe terms of treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,
I do defy him, and I ſpit at him;
Call him a ſlanderous coward, and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the *Alps*,
Or any other ground inhabitable, (2)

Where

(2) *Or any other ground* inhabitable.] I don't know that this word, (like the *French* term, *inhabitable*,) will admit the two different acceptations of a place *to be dwelt in*, and *not to be dwelt in*: (or that it may be taken in the latter ſenſe, as *inhabitabilis* (among the *Latines*) ſignifies *uninhabitable*; tho' *inhabitare* ſignifies only to *inhabit*:) and therefore I have ventur'd to read,

Or any other ground unhabitable;

So in the old *Quarto*, or firſt rough draught of our author's *Taming of the Shrew*;

Unhabitable as the burning Zone.

I confeſs, there is a paſſage in *Ben. Jonſon*'s tragedy of *Catiline*, which ſhould ſeem to favour the equivocal conſtruction and uſe of this word;

And who, in ſuch a cauſe, and 'gainſt ſuch fiends,
Would not now wiſh himſelf all arm and weapon,
To cut ſuch poiſons from the earth, and let
Their blood out, to be drawn away in clouds,
And pour'd on ſome *inhabitable* place,
Where the hot ſun and ſlime breeds nought but monſters?

Where never *Engliſhman* durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty;
By all my hopes, moſt falſly doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high blood's royalty:
(Which fear, not rev'rence, makes thee to except:)
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then ſtoop.
By that, and all the rites of knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoken, or thou canſt deviſe.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that ſword I ſwear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly trial;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight!

K. *Rich.* What doth our couſin lay to *Mowbray*'s charge?
It muſt be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I ſaid, my life ſhall prove it true;
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thouſand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highneſs' ſoldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd imployments;
Like a falſe traitor and injurious villain.
Beſides, I ſay, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt verge,
That ever was ſurvey'd by *Engliſh* eye;
That all the treaſons for theſe eighteen years,
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from falſe *Mowbray* their firſt head and ſpring.
Further, I ſay, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glouceſter*'s death;
Suggeſt his ſoon-believing adverſaries;

But, I ſuſpect, *Jonſon* wrote here;
And pour'd on ſome *unhabitable* place, *&c.*
Tho', I know, by our idiom, *un* and *in* prefix'd to words for the generality are equally negatives in their power.

And

And conſequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluc'd out his inn'cent ſoul through ſtreams of blood;
Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abel*'s, cries
Even from the tongueleſs caverns of the earth.
To me, for juſtice, and rough-chaſtiſement.
And by the glorious worth of my deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

K. *Rich.* How high a pitch his reſolution ſoars!
Thomas of *Norfolk*, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Mowb. O, let my Sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this ſlander of his blood, (3)
How God and good men hate ſo foul a liar.

K. *Rich. Mowbray*, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he our brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
As he is but our father's brother's ſon;
Now by my ſcepter's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearneſs to our ſacred blood
Should nothing priv'lege him, nor partialize
Th' unſtooping firmneſs of my upright ſoul.
He is our ſubject, *Mowbray*, ſo art thou;
Free ſpeech, and fearleſs, I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, *Bolingbroke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat, thou lieſt!
Three parts of that receipt I had for *Calais*,
Diſburſ't I to his highneſs' ſoldiers;
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent,
For that my ſovereign Liege was in my debt;
Upon remainder of a dear account,

(3) *Till I have told this* Sland'rer *of his blood,*] All the authentic copies read, *Slander*, as I have reſtor'd to the text; this Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to throw out, as an abſurdity; and ſubſtituted *Slanderer* in its place. But why not, *Slander?* 'Tis our author's mode of expreſſion in other paſſages;

But you muſt learn to know ſuch *Slanders* of the age, or elſe you may be marvellouſly miſlook. K. *Henr* V.

Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'ſt thy doom. 1 *Henr.* VI.

Thou *Slander* of thy heavy mother's womb! *Rich.* III.

Homer, in the ſame manner, as Mr. *Pope* might have remember'd, makes *Agamemnon* call the *Greeks* the *Shames*, the *Reproaches*, of themſelves.

Ὦ φέπονες, κάκ' Ἐλέγχε', Ἀχαιΐδες, οὐκ ἔτ' Ἀχαιοί.

Il. B. v. 235.

Since laſt I went to *France* to fetch his Queen.
Now, ſwallow down that lie.——For *Glouceſter*'s death,
I ſlew him not; but, to mine own diſgrace,
Neglected my ſworn duty in that caſe.
For you, my noble Lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved ſoul;
But ere I laſt receiv'd the ſacrament,
I did confeſs it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon; and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault; as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancor of a villain,
A recreant and moſt degen'rate traitor:
Which in myſelf I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot;
To prove myſelf a loyal gentleman,
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſom.
In haſte whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your highneſs to aſſign our trial-day.

K. *Rich.* Wrath kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we preſcribe, though no phyſician;
Deep malice makes too deep inciſion:
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed;
Our doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your ſon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age;
Throw down, my ſon, the Duke of *Norfolk*'s gage.

K. *Rich.* And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, *Harry*, when?
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again.

K. *Rich.* *Norfolk*, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Mowb. Myſelf I throw, dread Sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame;
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
(Deſpight of death, that lives upon my grave,)
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.

I am

I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the ſoul with ſlander's venom'd ſpear:
The which no balme can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poiſon.

K. *Rich.* Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his gage: Lions make leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my gage. My dear, dear Lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. *Rich.* Couſin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. Oh, heav'n defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin!
Shall I ſeem creſt-fall'n in my father's ſight,
Or with pale beggar face impeach my height,
Before this out dar'd daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle, my teeth ſhall tear
The ſlaviſh motive of recanting fear,
And ſpit it bleeding, in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, even in *Mowbray*'s face.
[*Exit* Gaunt.

K. *Rich.* We were not born to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,
At *Coventry* upon ſaint *Lambert*'s day.
There ſhall your ſwords and lances arbitrate
The ſwelling diff'rence of your ſettled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Juſtice decide the victor's chivalry.
Lord Marſhal, bid our officers at arms
Be ready to direct theſe home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Duke of *Lancaſter*'s Palace.

Enter Gaunt *and Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.

Gaunt. ALas, the part I had in *Glo'ſter*'s blood
Doth more ſollicit me, than your exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lieth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heav'n;
Who when it ſees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengence on offenders heads.
Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's ſev'n ſons, whereof thyſelf art one,
Were as ſev'n vials of his ſacred blood;
Or ſev'n fair branches, ſpringing from one root:
Some of thoſe ſev'n are dry'd by nature's courſe;
Some of thoſe branches by the deſt'nies cut:
But *Thomas*, my dear Lord, my life, my *Glo'ſter*,
(One vial, full of *Edward*'s ſacred blood;
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royal root;)
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt down, and his ſummer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand and murder's bloody ax!
Ah, *Gaunt!* his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that ſelf-mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'ſt and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him; thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy father's death:
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life;
Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is deſpair.
In ſuff'ring thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſtern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardiſe in noble breaſts.
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafeguard thine own life,

The

The beſt way is to 'venge my *Glo'ſter's* death.
Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's ſubſtitute,
His deputy anointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let God revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm againſt his miniſter.
Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain myſelf?
Gaunt. To Heav'n, the widow's champion and defence.
Dutch. Why then, I will: Farewel, old *Gaunt*, farewel.
Thou go'ſt to *Coventry*, there to behold
Our couſin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.
O, ſit my huſband's wrongs on *Hereford's* ſpear,
That it may enter butcher *Mowbray's* breaſt!
Or if misfortune miſs the firſt career,
Be *Mowbray's* ſins ſo heavy in his boſom,
That they may break his foaming courſer's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A caytiff recreant to my couſin *Hereford!*
Farewel, old *Gaunt*; thy ſometime brother's wife
With her companion grief muſt end her life.
Gaunt. Siſter, farewel; I muſt to *Coventry*.
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me!
Dutch. Yet one word more; grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſs, but weight:
I take my leave, before I have begun;
For ſorrow ends not, when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, *Edmund York:*
Lo, this is all——nay, yet depart not ſo;
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go:
I ſhall remember more. Bid him—oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at *Plaſhie* viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old *York* ſee there
But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walls,
Un-peopled offices, untrodden ſtones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there
To ſeek out ſorrow that dwells every where;
All deſolate, will I from hence, and die;
The laſt leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, the Lists, at *Coventry*.

Enter the Lord Marshal, and the Duke of Aumerle.

Mar. MY Lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk*, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of th' appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why, then the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Majesty's approach. [*Flourish.*

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they are set, Enter the Duke of Norfolk *in arms, Defendant.*

K. *Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms;
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In God's name and the King's, say who thou art?
[*To* Mowb.
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms?
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!
Mowb. My name is *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heav'n defend, a Knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, *Appellant in armour.*

K. *Rich.* Marshal ask yonder Knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,

Thus plated in habiliments of war:
And formally, according to our law,
Depoſe him in the juſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'ſt thou hither,
Before King *Richard*, in his royal liſts? [*To* Boling.
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true Knight, ſo defend thee heav'n!
Boling. Harry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*
Am I, who ready here do ſtand in arms,
To prove, by heav'n's grace and my body's valour,
In liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heav'n, King *Richard*, and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!
Mar. On pain of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or dearing-hardy, as to touch the liſts,
Except the marſhal, and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair deſigns.
Boling. Lord Marſhal, let me kiſs my Sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majeſty:
For *Mowbray* and myſelf are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewel of our ſeveral friends.
Mar. Th' appellant in all duty greets your Highneſs.
[*To K.* Rich.
And craves to kiſs your hand, and take his leave.
K. *Rich.* We will deſcend and fold him in our arms.
Couſin of *Hereford*, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight;
Farewel, my blood; which if to-day thou ſhed, (4)
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
Boling.

(4) *Farewel, my* blood;] *i. e.* my kinſman. This appellation is purely claſſical.

Projice tela manu, Sanguis meus. Virg. *Æn.* vi. ver. 836.
——*Tu* Sanguinis *ultimus auctor.* Id. *Æn.* vii. ver. 49.
Clarus Anchiſæ Veneriſque Sanguis. Horat. *Carm. Sæcul.*
——*Vos O*
Pompilius Sanguis. Id. *Art. Poet.* ver. 292.
——*tenet, longumque tenebit*
Tarpeias arces Sanguis tuus. Sil. Italicus. *lib.* 3.
——*vos,*

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray*'s ſpear:
As confident, as is the faulcon's flight
Againſt a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you, my noble couſin, Lord *Aumerle*.
Not ſick, although I have to do with death;
But luſty, young, and chearly drawing breath.——
Lo, as at *Engliſh* feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet:
Oh thou! the earthly author of my blood, [*To* Gaunt.
Whoſe youthful ſpirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy bleſſings ſteel my lance's point,
That it may enter *Mowbray*'s waxen coat,
And furbiſh new the name of *John* o' *Gaunt*
Even in the luſty 'haviour of his ſon.

Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good cauſe make thee proſperous!
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caſque
Of thy adverſe pernicious enemy.
Rouze up thy youthful blood, be brave and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, God and St. *George* to thrive!

Mobw. However heav'n or fortune caſt my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richard*'s throne,
A loyal, juſt and upright gentleman;
Never did captive with a freer heart
Caſt off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing ſoul doth celebrate
This feaſt of battel, with mine adverſary.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my companion Peers,
Take from my mouth the wiſh of happy years;
As gentle and as jocund, as to jeſt,
Go I to fight: Truth hath a quiet breaſt.

—— *vos, O Superi, meus, ordine* Sanguis,
Ne pugnate odiis. Statius. *Theb. lib.* 3.
&c. &c. &c.

K. *Rich.* Farewel, my Lord; ſecurely I eſpy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye
Order the trial, Marſhal, and begin.
Mar. Harry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
Receive thy lance; and heav'n defend thy right!
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry *Amen.*
Mar. Go bear this lance to *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk.*
1 *Her. Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
Stands here for God, his Sovereign and himſelf,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A traitor to his God, his King, and him;
And dares him to ſet forward to the fight.
2 *Her.* Here ſtandeth *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Harry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
To God, his Sovereign, and to him, diſloyal:
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignal to begin. [*A Charge ſounded.*
Mar. Sound, trumpets; and ſet forward, combatants.
—But ſtay, the King hath thrown his warder down.
K. *Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets, and their ſpears,
And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe Dukes what we decree.
[*A long Flouriſh; after which, the King ſpeaks to the Combatants.*
Draw near;——
And liſt, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear blood, which it hath foſtered;
And, for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour ſwords;
And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of ſky-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With rival-hating envy ſet you on,
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep;
(Which thus rouz'd up with boiſt'rous untun'd drums,

And

And harſh-reſounding trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindreds blood:)
Therefore, we baniſh you our territories.
You couſin *Hereford*, on pain of death,
Till twice five ſummers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not re-greet our fair dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.

Boling. Your will be done: This muſt my comfort be,
That ſun, that warms you here, ſhall ſhine on me:
And thoſe his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my baniſhment.

K. *Rich. Norfolk*, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with ſome unwillingneſs pronounce.
The fly-ſlow hours ſhall not determinate
The dateleſs limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeleſs word, of *never to return*,
Breathe I againſt thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy ſentence, my moſt ſovereign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highneſs' mouth:
A dearer merit, not ſo deep a maim,
As to be caſt forth in the common air,
Have I deſerved at your Highneſs' hands.
The language I have learn'd theſe forty years,
My native *Engliſh*, now I muſt forego;
And now my tongue's uſe is to me no more,
Than an unſtringed viol, or a harp,
Or, like a cunning inſtrument caſ'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue, (5)

(5) *Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,*
Doubly portcullis'd *with my teeth and lips:*] Theſe verſes Mr. *Pope* has degraded and thrown out of the text, on account of the image convey'd in the ſecond line, as I preſume. I am far from praiſing the metaphor; but, perhaps, the uſage might be defended for once from the the example of our maſter *Homer*.

Ἀτρεΐδη, ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων. Iliad. Δ. v. 350.

The ἕρκος ὀδόντων here, methinks, approaches very nigh to the Idea of a *Port-culliſs*.

Doubly

Doubly port-cullis'd with my teeth and lips:
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my goaler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurſe,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy ſentence then, but ſpeechleſs death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. *Rich.* It boots thee not to be compaſſionate;
After our ſentence, plaining comes too late.
Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's light.
To dwell in ſolemn ſhades of endleſs night.
K. *Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with ye.
Lay on our royal ſword your baniſh'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to Heav'n,
(Our part therein we baniſh with yourſelves,)
To keep the oath that we adminiſter:
You never ſhall, (ſo help you truth, and heav'n!)
Embrace each other's love in baniſhment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face,
Nor ever write, re-greet, or reconcile
This low'ring tempeſt of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever be adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt us, our ſtate, our ſubjects, or our land.
Boling. I ſwear.
Mowb. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk, ſo far, as to mine enemy:—
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our ſouls had wandred in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this land.
Confeſs thy treaſons, ere thou fly this realm;
Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty ſoul.
Mowb. No, *Bolingbroke*; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from Heaven baniſh'd as from hence!
But what thou art, Heav'n, thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoon, I fear, the King ſhall rue.
Farewel,

Farewel, my Liege; now no way can I ſtray,
Save back to *England*; all the world's my way. [*Exit.*

K. *Rich.* Uncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart; thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away; ſix frozen winters ſpent,
Return with welcome home from baniſhment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton ſprings
End in a word; ſuch is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens four years of my ſon's exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby;
For ere the ſix years, that he hath to ſpend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewaſted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſs night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done:
And blindfold death not let me ſee my ſon.

K. *Rich.* Why, uncle? thou haſt many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canſt give;
Shorten my days thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canſt help time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is currant with him, for my death;
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath;

K. *Rich.* Thy ſon is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to low'r?

Gaunt. Things, ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſow'r:
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his fault, I would have been more mild:
Alas, I look'd, when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do myſelf this wrong.

A partial ſlander ſought I to avoid,
And in the ſentence my own life deſtroy'd.
K. *Rich.* Couſin, farewel; and, uncle, bid him him ſo:
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. [*Flouriſh. Exit.*
Aum. Couſin, farewel; what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow.
Mar. My Lord, no leave take I; for I will ride
As far as land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou retun'ſt no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.
Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel, that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Boling. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcal it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
Boling. Nay, rather, ev'ry tedious ſtride I make (6)
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Muſt I not ſerve a long apprentice-hood,
To foreign paſſages, and in the end
Having my freedom, boaſt of nothing elſe
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places, that the eye of heaven viſits
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus:
There is no virtue like neceſſity.

(6) Boling. *Nay, rather, ev'ry tedious ſtride I make.*] This, and the ſix verſes which follow, I have ventur'd to ſupply from the old *Quarto*. The alluſion, 'tis true, to an *Apprentice-ſhip*, and becoming a *Journeyman*, is not in the ſublime taſte, nor, as *Horace* has expreſs'd it, *ſpirat Tragicum ſatis*: However as there is no doubt of the paſſage being genuine, the lines are not ſo deſpicable as to deſerve being quite loſt.

Think

Think not, the King did baniſh thee;
But thou the King. Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go ſay, I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not, the King exil'd thee. Or ſuppoſe,
Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look, what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs, whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence-floor;
The flow'rs, fair Ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure, or a dance.
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſs pow'r to bite
The man, that mocks at it, and ſets it light.

Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus?*
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in *December* ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy way;
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.

Boling. Than, *England*'s ground, farewel; ſweet ſoil, adieu.
My mother and my nurſe, which bears me yet.
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-born *Engliſhman.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Court.

Enter King Richard, *and* Buſhy, *&c. at one door; and the Lord* Aumerle, *at the other.*

K. *Rich.* WE did, indeed, obſerve——Couſin *Aumerle*, How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way?

Aum.

Aum. I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him ſo,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
K. *Rich.* And ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?
Aum. 'Faith, none by me; except the north-eaſt wind,
(Wich then blew bitterly againſt our faces)
Awak'd the ſleepy rheum; and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. *Rich.* What ſaid your couſin, when you parted with [him?
Aum. Farewel.——
And for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch grief,
That words ſeem'd buried in my ſorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word *farewel* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volume of farewels;
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.
K. *Rich.* He is our kinſman, couſin; but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Ourſelf, and *Buſhy*, *Bagot* here, and *Green*,
Obſerv'd his courtſhip to the common people:
How he did ſeem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courteſy;
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves;
Wooing poor crafts-men with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſter-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid, God ſpeed him well!
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee;
With,—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;
As were our *England* in reverſion his,
And he our ſubjects next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts.—
Now for the rebels, which ſtand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient manage muſt be made, my Liege;
Ere further leiſure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highneſs' loſs.
K. *Rich.* We will ourſelf in perſon to this war;

And

And, for our coffers with too great a court
And liberal largeſs, are grown ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our royal realm,
The revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affairs in hand; if they come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have blank charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſums of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants;
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

K. *Rich. Buſhy*, what news?

Buſhy. Old *John* of *Gaunt* is ſick, my Lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath ſent poſt-haſte
T' intreat your Majeſty to viſit him.

K. *Rich.* Where lies he?

Buſhy. At *Ely-houſe.*

K. *Rich.* Now put it, heav'n, in his phyſician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coats
To deck our ſoldiers for theſe *Iriſh* wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heav'n, we may make haſte, and come too late! [*Exe.*

ACT II.

SCENE, Ely-houſe.

Gaunt *brought in, ſick*; *with the Duke of* York.

GAUNT.

WILL the King come, that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſome counſel to his unſtay'd youth?

York. Vex not yourſelf, nor ſtrive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh, but, they ſay, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony:

Where

Where words are ſcarce, they're ſeldom ſpent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more
Than they, whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The ſetting ſun,—and muſick in the cloſe.—
As the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my life's counſel would not hear,
My death's ſad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. His ear is ſtopt with other flatt'ring charms,
As praiſes of his ſtate; there are, beſide,
Laſcivious meeters, to whoſe venom'd ſound
The open ear of youth doth always liſten:
Report of faſhions in proud *Italy*,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy, apiſh, nation
Limps after, in baſe aukward imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,)
That is not quickly buz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard.
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chuſe;
'Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new-inſpir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretel of him,
His raſh, fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt;
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves.
Small ſhow'rs laſt long, but ſudden ſtorms are ſhort;
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder;
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon prays upon itſelf.
This royal throne of Kings, this ſcepter'd iſle,
This earth of Majeſty, this ſeat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demy *Paradiſe*,
This fortreſs, built by nature for herſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,

Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier lands;
This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal Kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,
For chriſtian ſervice and true chivalry,
As is the ſepulchre in ſtubborn *Jury*
Of the world's ranſom, bleſſed *Mary*'s ſon;
This land of ſuch dear ſouls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I dye, pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of watry *Neptune*, is bound in with ſhame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds.
That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful conqueſt of itſelf.
Ah! would the ſcandal vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death!

Enter King Richard, *Queen*, Aumerle, Buſhy, Gre
Bagot, Roſs, *and* Willoughby.

York. The King is come, deal mildly with his you
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the mor
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, *Lancaſter?*
K. *Rich.* What comfort, man? How is't with aged *Ga*
Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my compoſition
Old *Gaunt*, indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious faſt;
And who abſtains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping *England* long time have I watch'd,
Watching breeds leanneſs, leanneſs is all gaunt:
The pleaſure, that ſome fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt; I mean, my children's looks;
And, therein faſting, thou haſt made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whoſe hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. *Rich.* Can ſick men play ſo nicely with their nam

Ga

Gaunt. No, miſery makes ſport to mock itſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.
K. *Rich.* Should dying men flatter thoſe that live?
Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter thoſe that die.
K. *Rich.* Thou, now a dying, ſay'ſt, thou flatter'ſt me.
Gaunt. Oh! no, thou dy'ſt, though I the ſicker be.
K. *Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he, that made me, knows, I ſee thee ill;
Ill in myſelf, but ſeeing thee too, ill.
Thy death-bed is no leſſer than the land,
Wherein thou lieſt in reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs patient as thou art,
Giv'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe phyſicians, that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatt'rers ſit within thy crown.
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy head,
And yet ingaged in ſo ſmall a verge,
Thy waſte is no whit leſſer than thy land.
Oh, had thy grandſire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons;
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt;
Who art poſſeſs'd now, to depoſe thyſelf.
Why, couſin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let this land by leaſe:
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of *England* art thou now, not King:
Thy ſtate of law is bondſlave to the law;
And thou——
K. *Rich.* And thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,
Preſuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chaſing the royal blood
With fury from his native reſidence.
Now by my ſeat's right-royal Majeſty,
Wert thou not brother to great *Edward*'s ſon,
This tongue, that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, ſpare me not, my brother *Edward*'s ſon,
For that I was his father *Edward*'s ſon.
That blood already, like the pelican,
Haſt thou tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother *Glo'ſter*, plain well-meaning ſoul,
(Whom fair befal in heav'n 'mongſt happy ſouls!
May be a precedent and witneſs good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edward*'s blood.
Join with the preſent ſickneſs that I have,
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long-wither'd flower.
Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee!
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be.
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne out.*

K. *Rich.* And let them die, that age and ſullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beſeech your Majeſty, impute
His words to wayward ſicklineſs, and age:
He loves you, on my life; and holds you dear
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

K. *Rich.* Right, you ſay true; as *Hereford*'s love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be, as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your [Majeſty.

K. *Rich.* What ſays old *Gaunt?*

North. Nay, nothing; all is ſaid:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſs inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.

York. Be *York* the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. *Rich.* The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that.——Now for our *Iriſh* wars;
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe,
But only they, have privilege to live.
And, for theſe great affairs do aſk ſome charge,

Towards

Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle *Gaunt* did stand possest.
York. How long shall I be patient? Oh, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not *Glo'ster*'s death, not *Hereford*'s banishment,
Not *Gaunt*'s rebukes, nor *England*'s private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor *Bolingbroke*
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sow'r my patient cheek;
Or bend one wrinkle on my Sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble *Edward*'s sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of *Wales*, was first:
In war, was never lion rag'd, more fierce;
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman;
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours.
But when he frown'd, it was against the *French*,
And not against his friends: His noble hand
Did win what he did spend; and spent not that,
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, *Richard! York* is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.
K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?
York. O my Liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd *Hereford?*
Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* just, and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take *Hereford*'s rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights.
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself.—For how art thou a King,

But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
If you do wrongfully ſeize *Hereford*'s right,
Call in his letters patents that he hath,
By his attorneys-general to ſue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage;
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head;
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts;
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. *Rich.* Think, what you will; we ſeize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while; my Liege, farewel:
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. *Rich.* Go, *Buſhy*, to the Earl of *Wiltſhire* ſtraight,
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-houſe*,
To ſee this buſineſs done: To-morrow next
We will for *Ireland*; and 'tis time, I trow.
And we create, in abſence of ourſelf,
Our uncle *York* Lord-governor of *England*:
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our Queen; to-morrow muſt we part;
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*

[*Exeunt King, Queen,* &c.

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby, *and* Roſs.

North. Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaſter* is dead.

Roſs. And living too, for now his ſon is Duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.

Roſs. My heart is great; but it muſt break with ſilence,
Ere't be diſburden'd with a lib'ral tongue.

North. Nay, ſpeak thy mind; and let him ne'er ſpeak more,
That ſpeaks thy words again to do thee harm.

Willo. Tends, what you'd ſpeak, to th' Duke of *Hereford*?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly, man:
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Roſs. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unleſs you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North.

North. Now, afore Heav'n, it's ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne
In him a royal Prince, and many more,
Of noble blood in this declining land;
The King is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform
Merely in hate 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the King ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Roſs. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous Taxes,
And loſt their hearts; the Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are deviſ'd;
As blanks, benevolences, I wot not what;
But what, o'God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That, which his anceſtors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he ſpent in peace, than they in wars.

Roſs. The Earl of *Wiltſhire* hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and diſſolution, hangeth over him.

Roſs. He hath not money for theſe *Iriſh* wars,
(His burdenous taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.

North. His noble kinſman—moſt degenerate King,
But, Lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.

Roſs. We ſee the very wreck, that we muſt ſuffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For ſuff'ring ſo the cauſes of our wreck.

North. Not ſo: Ev'n through the hollow eyes of death
I ſpy life peering; but I dare not ſay,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.

Roſs. Be confident to ſpeak, *Northumberland*;
We three are but thyſelf, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

North. Then thus, my friends. I have from Port *le Blanc*,

A bay in *Bretagne*, had intelligence,
That *Harry Hereford*, *Rainald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother, Archbiſhop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainſton*,
Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Coines*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Bretagne*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our northern ſhore;
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemiſh'd crown, (7)
Wipe off the duſt that hides our ſcepter's gilt,
And make high Majeſty look like itſelf:
Away with me in poſt to *Ravenſpurg*.
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and myſelf will go.

Roſs. To horſe, to horſe; urge Doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Court.

Enter Queen, Buſhy, *and* Bagot.

Buſhy. MAdam, your Majeſty is much too ſad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelf-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a chearful diſpoſition.

Queen. To pleaſe the King, I did; to pleaſe myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cauſe,
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief;

(7) *Redeem from* broken *pawn the blemiſh'd crown,*] What ideas Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* form'd to themſelves from this *paſſive* epithet annex'd to pawn, I cannot tell. To me, it ſeems direct nonſenſe. I have reſtor'd the reading of the genuine old copies, *broking Pawn*. The revenues of the crown were farmed to the Earl of *Wiltſhire*, who had them in *pawn* for what ſums he advanc'd, and ſo play'd the *broker* betwixt the King and ſubject.

Save

Save bidding farewel to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard:* yet again, methinks,
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward ſoul
With nothing trembles, yet at ſomething grieves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.

Buſhy. Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhew like grief itſelf, but are not ſo:
For ſorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many objects;
Like perſpectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon, (8)
Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form.—So your ſweet Majeſty,
Looking awry upon your Lord's departure,
Finds ſhapes of grief, more than himſelf, to wail;
Which look'd on, as it is, is nought but ſhadows
Of what it is not; gracious Queen, then weep not
More than your Lord's departure; more's not ſeen:

(8) *Like* perſpectives, *which*, rightly *gaz'd upon*,
Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form.] This is a very fine ſimilitude, and the thing meant is this. Amongſt *mathematical* recreations, this, which your maſters in *optics* amuſe themſelves with, holds a principal place. They draw a figure, in which all the rules of *perſpective* are directly *inverted:* So that, conſequently, if held in the ſame poſition with thoſe pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perſpective*, it muſt preſent nothing but confuſion: And to be ſeen in form, and under a regular appearance, it muſt be look'd upon from a contrary ſtation: Or, as *Shakeſpeare* ſays, *ey'd awry.* Theſe kind of pictures are now very common; but not ſo, I believe, in our author's time, though he ſo well underſtood their nature. Of our writers, the neareſt I can meet with to his time is *Hobbes*, who deſcribes this curioſity very particularly. *Eſt & aliud* perſpectivæ *genus, hujus de qua diximus* inverſæ, *in qua* objectum *ipſum* rude *aliquid apparet*; & (*niſi* oculo *in* certo puncto *collocato*) informe; *in* eo *vero* puncto *id videtur quod apparere voluit pictor.* Mr. *Warburton.*

To this ſort of picture our author ſeems again to allude in his King *Henry* V.

K. *Henry.* It is ſo; and you may ſome of you thank love for my blindneſs, who cannot ſee many a fair *French* city, for one fair *French* maid that ſtands in my way.

Fr. *King.* Yes, my Lord, you ſee them *perſpectively*; the *cities turn'd into a maid.*

Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo; but yet my inward ſoul
Perſuades me otherwiſe: How e'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heavy-ſad,
As, though, on thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.

Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious Lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs; conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father grief; mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Or ſomething hath, the nothing that I grieve;
'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſs woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty! and well met, gentlemen: I hope, the King is not yet ſhipt for *Ireland.*

Queen. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'tis better hope, he is:
For his deſigns crave haſte, his haſte good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope, he is not ſhipt?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power;
And driv'n into deſpair an enemy's hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land.
The baniſh'd *Bolingbroke* repeals himſelf;
And with up-lifted arms is ſafe arriv'd
At *Ravenſpurg.*

Queen. Now God in Heav'n forbid!

Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worſe,
The Lord *Northumberland,* his young ſon *Percy,*
The Lords of *Roſs, Beaumond,* and *Willoughby,*
With all their pow'rful friends, are fled to him.

Buſhy. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland,*
And all of that revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: Whereon the Earl of *Worceſter*
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſign'd his ſtewardſhip;
And all the houſhold ſervants fled with him
To *Bolingbroke.*

Queen. So, *Green,* thou art the midwife of my woe,
And

And *Bolingbroke* my ſorrow's diſmal heir:
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gaſping new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow joined.

Buſhy. Deſpair not, Madam.

Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger, in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of *York*.

Queen. With ſigns of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful buſineſs are his looks!
Uncle, for Heav'n's ſake, comfortable words.

York. Should I do ſo, I ſhould bely my thoughts;
Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but croſſes, care, and grief.
Your huſband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home,
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot ſupport myſelf.
Now comes the ſick hour, that his ſurfeit made;
Now ſhall he try his friends, that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, your ſon was gone before I came.

York. He was; why, ſo, go all, which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford*'s ſide.
Get thee to *Plaſhie*, (9) to my ſiſter *Glo'ſter*;
Bid her ſend preſently a thouſand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell, to-day I came by, and call'd there;
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.

(9) *Get thee to* Plaſhie,---] The lordſhip of *Plaſhie* was a town of the Dutcheſs of *Glouceſter*'s in *Eſſex*. See *Hall*'s chronicle, p. 13.

York.

York. What is't?

Serv. An hour before I came, the Dutcheſs dy'd.

York. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to Heav'n,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there poſts diſpatch'd for *Ireland?*
How ſhall we do for money for theſe wars?
Come, ſiſter; (couſin, I would ſay;) pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide ſome carts,
[*To the Servant.*
And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go and muſter men?
If I know how to order theſe affairs,
Diſorderly thus thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. They are both my kinſmen;
The one my Sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th'other again
My kinſman is, one whom the King hath wrong'd;
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do: Come, couſin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you. Go muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at *Barkley* caſtle:
I ſhould to *Plaſhie* too;——
But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And every thing is left at ſix and ſeven.
[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen.

Buſhy. The wind ſits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,
But none returns; for us to leavy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impoſſible.

Green. Beſides, our nearneſs to the King in love
Is near the hate of thoſe, love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the wav'ring Commons, for their love
Lies in their purſes; and who empties them,
By ſo much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Buſhy. Wherein the King ſtands gen'rally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then ſo do we;
Becauſe we have been ever near the King.

Green.

Green. Well; I'll for refuge ſtrait to *Briſtol-caſtle*;
The Earl of *Wiltſhire* is already there.
Buſhy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful Commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces:
Will you go with us?
Bagot. No: I'll to *Ireland* to his Majeſty.
Farewel: if hearts preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.
Buſhy. That's as *York* thrives, to beat back *Bolingbroke.*
Green. Alas, poor Duke! the taſk he undertakes
Is numb'ring ſands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will fly.
Buſhy. Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a wild proſpect in *Gloſterſhire.*

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Northumbelraud.

Boling. HOW far is it, my Lord, to *Barkley* now?
North. I am a ſtranger here in *Glo'ſterſhire*:
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearifome:
And yet your fair diſcourſe has been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From *Ravenſpurg* to *Cotſhold* will be found,
In *Roſs* and *Willoughby*, wanting your company;
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tedioufneſs and proceſs of my travel:
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſs:
And hope to joy, is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd. By this, the weary Lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much leſs value is my company,
Than your good words: but who comes here?

Enter

Enter Percy.

North. It is my ſon, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my brother *Worceſter:* whenceſoever,
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I thought, my Lord, t'have learn'd his health of [you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queen?

Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forſook the court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſpers'd
The Houſhold of the King.

North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd, when laſt we ſpake together.

Percy. Becauſe your Lordſhip was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my Lord, is gone to *Ravenſpurg*,
To offer ſervice to the Duke of *Hereford*,
And ſent me o'er by *Barkley*, to diſcover
What Pow'r the Duke of *York* had levy'd there;
Then with directions to repair to *Ravenſpurg*.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, boy?

Percy. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days ſhall ripen and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*; and be ſure,
I count myſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul remembring my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompence.
My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.

North. How far is it to *Barkley?* and what ſtir
Keeps good old *York* there with his men of war?

Percy. There ſtands the caſtle by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords, *York*, *Barkley*, *Seymour*;
None elſe of name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſs *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of *Roſs* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody

Bloody with ſpurring, fiery-red with haſte.
Boling. Welcome, my Lords; I wot, your love purſues
A baniſh'd traitor; all my treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.
Roſs. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble Lord.
Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore, thanks;—(th' exchequer of the poor)
Which, 'till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my Lord of *Barkley*, as I gueſs.
Bark. My Lord of *Hereford*, my meſſage is to you.
Boling. My Lord, my anſwer is to *Lancaſter*;
And I am come to ſeek that Name in *England*,
And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.
Bark. Miſtake me not, my Lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come, (what Lord you will.)
From the moſt glorious of this land,
The Duke of *York*, to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time,
And fright our native peace with ſelf-born arms.

Enter York.

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you.
Here comes his Grace in perſon. Noble uncle! [*Kneels.*
York. Shew me thy humbly heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.
Boling. My gracious uncle! [uncle:—
York. Tut, tut! Grace me no Grace, nor uncle me no
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have thoſe baniſh'd, and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a duſt of *England*'s ground?
But more than,—why, why, have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful boſom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,

And

And oſtentation of deſpiſed arms?
Com'ſt thou, becauſe th' anointed King is hence?
Why, fooliſh boy, the King is left behind;
And in my loyal boſom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy father, and myſelf
Reſcued the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the ranks of many thouſand *French*;
Oh! then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,
Now priſoner to the palſy, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault.

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?

York. Ev'n in condition of the worſt degree;
In groſs rebellion, and deteſted treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms againſt thy Sovereign.

Boling. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.
And, noble uncle, I beſeech your Grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father; for, methinks, in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* alive. O then, my father!
Will you permit, that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upſtart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my couſin King be King of *England*,
It muſt be granted, I am Duke of *Lancaſter*.
You have a ſon, *Aumerle*, my noble kinſman:
Had you firſt dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his uncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am deny'd to ſhew my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all diſtrain'd and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſs imploy'd.
What would you have me do? I am a ſubject,
And challenge law: attorneys are deny'd me;

And

And therefore perſonally I lay my claim
To mine inheritance of free deſcent.
North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.
Roſs. It ſtands your Grace upon, to do him right.
Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.
York. My Lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my couſin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But, in this kind, to come in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cheriſh rebellion, and are rebels all.
North. The noble Duke hath ſworn, his coming is
But for his own; and, for the right of that,
We all have ſtrongly ſworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er ſee joy, that breaks that oath.
York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe arms;
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſs,
Becauſe my pow'r is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoop
Unto the ſovereign mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, farewel.
Unleſs you pleaſe to enter in the caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.
Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept;
But we muſt win your Grace to go with us
To *Briſtol-Caſtle*, which, they ſay, is held
By *Buſhy*, *Bagot*, and their complices;
The caterpillars of the common-wealth,
Which I have ſworn to weed, and pluck away.
York. It may be, I will go: but yet I'll pauſe;
For I am loath to break our country's laws:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things paſt redreſs are now with me paſt care. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, in *Wales.*

Enter Saliſbury, *and a Captain.*

Cap. MY Lord of *Saliſbury*, we have ſtaid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King:
Therefore we will diſperſe ourſelves: farewel.
Salis. Stay yet another day, thou truſty *Welchman:*
The King repoſeth all his truſt in thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought, the King is dead: we will not ſtay.
The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heav'n;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean-look'd prophets whiſper fearful change;
Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap;
The one, in fear to loſe what they enjoy;
Th' other, in hope t'enjoy by rage and war.
Theſe ſigns forerun the death of Kings ——
Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd, *Richard* their King is dead. [*Exit.*
Salis. Ah, *Richard*, ah! with eyes of heavy mind,
I ſee thy glory, like a ſhooting ſtar,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament:
Thy ſun ſets weeping in the lowly weſt,
Witneſſing ſtorms to come, woe, and unreſt:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes;
And, croſsly to thy good, all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *Bolingbroke*'s Camp at *Briſtol.*

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Roſs, Percy, Willoughby, *with* Buſhy *and* Green *Priſoners.*

BOLINGBROKE.

BRing forth theſe men.——
Buſhy and *Green*, I will not vex your ſouls
(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives;
For 'twere no charity: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You have miſ-led a Prince, a royal King,
A happy Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd, and diſfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your ſinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him;
Broke the poſſeſſion of a royal bed,
And ſtain'd the Beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes, with your foul wrongs.
Myſelf, a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, (and near in love,
Till you did make him miſ-interpret me,)
Have ſtoopt my neck under your injuries;
And ſigh'd my *Engliſh* breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment:
While you have fed upon my ſignories;
Diſ-park'd my parks, and fell'd my foreſt-woods;
From mine own windows torn my houſhold coat;
Raz'd out my impreſs; leaving me no ſign,
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To ſhew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,

Condemns

Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
To execution, and the hand of death.

Buſhy. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Than *Bolingbroke* to *England.* — Lords, farewel.

Green. My comfort is, that heav'n will take our ſouls,
And plague injuſtice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord *Northumberland,* ſee them diſpatch'd.
Uncle, you ſay the Queen is at your houſe;
For heav'n's ſake, fairly let her be intreated;
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpecial care, my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have diſpatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large. [away; (10)

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle: come, my Lords,
A while to work; and, after, holy-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the coaſt of *Wales.*

Flouriſh: Drums and Trumpets.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *and Soldiers.*

K. *Rich.* BArkloughly-caſtle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my good Lord; how brooks your Grace the air,
After your toſſing on the breaking ſeas?

K. *Rich.*

(10) *Thanks, gentle uncle; come, my Lords, away,*
To fight with *Glendower* and his Complices,
A while to work, and after holyday.] Tho' the intermediate line has taken poſſeſſion of all the old copies, I have great ſuſpicion of its being an interpolation; and have therefore ventur'd to throw it out. The firſt and third line rhyme to each other; nor, do I imagine, this was caſual, but intended by the Poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it muſt argue the Poet of forgetfulneſs in his own plan; and inattention to hiſtory, of which he was moſt obſervant. *Bolingbroke* is, as it were, yet but juſt arriv'd; He is now at *Briſtol*; weak in his numbers; has had no meeting with a parliament; nor is ſo far aſſur'd of the ſucceſſion, as to think of going to ſuppreſs inſurrections before he is planted in the throne. Beſides, we find, the oppoſition of *Glendower* begins the *firſt* part of K. *Henry* IV; and *Mortimer*'s defeat by that hardy *Welſhman* is the tidings of the firſt ſcene of that play. Again, tho' *Glendower* in the very

K. *Rich.* Needs muſt I like it well; I weep for joy
To ſtand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horſes hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy Sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe:
But let thy ſpiders that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging nettles to mine enemies;
And, when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pr'ythee, with a lurking adder;
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy Sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, Lords:
This earth ſhall have a feeling: and theſe ſtones
Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native King
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms. [King,

Biſhop. Fear not, my Lord; that pow'r, that made you
Hath pow'r to keep you King, in ſpight of all.
The means, that heav'n yields, muſt be embrac'd,
And not neglected: elſe if heaven would,
And we would not heav'n's offer, we refuſe
The proffer'd means of ſuccour and redreſs.

Aum. He means, my Lord, that we are too remiſs;
Whilſt *Bolingbroke*, through our ſecurity,
Grows ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance and in power.

K. *Rich.* Diſcomfortable couſin, know'ſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eye of heav'n is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world;
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders, and in outrage bloody here.

very firſt year of K. *Henry* IV, began to be troubleſome, put in for the ſupremacy of *Wales*, and impriſon'd *Mortimer*; yet it was not till the ſucceeding year, that the King employ'd any force againſt him.

But

But when from under this terreſtrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
And darts his light through ev'ry guilty hole;
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves.
So when this thief, this traitor *Bolingbroke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilſt we were wand'ring with th' Antipodes,
Shall ſee us riſing in our throne, the eaſt;
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day;
But, ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea (11)
Can waſh the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The Deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that *Bolingbroke* hath preſt,
To lift ſharp ſteel againſt our golden crown,
Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly pay
A glorious angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall, for heav'n ſtill guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my Lord, how far off lies your power?
Saliſ. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Than this weak arm: diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but deſpair:
One day (too late, I fear, my noble Lord)
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.

(11) *Not all the* water *in the rough rude* ſea
Can waſh *the* balm *from an* anointed King;] This paſſage ſeems to be parodied, if not ſneer'd at, in the *Noble Gentleman*, by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. Monſieur *Marine* is perſuaded to quit a country life, and come up to court. When there, his wife and her accomplices make him believe that the King has created him a Duke. Upon his not behaving to their minds, they unduke him; but he, not willing to reſign his new grandeur, argues thus upon it.

The King cannot take back what he has giv'n,
Unleſs I forfeit it by courſe of law:
Not all the water in the river *Seine*
Can waſh the blood out of theſe princely veins.

Oh,

Oh, call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men.
To-day, to-day,—unhappy day, too late
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate.
For all the *Welſhmen*, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bolingbroke*, diſperſt and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, why looks your Grace ſo pale?

K. *Rich.* But now the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.
And till ſo much blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale, and dead?
All ſouls, that will be ſafe, fly from my ſide;
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege; remember, who you are.

K. *Rich.* I had forgot myſelf: am I not King?
Awake, thou coward Majeſty, thou ſleepeſt:
Is not the King's name forty thouſand names?
Arm, arm, my name; a puny ſubject ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye fav'rites of a King! are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle *York*
Hath pow'r to ſerve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happineſs betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. *Rich.* Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worſt is worldly loſs thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my kingdom loſt? why, 'twas my care:
And what loſs is it, to be rid of care?
Strives *Bolingbroke* to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Revolt our ſubjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us.
Cry, woe, deſtruction, ruin, loſs, decay;
The worſt is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,

Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of *Bolingbroke*, cov'ring your fearful land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts more hard than ſteel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſcalps
Againſt thy Majeſty; boys with womens voices
Strive to ſpeak big, and claſp their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy arms, againſt thy crown:
Thy very beadſmen learn to bend their bows
Of double fatal ewe, againſt thy ſtate:
Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills.
Againſt thy ſeat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have pow'r to tell.

K. *Rich.* Too well, too well, thou tell'ſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earl of *Wiltſhire?* where is he got? (12)
What is become of *Buſhy?* where is *Green?*
That they have let the dang'rous enemy
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps?
If we prevail, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant, they've made peace with *Bolingbroke.*

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my Lord.

K. *Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption;
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any man;
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my heart;
Three *Judaſſes*, each one thrice worſe than *Judas!*

(12) *Where is the Earl of* Wiltſhire? *where is* Bagot?
What is become of Buſhy? *where is* Green?] Here are *four* of them named; and, within a very few lines, the King, hearing they had made their peace with *Bolingbroke*, calls them THREE *Judas*'s. But how was their peace made? Why, with the loſs of their heads. This being explain'd, *Aumerle* ſays, *Is* Buſhy, Green, *and th' Earl of* Wiltſhire *dead?* So that *Bagot* ought to be left out of the queſtion: and, indeed, he had made the beſt of his way for *Cheſter*, and from thence had eſcap'd into *Ireland.* And ſo we find him, in the 2d act, determining to do.

Bagot. *No: I'll to* Ireland *to his Majeſty.*

The poet could not be guilty of ſo much forgetfulneſs and abſurdity. The tranſcribers muſt have blunder'd. It ſeems probable to me that he wrote, as I have conjecturally alter'd the text.

Where is the Earl of Wiltſhire? *where is* he got?
i. e. Into what corner of my dominions is he *ſlunk*, and *abſconded?*

Would

Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their ſpotted ſouls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I ſee, changing his property,
Turns to the ſow'reſt and moſt deadly hate:
Again uncurſe their ſouls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: thoſe, whom you curſe,
Have felt the worſt of death's deſtroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is *Buſhy*, *Green*, and th' Earl of *Wiltſhire* dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at *Briſtol* loſt their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father, with his power?

K. *Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth!
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo ——— for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are *Bolingbroke's*,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For heav'ns ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings:
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war:
Same haunted by the ghoſts they diſpoſſeſs'd:
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd,
All murder'd.——For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a King,
Keeps death his court; and there the antick ſits
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks!
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable: and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Boars through his caſtle-walls, and farewel King!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn reverence: throw away reſpect,

Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
Taſte grief, need friends, like you: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent wo
But preſently prevent the ways to wail:
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe;
And ſo your follies fight againſt yourſelf.
Fear, and be ſlain; no worſe can come from fight;
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death:
Where fearing, dying, pays death ſervile breath.

Aum. My father hath a pow'r, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. *Rich.* Thou chid'ſt me well: proud *Bolingbroke*, I co
To change blows with thee, for our day of doom;
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An eaſy taſk it is to win our own.
Say, *Scroop*, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſower.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the ſky
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay.
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken.
Your uncle *York* is join'd with *Bolingbroke*,
And all your northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

K. *Rich.* Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee, couſin, which didſt lead me forth
[*To* Aumerl
Of that ſweet way I was in to deſpair.
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By heav'n, I'll hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to *Flint-caſtle*, there I'll pine away:
A King, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey:

Th

That pow'r I have, discharge; and let 'em go
To ear the land, that hath some hope to grow:
For I have none. Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Aum. My liege, one word.
K. *Rich.* He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatt'ries of his tongue.
Discharge my foll'wers: let them hence, away,
From *Richard*'s night to *Bolingbroke*'s fair day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Bolingbroke*'s Camp, near *Flint*.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, *and attendants.*

Boling. SO that by this intelligence we learn,
The *Welshmen* are dispers'd; and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my Lord,
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the Lord *Northumberland*,
To say, King *Richard*. Ah, the heavy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head!
North. Your Grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, the whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Left you mistake; the heav'ns are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppose myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, *Harry*; what, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against your entrance.
Boling. Royally? why, it contains no King?

Percy. Yes, my good Lord,
It doth contain a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond lime and ſtone;
And with him Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, beſides a clergyman
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike, it is the biſhop of *Carliſle*.
Boling. Noble Lord, [*To* North.
Go to the rude ribs of that antient caſtle,
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry of *Bolingbroke* upon his knees
Doth kiſs King *Richard*'s hand, and ſends allegiance
And faith of heart unto his royal perſon:
Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
Provided, that my baniſhment repeal'd,
And lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll uſe th' advantage of my pow'r,
And lay the ſummer's duſt with ſhow'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd *Engliſhmen*.
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bolingbroke*
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green lap of fair King *Richard*'s land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignify as much, while here we march
Upon the graſſy carpet of this plain;
Let's march without the noiſe of threat'ning drum,
That from this caſtle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, King *Richard* and myſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring ſhock, (13)
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n:

Be

(13) —— *when their thund'ring* ſmoak,
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n: This is the firſt time, I believe, we ever heard of a *thund'ring ſmoak*; I never conceiv'd any thing of a more ſilent nature. But this is a *noſtrum* of the wiſe editors; who imagine, I preſume, that the report and thundering of a cannon proceed from the *ſmoak*, and not from the explоſion of the *powder*. I have reſtor'd the reading of the elder quarto,

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King *Richard* how he looks.
Parle without, and anſwer within; then a flouriſh. Enter, on the walls, King Richard, *the Biſhop of* Carliſle, Aumerle, Scroop *and* Salisbury.
See! ſee! King *Richard* doth himſelf appear,
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented ſun,
From out the fiery portal of the eaſt,
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory; and to ſtain the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a King: behold his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling Majeſty; alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow!
K. *Rich.* We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To* North.
Becauſe we thought our ſelf thy lawful King;
And, if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our ſtewardſhip.
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our ſcepter,
Unleſs he do prophane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:
Yet know,—My Maſter, God omnipotent,
Is muſt'ring in his clouds in our behalf
Armies of peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike

quarto, which gives us the true alluſion of the poet. So again in the beginning of 1 K. *Henry* IV.

——— Thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately *meet* in the inteſtine *ſhock*
And furious *cloſe* of civil butchery, &c.

Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal hands againſt my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell *Bolingbroke*, for yond, methinks, he is)
That every ſtride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treaſon. He is come to ope
The purple teſtament of bleeding war:
But ere the crown, he looks for, live in peace, (14)
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers ſons
Shall ill become the flow'r of *England*'s face:
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To ſcarlet indignation; and bedew
Her paſture's graſs with faithful *Engliſh* blood.

North. The King of heav'n forbid, our Lord the King
Should ſo with civil and uncivil arms
Be ruſh'd upon! no, thy thrice-noble couſin,
Harry of *Bolingbroke*, doth kiſs thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he ſwears,
That ſtands upon your royal grandſire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents, that ſpring from one moſt gracious head)
And by the bury'd hand of warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn, or ſaid,
His coming hither hath no farther ſcope,

(14) *But e'er the crown, he looks for,* live *in peace,*
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers ſons
Shall ill become the flow'r *of* England's *face*;] Tho' I have not diſturbed the text here, I cannot but think it liable to ſuſpicion. A crown living in peace, as Mr. *Warburton* juſtly obſerved to me, is a very odd phraſe. He ſuppoſes;

But e'er the crown he looks for, *light* in peace,

i. e. deſcend and ſettle upon *Bolingbroke*'s head in peace. — Again, I have a ſmall quarrel to the third line quoted. Would the poet ſay, that bloody crowns ſhould diſfigure the *flow'rs* that ſpring on the ground, and bedew the *graſs* with blood? Surely, the two images are too ſimilar. I have ſuſpected,

Shall ill become the *floor* of *England*'s face;

i. e. Shall make a diſmal ſpectacle on the ſurface of the kingdom's earth. So, in the *Merchant of* Venice,

——— Look how the *floor* of heav'n
Is thick inlay'd with patterns of bright gold.

That

Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to ruſt;
His barbed ſteeds to ſtables; and his heart
To faithful ſervice of your Majeſty.
This ſwears he, as he is a Prince, is juſt;
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

K. *Rich. Northumberland*, ſay, thus the King returns:
His noble couſin is right-welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do bebaſe our ſelf, couſin, do we not, [*To Aum.*
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and ſend
Defiance to the traitor, and ſo die?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful ſwords.

K. *Rich.* Oh God, oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it off again
With words of ſooth: oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou, proud heart? I'll give thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from *Bolingbroke.*

K. *Rich.* What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: muſt he loſe
The name of King? o'God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a ſet of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a diſh of wood;
My ſcepter, for a palmer's walking ſtaff;
My ſubjects, for a pair of carved ſaints;

And my large kingdom, for a little grave;
A little, little grave; — an obſcure grave.
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's highway: (15)
Some way of common tread, where ſubjects feet
May hourly trample on their Sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilſt I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head? —
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt; (my tender-hearted couſin!)
We'll make foul weather with deſpiſed tears;
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match, with ſhedding tears?
As thus, to drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and therein laid, there lyes
Two kinſmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well? well, well, I ſee
I talk but idlely, and you mock at me.
Moſt mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What ſays King *Bolingbroke*? will his Majeſty
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* ſays, *ay*.

North. My Lord, in the baſe court he doth attend
To ſpeak with you, may't pleaſe you to come down.

K. *Rich.* Down, down I come; like glift'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the baſe court? baſe court, where Kings grow baſe,
To come at traitors calls, and do them grace.
In the baſe court come down? down, court; down, King;
For night-owls ſhriek, where mounting larks ſhould ſing.

Boling. What ſays his Majeſty?

(15) *Or I'll be buried in the King's highway;*
Some way of common trade,—] As ſpecious as this reading appears, Mr. *Warburton*, Mr. *Biſhop*, and I, all concurred in ſuſpecting it, and in the amendment which now poſſeſſes the text;
Some way of common *tread*, —
i. e. a highroad. He ſubjoins immediately;
For on my heart they *tread* now, while I live;
And we know how much it is *Shakeſpeare's* way to diverſify the image with the ſame word.

North.

North. Sorrow, and grief of heart,
Makes him ſpeak fondly, like a frantick man;
Yet is he come.
Boling. Stand all apart,
And ſhew fair duty to his Majeſty.
My gracious Lord ——— [*Kneels.*
K. *Rich.* Fair couſin, you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye ſee your courteſy.
Up, couſin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.
Boling. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine own.
K. *Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Boling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted Lord,
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerve your love.
K. *Rich.* Well you deſerve: they well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes;
Tears ſhew their love, but want their remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we muſt, what force will have us do.
Set on towards *London.* Couſin, is it ſo?
Boling. Yea, my good Lord.
K. *Rich.* Then I muſt not ſay, No. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Garden, in the Queen's Court.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. WHat ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs againſt the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no meaſure in delight,
When my poor heart no meaſure keeps in grief.

Therefore no dancing, girl; ſome other ſport.
Lady Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of ſorrow, or of joy?
Lady. Of either, Madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl.
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow:
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of joy.
For what I have, I need not to repeat:
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll ſing.
Queen. 'Tis well, that thou haſt cauſe:
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But ſtay, here come the Gardiners.
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees: ——
My wretchedneſs unto a row of pins, (16)

Enter

(16) *My wretchedneſs* ſuits with *a row of* pines;] This is meerly, I preſume, *ex Cathedra Potiana*: for I can find no authority for it, any more than any ſenſe in it. Mr. *Rowe*'s editions, indeed, have it;

My wretchedneſs *unto* a row of *pines.*

But this, again, is wrong; and we muſt read with the old books, —— *unto a row of* pins.

So *Hamlet* ſays;

I value not my life at a *pin's* fee.
—— Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a *pin.* *Meaſ.* for *Meaſ.*

The Queen here is ſtaking her afflictions to the moſt inconſiderable Trifle ſhe can think of, that the gardiners will talk of ſtate-affairs. The alluſion of a *row of pins*, 'tis true, is mean and ridiculous enough in conſcience; but theſe diſproportion'd wagers may be juſtified by a number of parallel inſtances.

I'll lay my *head* to any good man's *hat.* *Love's Lab. Loſt.*

And again.

My *hat* to an *halfpenny.* Ibid.
My *dukedom* to a beggarly *denier.* Richard III.

So *Ford*, a contemporary poet with our author, in his *Love's Sacrifice*;

—*By*

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

They'll talk of ſtate; for every one doth ſo,
Againſt a change; woe is fore run with woe.
[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their ſire
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight:
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-faſt-growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our common-wealth:
All muſt be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noiſom weeds, that without profit ſuck
The ſoil's fertility from wholſom flowers.

Serv. Why ſhould we, in the compaſs of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm ſtate?
When our ſea-walled garden, (the whole land,)
Is full of weeds, her faireſt flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots diſorder'd, and her wholeſome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He, that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd ſpring,
Hath now himſelf met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-ſpreading leaves did ſhelter,
(That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him up;)
Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke*;
I mean, the Earl of *Wiltſhire*, *Buſhy*, *Green*.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And *Bolingbroke* hath ſeiz'd the waſteful King.

——— *By this light,*
I'll pledge my ſoul *againſt a uſeleſs* ruſh.

And again in the ſame play.

'Tis a *lordſhip* to a dozen of *points*, *&c.*

But examples of this ſort are ſo numerous, that I would be bound with great eaſe to furniſh five hundred.

What

What pity is't, that he had not ſo trimm'd
And dreſt his land, as we this garden dreſs,
And wound the bark, the ſkin, of our fruit-trees;
Leſt, being over proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itſelf;
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had borne the crown,
Which waſte and idle hours have quite thrown down.

Serv. What think you then, the King ſhall be depos'd?

Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd,
'Tis doubted, he will be. Letters laſt night
Came to a dear friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh, I am preſt to death, thro' want of ſpeaking!
Thou *Adam*'s likeneſs, ſet to dreſs this garden,
How dares thy tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
What *Eve*, what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, (thou little better thing than earth,)
Divine his downfal? ſay, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? ſpeak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe theſe news; yet, what I ſay, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bolingbroke*; their fortunes both are weigh'd;
In your Lord's ſcale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few vanities that make him light:
But in the balance of great *Bolingbroke*,
Beſides himſelf are all the *Engliſh* Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Poſt you to *London*, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more, than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt, that know it? oh, thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep

Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come, Ladies, go;
To meet, at *London*, *London*'s King in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my ſad look
Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke!*
Gard'ner, for telling me theſe news of woe,
I would, the plants, thou graft'ſt, may never grow.
[*Exe. Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor Queen, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my ſkill were ſubject to thy curſe.
Here did ſhe drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll ſet a bank of rue, ſow'r *herb of grace*; (17)
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen.
[*Ex. Gard. and Serv.*

(17) *I'll ſet a bank of* rue, ſow'r *herb of grace*;] Our poet has in other paſſages, not without ſome ſuperſtition, hinted at *rue* having the ſur-name of *herbe de grace*. So, in his *Winter's Tale*;

——Reverend ſirs,
For you there's roſemary and *Rue*, theſe keep
Seeming and ſavour all the winter long;
Grace and remembrance be unto you both!

And *Ophelia* in *Hamlet*;

There's *rue* for you, and here's ſome for me. We may call it *herb of grace* o' ſundays; you may wear your rue with a difference.

Rue, I preſume, might have obtain'd this *addition* of reverence, for that it has been employ'd in ſome countries as an alexipharmic potent againſt peſtilence. And as to its general efficacy againſt poiſons, *Iſidore*, if we may believe him, tells us; that the weeſel eats of it, to prevent the injury of a ſerpent's bite. But what contributed to its ſuppos'd ſanctity, I gueſs, is, that it was always one of the hallow'd ingredients uſed in the preparations by exorciſts to expel devils. *Mengus* in his *Flagellum Dæmonum*, (and the other books of that ſtamp) furniſh ſufficient authorities.

ACT IV.

SCENE, in *London.*

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surry, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *Abbot of* Weſtminſter, *Herald, Officers, and* Bagot

BOLINGBROKE.

CALL *Bagot* forth: Now freely ſpeak thy mind,
What thou doſt know of noble *Glo'ſter*'s death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeleſs end.

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the Lord *Aumerle.*

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord *Aumerle,* I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Glo'ſter*'s death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, " Is not my arm of length,
" That reacheth from the reſtful *Engliſh* court
" As far as *Calais* to my uncle's head?
Amongſt much other talk, that very time,
I heard you ſay, " You rather had refuſe
" The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,
" Than *Bolingbroke* return to *England*; adding,
" How bleſt this land would be in this your couſin's death!

Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtars,
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.
There is my gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou lieſt,
And I'll maintain what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou ſhalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath mov'd me ſo.
Fitzw. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,
There is my gage, *Aumerle*, in gage to thine.
By that fair ſun, that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble *Glo'ſter's* death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt;
And I will turn thy falſhood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee the day.
Fitzw. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou lieſt; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt;
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extreameſt point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful ſteel
Over the glittering helment of my foe!
Who ſets me elſe? by heav'n, I'll throw at all.
I have a thouſand ſpirits in my breaſt,
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.
Surry. My Lord *Fitzwater*, I remember well
The very time *Aumerle* and you did talk.
Fitzw. My Lord, 'tis true: You were in preſence then;
And you can witneſs with me, this is true.
Surry. As falſe, by Heav'n, as Heav'n itſelf is true.
Fitzw. Surry, thou lieſt.
Surry. Diſhonourable boy,
That lie ſhall lye ſo heavy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, reſt
In earth as quiet, as thy father's ſcull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the tryal, if thou dar'ſt.
Fitzw. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,

I dare

I dare meet *Surry* in a wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay, he lies,
And lies, and lies: There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd *Norfolk* ſay,
That thou, *Aumerle*, didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at *Calais*.

Aum. Some honeſt chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That *Norfolk* lies: Here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. Theſe diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: Repeal'd he ſhall be;
And though mine enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his ſeigniories; when he's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his tryal.

Carl. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolk* fought
For Jeſu Chriſt, in glorous chriſtian field
Streaming the enſign of the chriſtian croſs,
Againſt black pagans, turks, and ſaracens:
Then, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himſelf
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His body to that pleaſant country's earth,
And his pure ſoul unto his captain Chriſt,
Under whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.

Boling. Why, biſhop, is *Norfolk* dead?

Carl. Sure as I live, my Lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his ſoul
To th' boſom of good *Abraham!*——Lords appellants,
Your diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till we aſſign you to your days of tryal.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of *Lancaſter*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing ſoul
Adopts thee heir, and his high ſcepter yields
To the poſſeſſion of thy royal hand.
Aſcend his throne, deſcending now from him,

And

And long live *Henry*, of that name the Fourth!
Boling. In God's name, I'll aſcend the regal throne.
Carl. Marry, Heav'n forbid!
Worſt in this royal preſence may I ſpeak,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble preſence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble *Richard*; then true nobleneſs would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a wrong.
What ſubject can give ſentence on his King?
And who ſits here, that is not *Richard*'s ſubject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them.
And ſhall the figure of God's Majeſty,
His captain, ſteward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferior breath,
And he himſelf not preſent? oh, forbid it!
That, in a chriſtian climate, ſouls refin'd
Should ſhew ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeak to ſubjects, and a ſubject ſpeaks,
Stir'd up by heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford*'s King.
And if you crown him, let me propheſy,
The blood of *Engliſh* ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace ſhall go ſleep with turks and infidels,
And in this ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind, confound.
Diſorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of *Golgotha*, and dead men's ſculls.
Oh, if you rear this houſe againſt this houſe, (18)

It

(18) *Oh, if you rear this houſe againſt* his *houſe.*] This is only the reading of our laſt learned editor, and can mean no more than this, if you rear the *Parliament-houſe*, or *Bolingbroke*'s houſe againſt King *Richard*'s houſe, it will make a moſt woeful diviſion. But, with ſubmiſſion, the poet intended ſomething farther: i. e. If you aim at ſetting up monarchy againſt monarchy, *a houſe divided againſt itſelf can*

never

It will the woefulleſt diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed earth.
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt children's children cry againſt you, woe.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of *Weſtminſter*, be it your charge,
To keep him ſafely till his day of tryal.
May't pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons ſuit?

Boling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender: So we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your days of anſwer:
Little are we beholden to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Enter King Richard, *and* York.

K. *Rich.* Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
T' inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give ſorrow leave a-while, to tutor me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The favours of theſe men: Were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, all hail to me?
So *Judas* did to *Chriſt*: But he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the King!—will no man ſay, *Amen*,
Am I both prieſt and clerk? well then, *Amen*.
God ſave the King, although I be not he:
And yet, *Amen*, if Heav'n do think him me.
To do what ſervice, am I ſent for hither?

never ſtand. The alluſion is certainly to this phraſe in the *Goſpel*; and all the genuine copies, *uno ore*, concur in reading;

Oh if you rear *this* houſe againſt *this* houſe,

But Mr. *Pope*, perhaps, may not be for having *Scripture* alluded to, unleſs ludicrouſly; and ſo would not allow a *Biſhop* to quote a *text*, though ever ſo much to his purpoſe.

York.

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired Majeſty did make thee offer:
The reſignation of thy ſtate and crown. [crown.
K. *Rich.* Give me the crown.—Here, couſin, ſeize the
Here on this ſide my hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unſeen and full of water;
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I;
Drinking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to reſign.
K. *Rich.* My crown I am; but ſtill my griefs are mine:
You may my glories, and my ſtate depoſe,
But not my griefs; ſtill am I King of thoſe.
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
K. *Rich.* Your cares, ſet up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care, is loſs of care, by old care done;
Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.
Boling. Are you contented to reſign the crown?
K. *Rich.* Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I muſt nothing be:
Therefore no no; for I reſign to thee.
Now, mark me how I will undo myſelf;
I give this heavy weight from off my head;
And this unwieldly ſcepter from my hand;
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I waſh away my balm;
With mine own hands I give away my crown;
With mine own tongue deny my ſacred ſtate;
With mine own breath releaſe all dutious oaths.
All pomp and Majeſty I do forſwear:
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and ſtatutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd,
Long may'ſt thou live in *Richard*'s ſeat to ſit,
And ſoon lye *Richard* in an earthy pit!

God

God ſave King *Henry*, unking'd *Richard* ſays,
And ſend him many years of ſun-ſhine days!
What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grievous crimes
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profit of this land:
That, by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. *Rich.* Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? if thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,
Containing the depoſing of a King;
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of Heav'n.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait myſelf,
Though ſome of you with *Pilate* waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my ſow'r croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.

North. My Lord, diſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.

K. *Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears: I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myſelf,
I find myſelf a traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
T'undeck the pompous body of a King;
Made glory baſe; a Sovereign, a ſlave:
Proud Majeſty, a ſubject: State, a peaſant.

North. My Lord,——

K. *Rich.* No Lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man,
Nor no man's Lord: I have no name, no title;
No, not that name was giv'n me at the font,
But 'tis uſurp'd. Alack, the heavy day
That I have worn ſo many winters out,
And know not now, what name to call myſelf!

Oh, that I were a mockery-King of ſnow,
Standing before the ſun of *Bolingbroke*,
To melt myſelf away in water-drops!
Good King,—great King,—(and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be ſterling yet in *England*, [*To* Boling.
Let it command a mirror hither ſtreight,
That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his Majeſty.

Boling. Go ſome of you and fetch a looking-glaſs.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glaſs doth come.

K. *Rich.* Fiend, thou torment'ſt me, ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.

K. *Rich.* They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do ſee the very book, indeed,
Where all my ſins are writ, and that's myſelf.

Enter one, with a Glaſs.

Give me that glaſs, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath ſorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? oh, flatt'ring glaſs!
Like to my followers in proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me. Was this face, the face
That every day under his houſhold roof
Did keep ten thouſand men? was this the face,
That, like the ſun, did make beholders wink?
Is this the face, which fac'd ſo many follies,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bolingbroke?*
A brittle glory ſhineth in this face;
[*Daſhes the glaſs againſt the ground.*
As brittle, as the glory, is the face:
For there it is, crackt in an hundred ſhivers.
Mark, ſilent King, the moral of this ſport;
How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face.

Boling. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.

K. *Rich.* Say that again.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow! ha, let's ſee,
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;

And

And theſe external manners of laments
Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul.
There lies the ſubſtance: And I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. I'll beg one boon;
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair couſin.

K. *Rich.* Fair couſin! I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but ſubjects; being now a ſubject,
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet aſk.

K. *Rich.* And ſhall I have?

Boling. You ſhall.

K. *Rich.* Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither.

K. *Rich.* Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſight.

Boling. Go ſome of you, convey him to the *Tower*.

K. *Rich* Oh, good! convey:—conveyers are you all, (19)
That riſe thus nimbly by a true King's fall.

Boling. On *Wedneſday* next we ſolemnly ſet down
Our coronation: Lords, prepare yourſelves.

[*Exe. all but Abbot, Biſhop of* Carliſle *and* Aumerle.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Biſhop. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as ſharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the ſacrament,

(19) *O, good!*--- convey:--- conveyers *are you all,*] i. e. *Thieves.* This will be explained by a paſſage quoted from the *Merry Wives of Windſor.*

Fal. --his *filching* was like an unſkilful ſinger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to *ſteal* at a minute's reſt.

Piſt. Convey, the wiſe it call. *Steal?*---foh! a *fico* for the phraſe.

To

To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I ſhall happen to deviſe.
I ſee, your brows are full of diſcontent,
Your hearts of ſorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to ſupper, and I'll lay
A plot, ſhall ſhew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, a Street in *London*,

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

QUEEN.

THIS way the King will come: This is the way
To *Julius Cæſar*'s ill-erected tow'r;
To whoſe flint boſom my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a priſoner, by proud *Bolingbroke*.
Here let us reſt, if this rebellious earth
Have any reſting for her true King's Queen.

Enter King Richard, *and Guards.*

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather do not ſee,
My fair roſe wither; yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may diſſolve to dew,
And waſh him freſh again with true-love tears.
O thou, the model where old *Troy* did ſtand, [*To K.* Rich.
Thou map of honour, thou King *Richard*'s tomb,
And not King *Richard*; thou moſt beauteous inn,
Why ſhould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-houſe gueſt?

K. *Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden: Learn, good ſoul,
To think our former ſtate a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am ſworn brother, ſweet,
To grim neceſſity; and he and I

Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to *France*,
And cloiſter thee in ſome religious houſe;
Our holy lives muſt win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have ſtricken down.

Queen. What, is my *Richard* both in ſhape and m
Transform'd and weak? hath *Bolingbroke* depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'erpow'r'd: and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiſs the rod,
And fawn on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a lion and a King of beaſts?

K. *Rich.* A King of beaſts, indeed; if ought but b
I had been ſtill a happy King of men.
Good ſometime Queen, prepare thee hence for *Fran*
Think, I am dead; and that ev'n here thou tak'ſt,
As from my death-bed, my laſt living leave.
In winter's tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why? the ſenſeleſs brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compaſſion weep the fire out:
And ſome will mourn in aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful King.

Enter Northumberland, *attended.*

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bolingbroke* is chang
You muſt to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower*.
And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all ſwift ſpeed, you muſt away to *France*.

K. *Richard. Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewi
The mounting *Bolingbroke* aſcends my throne,
The time ſhall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul ſin, gath'ring head,
Shall break into corruption; thou ſhalt think,

Th

i he divide the realm, and give thee half,
i little, helping him to all:
ſhall think, that thou, which know'ſt the way
it unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
e'er ſo little urg'd, another way
ck him headlong from th' uſurped throne.
re of wicked friends converts to fear;
ar to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
thy danger, and deſerved death.
b. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end!
ave and part, for you muſt part forthwith.
ich. Doubly divorc'd? bad men, ye violate
fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me:
en betwixt me and my married wife.
unkiſs the oath, 'twixt thee and me: [*To the Queen.*
t not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.
, *Northumberland:* I, towards the north,
ſhiv'ring cold and ſickneſs pines the clime:
een to *France*; from whence, ſet forth in pomp,
ne adorned hither like ſweet *May*,
ck like *Hollowmas*, or ſhorteſt day.
n. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part? [heart.
ich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from
n. Baniſh us both, and ſend the King with me.
b. That were ſome love, but little policy.
n. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
ich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
thou for me in *France*; I for thee here:
far off; than near, be ne'er the near.
unt thy way with ſighs, I mine with groans:
n. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.
ich. Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being
iece the way out with a heavy heart. [ſhort,
come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief,
wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief:
iſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiſs.*
n. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
e on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiſs again.*

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.
K. *Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Duke of *York*'s Palace.

Enter York, *and his Dutcheſs.*

Dutch. MY Lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off,
Of our two couſins coming into *London.*
York. Where did I leave?
Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my Lord,
Where rude miſ-govern'd hands, from window tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richard*'s head.
York. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great *Bolingbroke,*
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe:
While all tongues cry'd, God ſave thee, *Bolingbroke!*
You wou'd have thought, the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls
With painted imag'ry had ſaid at once,
Jeſu, preſerve thee! welcome, *Bolingbroke!*
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpoke them thus; I thank you, country-men;
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.
Dutch. Alas! poor *Richard,* where rides he the while?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did ſcowle on *Richard*; no man cry'd, God ſave him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;

Which

Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience;
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted;
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.
To *Bolingbroke* are we ſworn ſubjects now,
Whoſe ſtate, and honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my ſon *Aumerle.*
York. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richard*'s friend.
And, Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made King.
Dutch. Welcome, my ſon; who are the violets now,
That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new ſpring of time,
Leſt you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from *Oxford?* hold thoſe juſts and triumphs?
Aum. For ought I know, they do.
York. You will be there?
Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpoſe ſo.
York. What ſeal is that, that hangs without thy boſom?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing.
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter, then, who ſees it.
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.
York. Which for ſome reaſons, Sir, I mean to ſee.
I fear, I fear——
Dutch. What ſhould you fear, my Lord?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond he's enter'd into,

For gay apparel, againſt the triumph.
York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond,
That he is bound to? wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me ſee the writing.
Aum. I do beſeech you, pardon me; I may not ſhew it.
York. I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treaſon! foul treaſon! villain, traitor, ſlave!
Dutch. What's the matter, my Lord?
York. Hoa, who's within there? ſaddle my horſe.
Heav'n, for his mercy! what treachery is here?
Dutch. Why, what is't, my Lord?
York. Give me my boots, I ſay: ſaddle my horſe.
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Dutch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, fooliſh woman.
Dutch. I will not peace: What is the matter, ſon?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life muſt anſwer.
Dutch. Thy life anſwer!

Enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.
Dutch. Strike him, *Aumerle.* (Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.)
Hence, villain, never more come in my ſight.
[*Speaking to the Servant.*
York. Give me my boots.
Dutch. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more ſons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad-woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the ſacrament,
And interchangeably have ſet their hands,
To kill the King at *Oxford.*

Dutch.

Dutch. He ſhall be none:
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman: were he twenty times
My ſon, I would appeach him.
Dutch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful:
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect,
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon:
Sweet *York*, ſweet huſband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*
Dutch. After, *Aumerle*; mount thee upon his horſe;
Spur poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as *York*:
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
Till *Bolingbroke* have pardon'd thee. Away. [*Exeunt.*

(20) SCENE changes to the court at *Windſor-Caſtle.*

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, *and other Lords.*

Boling. CAN no man tell of my unthrifty ſon?
'Tis full three months ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to heav'n, my Lords, he might be found.
Enquire at *London*, 'mongſt the taverns there:
For there, they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With

(20) *Scene changes to* Oxford. This diſtinction of ſcenary, which is marked in none of the former copies, we owe to the *happy* efforts of Mr. *Pope* in his editions. But indolence and induſtry work the ſame effects upon this Gentleman in his diſcoveries, and are both the parents of error. 'Tis true, the turnaments, prepar'd for the deſtruction of *Bolingbroke*, were appointed at *Oxford*, and thither *Bolingbroke* was invited by the conſpirators. But the plot was diſcover'd early

With unreſtrained looſe companions:
Even ſuch, they ſay, as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our paſſengers: (21)
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a crew.

Percy. My Lord, ſome two days ſince, I ſaw the Prince,
And told him of theſe triumphs held at *Oxford.*

Boling. And what ſaid the gallant?

Percy. His anſwer was; he would unto the ſtews,
And from the common'ſt creature pluck a glove
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt challenger.

Boling. As diſſolute, as deſp'rate; yet through both
I ſee ſome ſparks of hope; which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Boiling. What means our couſin, that he ſtares,
And looks ſo wildly?

Aum. God ſave your Grace. I do beſeech your Majeſty,
To have ſome conf'rence with your Grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourſelves, and leave us here alone.
What is the matter with our couſin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unleſs a pardon, ere I riſe or ſpeak!

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?

early enough to prevent his ſetting out for *Oxford*; and the Duke of *York* impeach'd his ſon to him, and *Aumerle* likewiſe accus'd himſelf, at the caſtle of *Windſor*, where *Bolingbroke* then reſided, as Mr. *Pope* might have ſeen in our *Engliſh* chronicles: and therefore thither I have remov'd the ſcene.

(21) *And rob our watch, and beat our paſſengers.*] This faſhion ſeems a little alter'd in our days, if we were to take this on truſt for the genuine reading. But tho' the generality of the copies have fallen into this blundering tranſpoſition, the good old *quarto*, with which one would imagine Mr. *Pope* had traded ſo accurately, bids us read as I have regulated the text.

And beat our watch, and rob our paſſengers,

If

If but the firſt, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.
Boling. Have thy deſire. [York *within.*
York. My Liege beware, look to thyſelf,
Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee ſafe.
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou haſt no cauſe to fear.
York. Open the door, ſecure fool-hardy King:
Shall I for love ſpeak treaſon to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? ſpeak, take breath:
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confed'rate with my hand.
York. Villain, it was, ere thy hand ſet it down.
I tore it from the traitor's boſom, King,
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, leſt thy pity prove
A ſerpent, that will ſting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy!
O loyal father of a treach'rous ſon!
Thou clear, immaculate, and ſilver fountain,
From whence this ſtream, through muddy paſſages,
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelf.
Thy overflow of good converts to bad; (22)
And thine abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot, in thy digreſſing ſon.
York. So ſhall my virtue be his vices bawd,

(22) *Thy overflow of* good *converts to* bad.] This alludes to that obſervation of the *naturaliſts.* That the *extream* of any thing is *eaſily converted to its contrary.* Mr. *Warburton.*

And he ſhall ſpend mine honour with his ſhame;
As thriftleſs ſons their ſcraping fathers gold.
Mine honour lives, when his diſhonour dies:
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

[*Dutcheſs within.*

Dutch. What ho, my Liege! for heav'ns ſake, let me in.

Boling. What ſhrill-voic'd ſuppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King, 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our ſcene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to the beggar, and the King:
My dang'rous couſin, let your mother in;
I know, ſhe's come to pray for your foul ſin.

York. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſins for his forgiveneſs proſper may;
This feſter'd joint cut off, the reſt is ſound;
This, let alone, will all the reſt confound.

Enter Dutcheſs.

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itſelf, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what doſt thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet *York*, be patient; hear me, gentle Liege.

[*Kneels.*

Boling. Riſe up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beſeech;
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By par'ning *Rutland*, my tranſgreſſing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.

[*Kneels.*

York. Againſt them both, my true joints bended be.
Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace! [*Kneels.*

Dutch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his pray'r's in jeſt;

His

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and ſoul, and all beſide.
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel, till to the ground they grow.
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſy,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them crave
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not ſay ſtand up,
But pardon firſt; ſay afterwards, ſtand up.
An if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now:
Say, Pardon, King; let pity teach thee how.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Dutch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heav'n ſhall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy 'vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear; ſpeak it again:
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet;
No word like pardon, for Kings mouths ſo meet.

York. Speak it in *French*, King; ſay, *Pardonnez moy.*

Dutch. Doſt thou teach pardon, pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my ſow'r huſband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That ſet'ſt the word itſelf, againſt the word.
Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping *French* we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there:
Or, in thy pitious heart, plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearſe.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Dutch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,—the
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction streight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To *Oxford*, or where-e'er these traitors are.
They shall not live within this world, I swear;
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewel; and cousin too, adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duteh. Come, my old son; I pray heav'n make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Exton *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didst thou not mark the King, what words he
"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear? [spake?
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Ext. "Have I no friend?—quoth he; he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
As who shall say,—I would, thou wert the man,
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the prison at *Pomfret-castle.*

Enter King Richard.

I Have been studying, how to compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world;
And, for because the world is populous,

(23) *But for our trusty* brother-in-law,—*the* Abbot——] Without these marks of disjunction, which I have thought proper to add, the *Abbot* here mention'd and *Bolingbroke*'s brother-in-law seem to be one and the same person: but this was not the case. The Abbot of *Westminster* was an ecclesiastic; but the brother-in-law, meant, was *John* Duke of *Exeter* and Earl of *Huntingdon*, (own brother to King *Richard* II.) and who had married with the Lady *Elizabeth* Sister to *Henry* of *Bolingbroke*.

And

ere is not a creature but myſelf,
ot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
ain I'll prove the female to my ſoul,
ul, the father; and theſe two beget
eration of ſtill-breeding thoughts;
heſe ſame thoughts people this little world;
nour, like the people of this world,
› thought is contented. The better ſort,
ioughts, of things divine,) are intermixt
ſcruples, and do ſet the word itſelf
ſt the word; as thus; *Come, little ones*; and then again,
s as hard to come, as for a camel
thread the poſtern of a needle's eye."
ghts, tending to ambition, they do plot
ely wonders; how theſe vain weak nails
tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
is hard world, my ragged priſon-walls:
for they cannot, die in their own pride.
ghts tending to content, flatter themſelves,
they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
hall not be the laſt: (Like ſilly beggars,
ſitting in the ſtocks, refuge their ſhame
many have, and others muſt ſit there;)
in this thought, they find a kind of eaſe,
ng their own misfortune on the back
ich as have before endur'd the like.
, play I, in one priſon, many people,
none contented. Sometimes am I King,
treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar,
ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury
ades me, I was better when a King;
am I king'd again; and by and by,
k, that I am unking'd by *Bolingbroke*,
ſtreight am nothing——but what-e'er I am,
I, nor any man, that but man is,
nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
being nothing——Muſic do I hear? [*Muſic.*
ha; keep time: how ſow'r ſweet muſic is,
n time is broke, *and no proportion kept!*
it in the muſic of men's lives.

And

And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To check time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring;
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke:
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me.
For now hath time made me his numbring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jar,
Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch;
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the ſounds, that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell; ſo ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, hours, and times—O, but my time
Runs poſting on, in *Bolingbroke*'s proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his jack o'th' clock.
This muſic mads me, let it ſound no more;
For though it have help'd mad men to their wits,
In me it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet bleſſing on his heart, that gives it me!
For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to *Richard*
Is a ſtrange brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince!

K. *Rich.* Thanks, noble Peer.
The cheapeſt of us is ten groats too dear.
What art? how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that ſad drudge, (24)

(24) *Where no man ever comes, but that ſad* dog]. I have ventured at a change here, againſt the authority of the copies, by the direction of Mr. *Warburton*. Indeed, *ſad dog* favours too much of the comedian, the oratory of the late facetious Mr. *Penkethman*. And *drudge* is the word of contempt, which our author chuſes to uſe on other like occaſions. So in the 2 *Henry* VI.

Oh, that I were a god, to ſhoot forth thunder
Upon theſe paltry, ſervile, abject *drudges!*

And again;

And will you credit this baſe *drudge's* words? *Ibid.*

And in many other paſſages.

That

That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, King,
When thou wert King; who travelling tow'rds *York*,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my ſometime Maſter's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In *London* ſtreets, that coronation day;
When *Bolingbroke* rode on *Roan Barbary*,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd.

K. *Rich.* Rode he on *Barbary*? tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as he had diſdain'd the ground.

K. *Rich.* So proud, that *Bolingbroke* was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride muſt have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe;
And yet I bear a burden like an aſs;
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd by jaunting *Bolingbroke*.

Enter Keeper, with a diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer ſtay. [*To the Groom.*

K. *Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. [*Exit.*

Keep. My Lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?

K. *Rich.* Taſte of it firſt, as thou were wont to do.

Keep. My Lord, I dare not; for Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*,
Who late came from the King, commands the contrary.

K. *Rich.* The Dev'l take *Henry* of *Lancaſter*, and thee!
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help. ———

Enter

Enter Exton, *and Servants.*

K. *Rich.* How now? what means death in this rude assault?
Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument;
[*Snatching a sword.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*
[Exton *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood;
Both have I spilt: Oh, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me, I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear;
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the court at *Windsor.*

Flourish: Enter Bolingbroke, York, *with other Lords and attendants.*

Boling. KInd uncle *York*, the latest news we hear,
Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of *Cicester* in *Glousestershire*;
But whether they be ta'en or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my Lord: what is the news?

North. First to thy sacred state wish I all happiness;
The next news is, I have to *London* sent
The heads of *Sal'sbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt* and *Kent*:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here. [*Presenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle *Percy*, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right-worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitzw. My Lord, I have from *Oxford* ſent to *London*
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*;
Two of the dangerous conſorted traitors,
That fought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, *Fitzwater*, ſhall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, *and the Biſhop of* Carliſle.

Percy. The grand conſpirator, *Abbot* of *Weſtminſter*,
With clog of conſcience, and ſour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is *Carliſle*, living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and ſentence of his pride.

Boling. Carliſle, this is your doom:
Chuſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend room
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife.
For though mine enemy thou haſt ever been,
High ſparks of honour in thee I have ſeen.

Enter Exton, *with a coffin.*

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I preſent
Thy bury'd fear. Herein all breathleſs lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of *Bourdeaux*, by me hither brought.

Bol. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou haſt wrought (25)
A deed of ſlander with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poiſon, that do poiſon need;
Nor do I thee; though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murd'rer, love him murdered.

(25) —— *for thou haſt wrought*
A deed of ſlaughter *with thy fatal hand.*] I have choſe the reading of the elder *quarto* here, *a deed of* ſlander, *&c.* For *Richard*'s murder might be a reproach upon the whole country, tho' his death could not be laid to their general charge.

The

The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour.
With *Cain* go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day, or light.
Lords, I proteſt, my ſoul is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen black, incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the holy-land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.
March ſadly after, grace my mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely bier. [*Exeunt omn*

H.Gravelot del Vol: 4. P. 89. *G.V.de G.*

The FIRST PART of

HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

HENRY, Sirnam'd HOT-SPUR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fourth.*

Henry, *Prince of* Wales, } *Sons to the King.*
John *Duke of* Lancaſter, }

Worceſter,
Northumberland,
Hot-ſpur,
Mortimer,
Archbiſhop of York, } *Enemies to the King.*
Dowglas,
Owen Glendower,
Sir Richard Vernon,
Sir Michell,

Weſtmorland, } *of the King's Party.*
Sir Walter Blunt, }
Sir John Falſtaff.

Poins, }
Gads-hill, } *Companions of* Falſtaff.
Peto, }
Bardolph, }

Lady Percy, *Wife to* Hot-ſpur.
Lady Mortimer, *Daughter to* Glendower, *and Wife to* Mortimer.
Hoſteſs Quickly.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, *ENGLAND.*

(1) The FIRST PART of

HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE, the Court in *London.*

Enter King Henry, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *and others.*

King HENRY.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in ſtronds afar remote.
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil (2)
Shall

(1) *The 1ſt Part of* Henry IV.] The tranſactions, contain'd in this hiſtorical drama, are comprized within the period of about 10 months: For the action commences with the news brought of *Hotſpur* having defeated the *Scots* under *Archibald* Earl *Dowglas* at *Holmedon*, (or *Halidown* hill) which battle was fought on *Holyrood* day; (the 14th of *September*, 1402:) and it cloſes with the defeat and death of *Hotſpur* at *Shrewſbury*; which engagement happen'd on *Saturday* the 21ſt of *July* (the eve of St. *Mary Magdalen*) in the year 1403.

(2) *No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil*
Shall dawb *her lips with her own children's blood:*] Thus the oldeſt *Quarto* and the firſt *Folio*. I have choſe to read with ſome of the more recent impreſſions, *damp*: And if I do not miſtake the ſenſe of the

Shall damp her lips with her own children's blood:
No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled Heav'n,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beſeeming ranks
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
(Whoſe ſoldier now, under whoſe bleſſed croſs
We are impreſſed, and engag'd to fight)
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we leavy;
Whoſe arms were moulded in their mothers' womb,
To chaſe theſe pagans, in thoſe holy fields
Over whoſe acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter croſs.
But this our purpoſe is a twelvemonth old,
And bootleſs 'tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore, we meet not now: Then let me hear,

the paſſage, the antitheſis, that ſeems deſign'd, requires this readi *Entrance of this ſoil*; I apprehend, cannot well mean an *invaſion* of t kingdom: Nor could the King have a reaſon to ſay, that *Engla* ſhould never again be attempted by hoſtile arms. The expreſſion very obſcure; but I take this to be the meaning: That the *thi* earth, *chapt* and *flaw'd* with *drought*, ſhall no more *damp*, or *moi* her lips, or ſurface, with her own children's blood. The *dry* ea *drinking* in this manner, is a very natural alluſion, and frequent w our author.

So, in his *troubleſom reign* of King *John*;

Is all the *blood*, ſpilt on either part,
Cloſing the *crannies* of the *thirſty earth*,
Grown to a love-game, and a bridal feaſt?

3 *Henry* VI.

Thy brother's *blood* the *thirſty earth* hath *drunk*.

Titus Andronicus.

Let my tears *ſtanch* the *earth's dry appetite*.

Of you my gentle couſin *Weſtmorland*,
What yeſternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.
Weſt. My Liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet down
But yeſternight: When, all athwart, there came
A poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heavy news;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordſhire* to fight
Againſt th' irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that *Welſhman* taken;
A thouſand of his people butchered,
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation,
By thoſe *Welſh women* done, as may not be,
Without much ſhame, re-told or ſpoken of.
K. *Henry.* It ſeems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our buſineſs for the holy land.
Weſt. This, matcht with other, did, my gracious Lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On holy-rood day, the gallant *Hot ſpur* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* ſpent a ſad and bloody hour:
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he, that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way.
K. *Henry.* Here is a dear and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horſe, (3)
Stain'd

(3) *Sir* Walter Blunt, *new lighted from his horſe*,
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil,
Betwixt that Holmedon, *&c.*] This circumſtance of *Blunt*'s ſpeed, and being beſpatter'd with the different dirt of each county, was look'd on, I apprehend, in a ludicrous light by ſome carpers; at leaſt, I find it *parodied* in an old comedy, and apply'd to a perſon in a ſcuffle tumbled into the dirt.

---your

Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this ſeat of ours;
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome news.
The Earl of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, three and twenty Knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedon*'s plains. Of priſoners, *Hot-ſpur* took
Mordake the Earl of *Fife*, and eldeſt ſon
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earls of *Athol*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable ſpoil?
A gallant prize? ha, couſin, is it not?

Weſt. In faith, a conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

K. *Henry.* Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin
In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon:
A ſon, who is the theam of honour's tongue:
Amongſt a grove, the very ſtreighteſt plant;
Who is ſweet Fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilſt I, by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O could it be prov'd,
That ſome night-tripping fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-cloaths, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you couſin,
Of this young *Percy*'s pride? the priſoners,
Which he in this adventure hath ſurpriz'd,
To his own uſe he keeps, and ſends me word,
I ſhall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

Weſt. This is his uncle's teaching, this is *Worceſter*,
Malevolent to you in all aſpects;
Which makes him prune himſelf, and briſtle up
The creſt of youth againſt your dignity.

——your band and doublet
Torn from your neck and back; and your brave breeches
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil.
Merry Milk-maids, Ac. 2. Sc. 2.
K. *Henry.*

enry. But I have ſent for him to anſwer this;
this cauſe awhile we muſt neglect
ly purpoſe to *Jeruſalem.*
on *Wedneſday* next, our council we
ld at *Windſor*, ſo inform the Lords:
ne yourſelf with ſpeed to us again;
re is to be ſaid, and to be done,
ut of anger can be uttered.
I will, my Liege. [*Exeunt.*

E N E an apartment of the Prince's.

r Henry *Prince of* Wales, *and Sir* John Falſtaff.

NOW, *Hal*, what time of day is it, lad?
P. *Henry.* Thou art ſo fat-witted with drink-
l ſack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and
g upon benches in the afternoon, that thou haſt
en to demand that truly, which thou would'ſt truly
What a devil haſt thou to do with the time of the
nleſs hours were cups of ſack, and minutes capons,
ocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the ſigns of
-houſes, and the bleſſed ſun himſelf a fair hot
in flame-colour'd taffata; I ſee no reaſon why
ould'ſt be ſo ſuperfluous, to demand the time of
y.
Indeed, you come near me now, *Hal.* For we,
ke purſes, go by the moon and ſeven ſtars, and not
æbus, he, that wandering knight ſo fair. And, I
hee, ſweet wag, when thou art King —— as God
hy Grace, (Majeſty, I ſhould ſay; for grace thou
ave none.) ——
Henry. What! none?
. No, by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to be
gue to an egg and butter.
Henry. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly——
l. Marry, then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, (4) let

Let not us, that are Squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of [illegible] *beauty.*] This conveys no manner of idea to me. How they be call'd thieves of the day's beauty? they robb'd by moon-ſhine;

let not us that are ſquires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's booty. Let us be *Diana's* foreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the moon; and let men ſay, we be men of good government, being governed as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſs the moon, under whoſe countenance we —— ſteal.

P. *Henry.* Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the ſea; being governed, as the ſea is, by the moon. As for proof, now: a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on *Monday* night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on *Tueſday* morning; got with ſwearing, *lay by*; and ſpent with crying, *bring in:* now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

(5) *Fal.* By the Lord, thou ſay'ſt true, lad: and is not mine hoſteſs of the tavern a moſt ſweet wench?

(6) P. *Henry.* As the honey of *Hybla*, my old lad of the caſtle; and is not a buff-jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Fal.

ſhine; they could not ſteal the fair day-light. I have ventured to ſubſtitute, *booty:* and this I take to be the meaning. Let us not be called *thieves*, the purloiners of that *booty*, which, to the proprietors, was the purchaſe of honeſt labour and induſtry by day.

(5) Fal. — *and is not mine hoſteſs of the tavern a moſt ſweet wench?*
P. Henry. ---*and is not a buff-jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?*
Fal. —— *what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?*
P. Henry. *Why, what a pox have I to do with my hoſteſs of the tavern?* This manner of croſs-queſtioning is not unlike ſeveral paſſages in *Plautus*; particularly this in *Moſtellaria*, Ac. 1. Sc. 3.

Jampridem ecaſtor frigida non lavi magis libenter;
Nec quum me melius, mea Scapha, *rear eſſe defæcatam.*
S. *Eventus rebus omnibus, velut horno Meſſis magna*
Fuit. P. *Quid ea Meſſis attinet ad meam Lavationem?*
S. Nihilo plus, quam Lavatio tua ad Meſſim.

(6) *As the honey of* Hybla, *my* old *lad of the* caſtle.] Mr. *Rowe*, (as I have obſerv'd in a note on the *Merry Wives* of *Windſor*,) took notice of a tradition, that this part of *Falſtaff* was ſaid to have been written originally under the name of *Oldcaſtle*. An ingenious correſpondent (whom I only know by his ſigning himſelf L. H.) hints to me, that the paſſage above quoted from our author proves, what Mr. *Rowe* tells us was a tradition. *Old* Lad of the *Caſtle* ſeems to have

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag; what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal.

have a reference to *Oldcastle*. Besides, if this had not been the fact, (before the change was made to *Falstaff*) why, in the epilogue to the second part of *Henry* IV. where our author promises to continue his story with Sir *John* in it, should say, *Where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions: for* Oldcastle *dy'd a martyr, and this is not the man?* This looks like declining a point, that had been made an objection to him. I'll give a farther matter in proof, which seems almost to fix the charge. I have read an old play, call'd, *The famous Victories of Henry the* Vth. containing the honourable battle of *Agincourt*. ------ The action of this piece commences about the 14th year of K. *Henry* IVth's reign, and ends with *Henry* the Vth. marrying Princess *Catharine* of *France*. The scene opens with Prince *Henry*'s robberies. Sir *John Oldcastle* is one of his gang, and call'd *Jockie:* and *Ned* and *Gads-hill* are two other comrades. ------- From this old imperfect sketch, I have a suspicion, *Shakespeare* might form his two parts of *Henry* the IVth, and his history of K. *Henry* V: and consequently, 'tis not improbable, that he might continue the mention of Sir *John Oldcastle*, till some descendants of that family mov'd Q. *Elizabeth* to command him to change the name. When this change was made, it cannot now be easily determined. *Falstaff* is our man as far back as the year 1599; (the date of my oldest *quarto* of 1 *Henry* IV.) And that this piece had been play'd, and was well known before that year, appears from this circumstance; that B. Johnson's *Every Man* out of his *humour* started first into publick in 1599, and in the close of it there is mention made of the *Fat* of Sir *John Falstaff*. I'll observe but one thing more in support of the tradition, which will go near to put the matter out of question. I have an edition printed in 1600 of the first part of the true and honourable history of the life of Sir *John Oldcastle*, the good Lord *Cobham*. There is a prologue prefix'd, which expresses some fears in the author, lest the *doubtful title* upon the *argument* in hand should breed some suspence in the spectators: *To stop which scruple*, says the prologue, *let this brief suffice*;

It is no pamper'd Glutton *we present*,
Nor aged Counsellor *to* youthful sin.

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there

P. *Heury.* Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my coin would ſtretch; and where it would not, I have uſed my credit

Fal. Yea, and ſo uſed it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent —— But, I pr'ythee, ſweet wag, ſhall there be gallows ſtanding in *England*, when thou art King? and reſolution thus fobbed as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a King, hang a thief.

P. *Henry.* No; thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. *Henry.* Thou judgeſt falſe already: I mean, thou ſhalt have the hanging of the thieves, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. *Henry.* For obtaining of ſuits? ——

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. *Henry.* Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnſhire* bagpipe.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou to a hare, or the melancholy of moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimilies; and art, indeed, the moſt comparative, raſcalliеſt, ſweet young Prince —— But, *Hal*, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity; I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the council rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

Every body muſt agree, that *Falſtaff*'s character is here unqueſtionably hinted at; and that there could be no room for ſuch a palliating caution in this prologue, unleſs *Oldcaſtle*'s name had once ſuffer'd by ſupporting *Falſtaff*'s vices. That the change was made ſome years before this piece appear'd on the ſtage, ſeems obvious from one ſpeech of K. *Henry* V. in it:

Where the devil are all my old *thieves?* Falſtaff, *that villain, is ſo* fat, *he cannot get on his horſe; but, methinks,* Poins *and* Peto *ſhould be ſtirring hereabouts.*

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* Thou didſt well; for wiſdom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a ſaint. Thou haſt done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's ſon in chriſtendom.

P. *Henry.* Where ſhall we take a purſe to-morrow, *Jack?*

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. *Henry.* I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purſe-taking.

(7) *Fal.* Why, *Hal*, 'tis my vocation, *Hal.* 'Tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Poins!* —— Now ſhall we know, if *Gads hill* have ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſaved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him!

(7) Fal. *Why*, Hal, *'tis my vocation*, Hal. *'Tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation.*

Enter *Poins.*

Poins. *Now ſhall we know, if* Gads-hill *have ſet a match.*] Mr. *Pope* has given us one ſignal obſervation in his *Preface* to our author's works. *Throughout his plays*, ſays he, *had* all *the* ſpeeches *been printed without the very names of the* perſons, *I believe one might have apply'd them* with certainty *to every ſpeaker*. But how fallible the moſt ſufficient critick may be, the paſſage in controverſy is a main inſtance. As ſignal a blunder has eſcap'd all the editors here, as any one through the whole ſet of plays. Will any one perſuade me, *Shakeſpeare* could be guilty of ſuch an inconſiſtency, as to make *Poins* at his firſt entrance want news of *Gads-hill*, and immediately after to be able to give a full account of him? ——No; *Falſtaff*, ſeeing *Poins* at hand, turns the ſtream of his diſcourſe from the Prince, and ſays, Now ſhall we know whether *Gads-hill* has ſet a match for us; and then immediately falls into railing and invectives againſt *Poins*. How admirably is this in character for *Falſtaff!* And *Poins*,—who knew well his abuſive manner, ſeems in part to overhear him: and ſo ſoon as he has return'd the Prince's ſalutation, cries, by way of anſwer, *What ſays Monſieur* Remorſe? *What ſays Sir* John Sack *and* Sugar?

Enter Poins.

This is the moſt omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, *Stand*, to a true man. ——

P. *Henry*. Good morrow, *Ned*.

Poins. Good morrow, ſweet *Hal*. What ſays Monſieur *Remorſe?* what ſays Sir *John* ſack and ſugar? *Jack!* how agree the devil and thou about thy ſoul, that thou ſoldeſt him on *Good Friday* laſt, for a cup of *Madera*, and a cold capon's leg?

P. *Henry*. Sir *John* ſtands to his word; the devil ſhall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; *He will give the devil his due.*

Poins. Then thou art damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. *Henry*. Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at *Gads hill*; there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and traders riding to *London* with fat purſes. I have vizors for you all; you have horſes for yourſelves: *Gads-hill* lies to-night in *Rochesſter*, I have beſpoke ſupper to-morrow night in *Eaſtcheap*; we may do it, as ſecure as ſleep: if you will go, I will ſtuff your purſes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, *Yedward*; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

P. *Henry*. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cam'ſt not of the blood royal, if thou dar'ſt not cry, ſtand, for ten ſhillings.

P. *Henry*. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

P. *Henry*. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art King.

P. *Henry*. I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone;

alone; I will lay him down ſuch reaſons for this adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, may'ſt thou have the ſpirit of perſuaſion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou ſpeak'ſt may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may (for recreation ſake.) prove a falſe thief; for the poor abuſes of the time want countenance. Farewell, you ſhall find me in *Eaſt-cheap*.

P. *Henry*. Farewel, thou latter ſpring! Farewel, all-hollown ſummer! [*Exit* Fal.

Poins Now, my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jeſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. (8) *Falſtaff*, *Bardolfe*, *Peto*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhall rob thoſe men that we have already way-laid; yourſelf and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my ſhoulders.

P. *Henry*.

(8) Falſtaff, HARVEY, ROSSIL, *and* Gads hill *ſhall rob thoſe men we have already way-laid.*] Thus the whole ſtream of editions, from the firſt downwards. But thus we have two perſons named, as characters in this play, that never were once inſerted among the *Dramatis Perſonæ* in any of the impreſſions whatſoever. But let us ſee who they were, that committed this robbery; and then, perhaps, we may be able to account for this pair of additional thieves, as they at preſent ſeem. In the ſecond act, we come to a ſcene of the *High-way*. *Falſtaff*, wanting his horſe, which had been hid on purpoſe to plague him, calls out on *Hal*, *Poins*, *Bardolfe*, and *Peto*; and ſays, he has a great mind to leave theſe rogues. Preſently, *Gads-hill* joins 'em, with intelligence of travellers being at hand; upon which the Prince ſays. ——You four *ſhall front 'em in the narrow lane*, Ned Poins *and* I *will walk lower*. So that the *four* to be concerned are *Falſtaff*, *Bardolfe*, *Peto*, and *Gads-hill*. Accordingly, the robbery is committed: and the Prince and *Poins* afterwards rob them *four*. When the matter comes to an examination in the *Boar's-Head* Tavern, the Prince rallies *Peto* and *Bardolfe* for their running away; who confeſs the charge. Upon the evidence now is it not plain, that *Bardolfe* and *Peto* were *two* of the *four* robbers? And who then can doubt, but *Harvey* and *Roſſil* were the names of the actors that perform'd thoſe two parts; and by miſtake, in the old play-houſe books, put inſtead of the names of the characters to be repreſented by them? So, throughout a whole ſcene, in *Much Ado* about *Nothing*, the names of *Kemp* and *Cowley* are

P. *Henry.* But how ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poins. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them; and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themſelves, which they ſhall have no ſooner atchiev'd, but we'll ſet upon them.

P. *Henry.* Ay; but, 'tis like, they will know us by our horſes, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourſelves.

Poins. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, I'll tie them in the wood; our vizors we will change after we leave them; and ſirrah, I have caſes of buckram for the nonce, to immaſk our noted outward garments.

P. *Henry.* But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he ſees reaſon, I'll forſwear arms. The virtue of this jeſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this ſame fat rogue will tell us when we meet at ſupper; how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jeſt.

P. *Henry.* Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things neceſſary, and meet me to-morrow night in *Eaſtcheap*, there I'll ſup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my Lord. [*Exit* Poins.

P. *Henry.* I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs;
Yet herein will I imitate the ſun,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world;

printed in the old books, inſtead of the *Town-Clerk* and *Dogberry:* as, in another ſcene of the ſame play, *Jack Wilſon* we find mark'd to enter inſtead of *Balthazar.* The like inaccuracies are frequent through *Beaumont* and *Fletcher.* It were to be wiſhed, indeed, miſtakes of this ſort had happened throughout our author's works: for ſo we might have known what particular parts were perform'd by *Shakeſpeare* himſelf, and the other eminent actors concern'd in the *company* with him.

That

That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldom come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed;
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill;
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the *Palace.*

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and others.*

K. *Henry.* MY blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities;
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be myſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been ſmooth as oil, ſoft as young down,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe, my ſovereign Liege, little deſerves
The ſcourge of greatneſs to be uſed on it;
And that ſame greatneſs too, which our own hands
Have help'd to make ſo portly.

North. My good Lord, ———

K. *Henry. Worceſter,* get thee gone; for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.

O Sir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory;
And Majeſty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſervant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your uſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you.
[*Exit* Worc
You were about to ſpeak. [*To* Northumber
North. Yes, my good Lord.
Thoſe priſoners, in your Highneſs' name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were, as he ſays, not with ſuch ſtrength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majeſty.
Or envy therefore, or miſpriſion,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſon.
Hot. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs, and faint, leaning upon my ſword;
Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd;
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble land at harveſt home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe: and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuff.—And ſtill he ſmil'd, and talk'd;
And as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly, unhandſome coarſe
Betwixt the wind, and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He queſtion'd me: amongſt the reſt, demanded
My priſoners, in your Majeſty's behalf.
I, then all-ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
(To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,)
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Anſwer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
He ſhould, or ſhould not; for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,

And talk ſo like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God ſave the mark!)
And telling me, the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruiſe:
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good, tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: And but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier. ———
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my Lord,
I anſwer'd indirectly, as I ſaid;
And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majeſty.

Blunt. The circumſtance conſider'd, good my Lord,
Whatever *Harry Percy* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and, in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die; and never riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.

K. *Henry.* Why, yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with proviſo and exception,
That we at our own charge ſhall ranſom ſtrait
His brother-in-law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*;
Who, on my ſoul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of thoſe, that he did lead to fight
Againſt the great magician, damn'd *Glendower*;
Whoſe daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with fears,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?
No; on the barren mountains let him ſtarve;
For I ſhall never hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aſk me for one penny coſt
To ranſom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer!*

He never did fall off, my ſovereign Liege, (9)
But by the chance of war; to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severn*'s ſedgy bank,
In ſingle oppoſition, hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an hour
In changing argument with great *Glendower:*
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of ſwift *Severn*'s flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his criſp'd head in the hollow bank,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants.
Never did baſe and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*

(9) *He never did fall off my ſov'reign Liege,*
But by *the chance of war.*] The ſenſe here is very careleſly expreſs'd, if this be the genuine reading: for, in that caſe, the poet muſt mean; he never did *fall off*, tho' we by the chance of war have *loſt* his ſervice. Mr. *Warburton* has ſuſpected the text; and therefore I'll ſubjoin his reaſons and emendation.—" A very pretty " way of apologizing for *Mortimer!* The King calls him *revolted* " *Mortimer*; and well he might, if he had indeed revolted, tho' *by* " *the chance of war.* Can the chance of war excuſe a ſoldier for " forfeiting his honour? Our military men will ſcarce allow it. " But in caſe *Hot-ſpur* had a mind to inſinuate, that the chance of " war was an alleviation to the revolt, he would not, ſure, in " common ſenſe have repreſented the epithet in ſuch a manner as to " repeat the King's words with great diſdain;—*revolted* Mortimer! " This would be execrable ſtuff, indeed, in the mouth of a ſoldier, " or a reaſoner. I am perſuaded therefore the poet wrote;

He never did fall off, my ſov'reign Liege,
But 'bides *the chance of war.*

" *i. e.* abides by it, endures it. And that, indeed, was a ſufficient " proof that he had not fall'n off, if he yet endured the rigours of " impriſonment. And that this was truly *Hot-ſpur*'s ſentiment, " that is, that he had at leaſt a mind to make the King believe " ſo, hear his own words afterwards;

——— *ſuffer'd his kinſman* March,
(Who is, if ev'ry owner were right plac'd,
Indeed, his King;) to be encag'd *in* Wales, *&c.*

Receive

Receive ſo many, and all willingly.
Then let him not be ſlander'd with revolt.

K. *Henry*. Thou doſt belie him, *Percy*, thou belieſt him;
He never did encounter with *Glendower*:
He durſt as well have met the devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art not aſham'd? but, ſirrah, from this hour
Let me not hear you ſpeak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kind from me
As will diſpleaſe you—My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſon.
Send us your priſoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit K.* Henry.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them. I will after ſtrait,
And tell him ſo; for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? ſtay, and pauſe a while;
Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worceſter.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will ſpeak of him; and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all theſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood drop by drop in duſt,
But I will lift the downfall'n *Mortimer*
As high i'th' air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bolingbroke*.

North. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

[*To* Worceſter.

Wor. Who ſtrook this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forſooth, have all my priſoners:
And when I urg'd the ranſom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling ev'n at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd,
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

North.

North. He was: I heard the proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whoſe wrongs in us, God pardon!) did ſet forth
Upon his *Iriſh* expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murdered.

Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the world's wide mout
Live ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.

Hot. But ſoft, I pray you;—did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my brother *Mortimer*
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myſelf did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his couſin King,
That wiſh'd him on the barren mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you, that ſet the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his ſake wear the deteſted blot
Of murd'rous ſubornation? ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergo,
Being the agents or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
(O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this ſubtle King)
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Ingag'd them both in an unjuſt behalf;
(As both of you, God pardon it! have done:)
To put down *Richard*, that ſweet lovely roſe,
And plant this thorn, this canker *Bolingbroke?*
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No; yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd honours, and reſtore yourſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the debt he owes unto you,

Ev'

Ev'n with the bloody payments of your deaths:
Therefore, I ſay ——
Wor. Peace, couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick-conceiving diſcontents
I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous ſpirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.
Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſink or ſwim:
Send danger from the eaſt unto the weſt,
So honour croſs it from the north to ſouth;
And let them grapple.—O! the blood more ſtirs
To rouze a lion, than to ſtart a hare.
North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heav'n, methinks, it were an eaſy leap, (10)
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fadom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks:
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corrival all her dignities
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he ſhould attend.
Good couſin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots*,
That are your priſoners ——

(10) *By heav'n, methinks, it were an eaſy leap*
To pluck bright honour, &c.] This bold *Rhodomontado* of *Hot-ſpur*, however, by the mouthing of an actor, it may be always crown'd with applauſe; I find, and not without ſome juſtice, was carp'd at and ridicul'd in our author's time. In *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Knight* of the *burning Peſtle*, (the *Rehearſal* of thoſe days,) a grocer's wife brings her 'prentice *Ralph* to the *Play-houſe* to act a part; and encouraging him to exert, ſays, *Hold up thy head*, Ralph; *Shew the gentlemen what thou can'ſt do: Speak a* huffing *part: I warrant you the gentlemen will* accept *of it.* And then *Ralph* repeats this whole ſpeech of *Hot-ſpur*.

Hot.

And only ſtays but to behold the face
Of that occaſion, that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: on my life, it will do well.
North Before the game's a-foot, thou ſtill lett'ſt ſlip.
Hot. It cannot chuſe but be a noble plot;
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer*; ha! ——
Wor. So they ſhall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed
To ſave our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, bear ourſelves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt;
And think, we deem ourſelves unſatisfy'd,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Couſin, farewel. No further go in this,
Than I by letters ſhall direct your courſe;
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly,
I'll ſteal to *Glendower*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Dowglas*, and our pow'rs at once,
(As I will faſhion it) ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewel, good brother; we ſhall thrive, I truſt.
Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the hours be ſhort,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our ſport!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, an Inn at *Rocheſter*.

Enter a Carrier with a lanthorn in his hand.

1 CARRIER.

Eigh ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd. *Charles'* *wain* is over the new chimney, and yet ɔrſe not packt. What, Oſtler?

. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

ar. I pr'ythee, *Tom*, beat *Cutt*'s ſaddle, put a few in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the wi- out of all ceſs.

Enter another Carrier.

ar. Peaſe and beans are as dank here as a dog, and i the next way to give poor jades the bots: this is turn'd upſide down, ſince *Robin* Oſtler dy'd.

ar. Poor fellow never joy'd ſince the price of oats it was the death of him.

ar. I think this be the moſt villainous houſe in all e road for fleas: I am ſtung like a tench.

ar. Like a tench? by th' maſs, there's ne'er a in chriſtendom could be better bit, than I have ince the firſt cock.

ar. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and we leak in your chimney: and your chamber-lie i fleas like a loach.

ar. What, Oſtler, come away, and be hang'd, come

ar. I have a gammon of bacon, (12) and two razes iger, to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-Croſs*.

1 *Car.*

And two razes *of ginger*] As our author in ſeveral paſſages is a *race of* ginger, I thought proper to diſtinguiſh it from the

race

1 *Car.* 'Odſbody, the turkies in my panniers are quite ſtarv'd. What oſtler? a plague on thee! haſt thou never an eye in thy head? canſt not hear? an 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come and be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. I think, it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay, ſoft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canſt tell? lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a! marry, I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London?*

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho, Chamberlain! ——

Chamb. At hand, quoth pick-purſe.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the Chamberlain; for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the plot how.

Cham. Good-morrow, maſter *Gads-hill*; it holds currant, that I told you yeſternight. There's a Franklin, in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper; a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what:

raze mentioned here. The former ſignifies no more than a ſingle root of it, from the *Italian* term *radice*; but a *raze* is the *Indian* term for a *bale* of it. Two roots of this ſpice, 'tis obvious, would hardly have been ſent from *Rocheſter* to *London* by the carrier.

they

they are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with St. *Nicholas'* clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worshipp'st St. *Nicholas* as truly as a man of falshood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff-six-penny-strikers, none of those mad mustachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity; (13) burgomasters, and great moneyers; such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak, sooner than drink; and drink, sooner than pray; and yet I lie, for they pray continually unto their saint the common-wealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

(13) *Burgo-masters, and great* one-eyers.] *Perhaps* oneraires, *trustees or commissioners*; says Mr. *Pope*. But how this word comes to admit of any such construction, I am at a loss to know. The word is apparently of *French* termination; and must have its derivation from *Onus* of the *Latines*: accordingly the *French* say *Nefs oneraires*, ships of burthen: and so *un Agent oneraire* is such an agent *qui a le soin et la charge d'une chose, dont un autre a l'honneur*. So that this exposition does not at all sort with the characters intended by our author. To Mr. *Pope*'s second conjecture, of *cunning men that look sharp and aim well*, I have nothing to reply seriously: but choose to drop it. I formerly suspected that we should read *Seigniors*; but I retract it as a bad conjecture. The reading, which I have now substituted, I owe to the friendship of the ingenious *Nicholas Hardinge*, Esq;. A *Moneyer*, is an officer of the mint, which makes coin and delivers out the King's money. *Moneyers* are also taken for Banquers, or those that make it their trade to turn and return money. Either of these acceptations will admirably square with our author's context.

Chamb. What, the common-wealth their boots? will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteal, as in a caſtle, cock-ſure; we have the receipt of fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the night, than the fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe thief.

Gads. Go to,—*Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the Oſtler bring my gelding out of the ſtable. Farewel, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the highway.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, *and* Peto.

Poins. COme, ſhelter, ſhelter; I have removed *Falſtaff*'s horſe, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. *Henry.* Stand cloſe.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Poins, Poins, and be hang'd, *Poins!*

P. *Henry.* Peace, ye fat-kidney'd raſcal, what a brawling doſt thou keep?

Fal. What, *Poins! Hal!*——

P. *Henry.* He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go ſeek him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that thief's company: the raſcal hath remov'd my horſe, and ty'd him, I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the ſquare farther afoot, I ſhall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'ſcape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forſworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the raſcal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd;

hang'd; it could not be elſe; I have drunk medicines. *Poins!* *Hal!* a plague upon you both. *Bardolph! Peto!* I'll ſtarve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true-man, and to leave theſe rogues, I am the verieſt varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whiſtle.*] Whew! —— a plague upon you all. Give me my horſe; you rogues, give me my horſe, and be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* Peace, ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine ear cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou canſt hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any leavers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. *Henry.* Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horſe, good King's ſon.

P. *Henry.* Out, you rogue! ſhall I be your oſtler?

Fal. Go hang thyſelf in thy own heir-apparent garters; If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this; an I have not ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poiſon; when a jeſt is ſo forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill *and* Bardolph.

Gads. Stand, ——

Fal. So I do againſt my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our ſetter, I know his voice: Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your viſors; there's money of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* Sirs, you four ſhall front them in the narrow

row lane: *Ned Poins* and I will walk lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. *Henry.* What, a coward, Sir *John Paunch?*

Fal. Indeed, I am not *John* of *Gaunt*, your grandfather; but yet no coward, *Hal.*

P. *Henry.* Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge; when thou need'ſt him, there ſhalt thou find him; farewel, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him, if I ſhould be hang'd.

P. *Henry. Ned*, where are our diſguiſes?

Poins. Here, hard by: ſtand cloſe.

Fal. Now my maſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I; every man to his buſineſs.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy ſhall lead our horſes down the hill: we'll walk a foot a while, and eaſe our legs.

Thieves. Stand, ——

Trav. Jeſu bleſs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the villains throats; ah! whorſon caterpillars; bacon-fed-knaves; they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your ſtore were here. On, bacons, on! what, ye knaves? young men muſt live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Here they rob and bind them: Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* The thieves have bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to *London*, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jeſt for ever.

Poins. Stand cloſe, I hear them coming.

Enter

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my maſters, let us ſhare, and then to horſe before day; an the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity ſtirring. There's no more valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild duck.

P. *Henry.* Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are ſharing, the Prince and* Poins *ſet upon them. They all run away, and* Falſtaff *after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

P. *Henry.* Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe:
The thieves are ſcatter'd, and poſſeſt with fear
So ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good *Ned.* Now *Falſtaff* ſweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.
Were't not for laughing, I ſhould pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Lord *Percy*'s houſe.

Enter Hot-ſpur *ſolus, reading a letter.*

BUT for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I bear your houſe. He could be contented to be there; why is he not then? *in reſpect of the love he bears our houſe!* he ſhews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous.* Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink: but I tell you, my Lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, ſafety. *The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itſelf unſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of ſo great an oppoſition.* Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and conſtant:

conſtant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a froſty-ſpirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of *York* commends the plot, and the general courſe of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this raſcal, I could brain him with his Lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myſelf, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of *York*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not beſides, the *Douglas*? have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a pagan raſcal is this? an infidel. Ha! you ſhall ſee now, in very ſincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myſelf, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of ſkimm'd milk with ſo honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared, I will ſet forward to night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate!* I muſt leave you within theſe two hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A baniſh'd woman from my *Harry*'s bed?
Tell me, ſweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomach, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleep?
Why doſt thou bend thy eyes upon the earth?
And ſtart ſo often, when thou ſit'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeks?
And given my treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd muſing, and curſt melancholy!
In thy faint ſlumbers I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding ſteed;
Cry, courage! to the field! and thou haſt talk'd
Of ſallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of paliſadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of baſiliſks, of cannon, culverin,
Of priſoners ranſom, and of ſoldiers ſlain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,

And

ıd thus hath ſo beſtir'd thee in thy ſleep,
ıat beads of ſweat have ſtood upon thy brow,
ke bubbles in a late-diſturbed ſtream:
ıd in thy face ſtrange motions have appear'd,
ich as we ſee when men reſtrain their breath
a ſome great ſudden haſte. O, what portents are theſe?
me heavy buſineſs hath my Lord in hand,
ıd I muſt know it; elſe he loves me not.
Hot. What, ho! is *Gilliams* with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my Lord, an hour agone.
Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe horſes from the ſheriff?
Serv. One horſe, my Lord, he brought ev'n now.
Hot. What horſe? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?
Serv. It is, my Lord.
Hot. That roan ſhall be my throne.
ell, I will back him ſtrait. O *Eſperance!*
d *Butler* lead him forth into the park.
Lady. But hear you, my Lord.
Hot. What ſay'ſt thou, my Lady?
Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horſe, my love, my horſe.
Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape! A weazel hath not
ch a deal of ſpleen as you are toſt with.
faith, I'll know your buſineſs, that I will.
ear, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir
out his title, and hath ſent for you
line his enterprize: but if you go ——
Hot. —— So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me
rectly to this queſtion, I ſhall aſk.
l break thy little finger, *Harry*,
if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away, away, you trifler:—love! I love thee not,
care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no world
play with mammets, and to tilt with lips.
e muſt have bloody noſes and crack'd crowns,
ıd paſs them currant too — gods me! my horſe.
hat ſay'ſt thou, *Kate?* what wouldſt thou have with me?

Lady. Do ye not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then. For ſince you love me not,
I will not love myſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeak in jeſt, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am o'horſe-back, I will ſwear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me,
Whither I go; nor reaſon, where about.
Whither I muſt I muſt; and to conclude,
This evening muſt I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe; but yet no further wiſe
Than *Harry Percy*'s wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman; and for ſecreſy,
No Lady cloſer. For I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know;
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How, ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too:
To-day will I ſet forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, *Kate*?

Lady. It muſt of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Boar's-Head* Tavern in *Eaſt-cheap*.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* NED, pr'ythee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where haſt been, *Hal*?

P. *Henry*, With three or four loggerheads, amongſt three or fourſcore hogſheads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of drawers, and can call them all by their chriſtian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their conſcience, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of courteſy; telling me flatly, I am no proud *Jack*, like *Falſtaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettle,

tle, a good boy: (By the Lord, ſo they call me;) and when I am King of *England*, I ſhall command all the good lads in *Eaſt-cheap*. They call drinking deep, dying ſcarlet; (14) and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but, ſweet *Ned*,—(to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this penny-worth of ſugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under-ſkinker, one that never ſpake other *Engliſh* in his life, than *eight ſhillings and ſix-pence*, and *you are welcome, Sir:* With this ſhrill addition, *Anon, anon, Sir*; *ſcore a pint of baſtard in the half moon*, or ſo.) But *Ned*, to drive away the time till *Falſtaff* come, I pr'ythee, do thou ſtand in ſome bye-room, while I queſtion my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the ſugar; and do thou never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *anon*. Step aſide, and I'll ſhew thee a precedent. [Poins *retires*.

Poins. Francis,——

P. *Henry*. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis,——

Enter Francis *the drawer*.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir; look down into the pomgranet, *Ralph*.

P. *Henry*. Come hither, *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

P. *Henry*. How long haſt thou to ſerve, *Francis*?

Fran. Forſooth, five years, and as much as to——

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry*. Five years; by'rlady, a long leaſe for the

(14) *And when you* breathe *in your watering*, &c.] This decent way of expreſſing an indecency puts me in mind of the ſame decorum among the *Greeks*, which is quoted three times by *Suidas*, and which exactly comes up to this phraſe quoted by our author. Ἀποφοφεῖν, τὸ πίρδεσθαι, εὐσχημόνως λέγων· εὐσχημονέστερον δὲ, διαπνεῖν ἢ ἀποπνεῖν.—Ἀποφοφεῖν· *Sic honeſte* pedere *vocatur: Honeſtius vero eſt*, διαπνεῖν, & ἀποπνεῖν.

clinking of pewter. But, *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, Sir, I'll be ſworn upon all the books in *England*, I could find in my heart——

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry*. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be——

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, Sir; pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

P. *Henry*. Nay, but hark you, *Francis*, for the ſugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, I would it had been two.

P. *Henry*. I will give thee for it a thouſand pound: Aſk me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. *Henry*. Anon, *Francis*? no, *Francis*, but to-morrow, *Francis*; or *Francis*, on *Thurſday*; or, indeed, *Francis*, when thou wilt. But, *Francis*,——

Fran. My Lord?

P. *Henry*. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, cryſtal-button, knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-ſtocking, caddice-garter, ſmooth-tongue, *Spaniſh*-pouch.

Fran. O lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. *Henry*. Why then your brown baſtard is your only drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white canvas doublet will ſully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis,——

P. *Henry*. Away, you rogue, doſt thou not here them call?

[*Here they both call; the drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? look to the gueſts within. My Lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; ſhall I let them in?

P. *Henry*. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. *Poins*,—— [*Exit Vintner.*

Enter

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir;

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, *Falſtaff* and the reſt of the thieves are at the door; ſhall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the drawer? come, what's the iſſue?

P. *Henry.* I am now of all humours, that have ſhew'd themſelves humours, ſince the old days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this preſent twelve o'clock at midnight. What's o'clock, *Francis?*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry.* That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the ſon of a woman!—His induſtry is up ſtairs and down ſtairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy*'s mind, the hot-ſpur of the north; he that kills me ſome ſix or ſeven dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſays to his wife, fy, upon this quiet life! I want work. O my ſweet *Harry*, ſays ſhe, how many haſt thou kill'd to-day? give my roan horſe a drench, ſays he, and anſwers, ſome fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I pr'ythee, call in *Falſtaff*; I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd brawn ſhall play dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rivo*, ſays the drunkard. Call in ſibs, call in tallow.

Enter Falſtaff, Gads-hill, Bardolfe, *and* Peto.

Poins. Welcome, *Jack*; where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and *Amen!* give me a cup of ſack, boy—Ere I lead this life long, I'll ſow nether ſocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! give me a cup of ſack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. *Henry.* Didſt thou never ſee *Titan* kiſs a diſh of butter? (15) pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the ſweet tale

(15) *pitiful-hearted* Titan, *that melted at the ſweet Tale of the* Sun?] This abſurd reading poſſeſſes all the copies in general; and tho' it has paſs'd thro' ſuch a number of impreſſions, is nonſenſe which we may pronounce to have ariſen at firſt from the inadvertence either of tran-

tale of the ſun? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this ſack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villainous coward——Go thy ways, old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: There live not three good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help, the while! a bad world; I ſay. (16) I would, I were a weaver; I could ſing pſalms, and all manner of ſongs. A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill!

P. *Henry.* How now, *Woolſack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's ſon? if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy ſubjects

ſcribers, or the compoſitors at *Preſs*. 'Tis well known, *Titan* is one of the poetical names of the *ſun*; but we have no authority from fable for *Titan*'s melting away at his own ſweet tale, as *Narciſſus* did at the reflexion of his own ſweet form. The poet's meaning was certainly this: *Falſtaff* enters in a great heat, after having been robb'd by the *Prince* and *Poins* in diſguiſe: And the Prince ſeeing him in ſuch a ſweat, makes the following *ſimile* upon him: "Do but look upon that "compound of greaſe; ---- his fat drips away with the violence of his "motion, juſt as *butter* does with the heat of the *ſun-beams* darting "full upon it." I corrected the paſſage in the *appendix* to my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope*, in his laſt edition, has been ſo gracious to ſay at the bottom of his page; *or rather*, butter *that melted*, &c.

(16) *I would, I were a* weaver; *I could ſing* pſalms, &c.] This is plainly a ſling at the *puritanical* ſectaries of our author's time. And I have obſerv'd this, that when the men of wit of his age, and ſince, would characterize an ignorant ſanctified zealot, they have generally made him a *weaver* by profeſſion: Which ſhews, that that ſpirit was moſt remarkable among thoſe mechanicks: And, I believe, I can account for its ſo happening. It is very well known, that when *Philip* the ſecond was for ſtifling the birth of the *reformation* in *Flanders* and the *Low Countries* by an inquiſitional reſtraint, many of the inhabitants forſook their country, and ſought refuge amongſt their neighbours. Thoſe, who came into *England*, brought over with them the *woollen manufactory*, and the *principles* of *Calvin*: And at the ſame time taught us to weave cloth, and ravel out the contexture of church-government. So that *puritaniſm* (a word, which then took its riſe) and *weaving* were generally profeſs'd by one and the ſame artiſt. Their love for *pſalmody* was what then did, and ſtill does, diſtinguiſh the diſciples of *John Calvin*. Mr. *Warburton*.

afore

afore thee like a flock of wild geeſe, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales?*

P. *Henry.* Why, you whorſon round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. *Henry.* Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll ſee thee damn'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtrait enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon ſuch backing! give me them that will face me — Give me a cup of ſack; I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. *Henry.* O villain, thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*

A plague of all cowards, ſtill, ſay I!

P. *Henry.* What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. *Henry.* Where is it, *Jack?* where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. *Henry.* What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcap'd by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hack'd like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I never dealt better ſince I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! — Let them ſpeak; if they ſpeak more or leſs than truth, they are villains and the ſons of darkneſs.

P. *Henry.* Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four ſet upon ſome dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at leaſt, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a *Jew* elſe, an *Ebrew Jew.*

Gads. As we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh men ſet upon us.

Fal. And unbound the reſt, and then came in the other.

P. *Henry.* What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not, what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: If there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heav'n, you have not murdered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am ſure, I have pay'd, two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me horſe; thou know'ſt my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. *Henry.* What, four? thou ſaidſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four, *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he ſaid four.

Fal. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me; I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. *Henry.* Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.

Fal. Seven, by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe.

P. *Henry.* Pr'ythee let him alone, we ſhall have more anon.

Fal. Doſt thou hear me, *Hal?*

P. *Henry.* Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack.*

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to: Theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. *Henry.* So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, ſeven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. *Henry.* O monſtrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal.

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three miſ-begotten knaves in *Kendal* green came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was ſo dark, *Hal*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.)

P. *Henry.* Theſe lies are like the father that begets them, groſs as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whorſon obſcene greaſy tallow-catch——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. *Henry.* Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in *Kendal* green, when it was ſo dark, thou could'ſt not ſee my hand? come, tell us your reaſon: What ſay'ſt thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reaſon, *Jack*, your reaſon.

Fal. What, upon compulſion? no; were I at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion! if reaſons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

P. *Henry.* I'll be no longer guilty of this ſin. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſeback breaker, this huge hill of fleſh,——

Fal. Away, you ſtarveling, you elf-ſkin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's pizzel, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to utter! what is like thee? You taylor's yard, you ſheath, you bow caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck,——

P. *Henry.* Well, breathe a while and then to't again; and when thou haſt tir'd thyſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but this.

Poins. Mark, *Jack*.

P. *Henry.* We two ſaw you four ſet on four, you bound them, and were maſters of their wealth: Mark now, how a plain tale ſhall put you down. Then did we two ſet on you four, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can ſhew it you here in the houſe. And, *Falſtaff*, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a ſlave art thou, to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was

in fight—What trick? what device? What ſtarting hole, canſt thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, *Jack*: What trick haſt thou now?

Fal By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my maſters; was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt, I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware inſtinct, the lion will not touch the true Prince: Inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct: I ſhall think the better of myſelf, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true Prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hoſteſs, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you! what, ſhall we be merry? Shall we have a play *extempore?*

P. *Henry.* Content;—and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, *Hal,* if thou loveſt me.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! my Lord the Prince!

P. *Henry.* How now, my lady the hoſteſs, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſt. Marry, my Lord, there is a Nobleman of the court at door would ſpeak with you; he ſays, he comes from your father.

P. *Henry.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and ſend him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſt. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? ſhall I give him his anſwer?

P. *Henry.* Pr'ythee, do, *Jack.*

Fal. Faith, and I'll ſend him packing. [*Exit.*

P. *Henry.* Now, Sirs, by'r lady you fought fair; ſo did you, *Peto*; ſo did you, *Bardolph:* You are lions too, you ran

n away upon inſtinct; you will not touch the true Prince; no, fy!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

P. *Henry.* Tell me now in earneſt; how came *Falſtaff*'s ſword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid, he would ſwear truth out of *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and perſuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs, to make them bleed, and then beſlubber our garments with it, and ſwear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not theſe ſeven years before, I bluſh'd to hear his monſtrous devices.

P. *Henry.* O villain, thou ſtoleſt a cup of ſack eighteen years ago, and wert taken in the manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſh'd *extempore*; thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranneſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations?

P. *Henry.* I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. *Henry* Hot livers, and cold purſes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. *Henry.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falſtaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now, my ſweet creature of bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Jack*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, *Hal*, I was not an eagle's talon in the waſte; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb ring: A plague of ſighing and grief, it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: Here was Sir *John Braby* from your father; you muſt go to the court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the north, *Percy*;—and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and

and ſwore the devil his true liegeman upon the croſs of a *Welſh*-hook: What a plague call you him——

Poins. O, *Glendower.*

Fal. *Owen*, *Owen*; the ſame; and his ſon-in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and that ſprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Dowglas*, that runs a horſeback up a hill perpendicular——

P. *Henry.* He that rides at high ſpeed, and with a piſtol kills a ſparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. *Henry.* So did he never the ſparrow.

Fal. Well; that raſcal hath good mettle in him, he will not run.

P. *Henry.* Why, what a raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A horſeback, ye cuckow,—but afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. *Henry.* Yes, *Jack*, upon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon inſtinct: Well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blue-caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtoln away by night: Thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news: You may buy land now as cheap as ſtinking mackerel.

P. *Henry.* Then 'tis like, if there come a hot *June*, and this civil buffeting hold, we ſhall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the maſs, lad, thou ſay'ſt true; it is like, we ſhall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three ſuch enemies again as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſpirit *Percy*, and that devil *Glendower*? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. *Henry.* Not a whit, i'faith; I lack ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Well thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'ſt to thy father: If thou do love me, practiſe an anſwer.

P. *Henry.* Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal.

Fal. Shall I? content: This Chair ſhall be my ſtate, this dagger my ſcepter, and this cuſhion my crown.

P. *Henry.* Thy ſtate is taken for a joint-ſtool, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved——Give me a cup of ſack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, (17) and I will do it in King *Cambyſes'* vein.

P. *Henry.* Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech——Stand aſide, nobility——

Hoſt. This is excellent ſport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, ſweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hoſt. O the father! how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For God's ſake, Lords, convey my triſtful Queen, For tears do ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hoſt. O rare, he doth it as like one of thoſe harlotry players, as I ever ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain—— *Harry*, I do not only marvel, where thou ſpendeſt thy time; but alſo, how thou art accompany'd: For though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faſter it grows: Yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. Thou art my ſon; I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſon to me, here lieth the point; why, being ſon to me, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the bleſſed ſon of Heav'n prove a micher, and eat black-berries? a queſtion not to be aſk'd. Shall the ſon of *England* prove a thief, and take purſes? a

(17) *and I will do it in King* Cambyſes's *vein.*] The banter here is upon a play written in old-faſhion'd metre, call'd, *a Lamentable Tragedy, mix'd full of pleaſant mirth, containing the life of* Cambyſes *King of* Perſia, *&c.* If the whole were writ in that meaſure with the ſpecimen given us by Mr. *Langbaine* in his *account* of the *dramatic poets*; it is in *eight* and *ſix*, as *Quince* calls it in *Midſummer Night's Dream*. This was the verſification chiefly in vogue, in the 14th and 15th centuries: And moſt of the plays of that date, in black letter, are in that meaſure.

queſtion

queſtion to be aſk'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; ſo doth the company thou keep'ſt; for, *Harry*, now do I not ſpeak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words only, but in woes alſo; and yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. *Henry*. What manner of man, an it like your Majeſty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a chearful look, a pleaſing eye, and a moſt noble carriage; and, as I think, his age ſome fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threeſcore; and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaff*: If that man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, *Harry*, I ſee virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeak it, there is virtue in that *Falſtaff*; him keep with, the reſt baniſh. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this month?

P. *Henry*. Doſt thou ſpeak like a King? do thou ſtand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me? — If thou doſt it half ſo gravely, ſo majeſtically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-ſucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. *Henry*. Well, here I am ſet.

Fal. And here I ſtand; judge, my maſters.

P. *Henry*. Now, *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *Eaſt-cheap*.

P. *Henry*. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my Lord, they are falſe. — Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. *Henry*. Swearеſt thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carry'd away from grace; there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeneſs of a fat old man: A tun of man is thy companion. Why doſt thou converſe with that trunk of humours, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſs, that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſack, that ſtuffed cloakbag of guts, that roaſted

roaſted *Manning-tree* ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taſte ſack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your Grace would take me with you: Whom means your Grace?

P. *Henry.* That villainous abominable miſ-leader of youth, *Falſtaff*, that old white-bearded ſatan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

P. *Henry.* I know, thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harm in him than in myſelf, were to ſay more than I know. That he is old, the more's the pity, his white hairs do witneſs it; but that he is, (ſaving your reverence,) a whoremaſter, that I utterly deny. If ſack and ſugar be a fault, God help the wicked: If to be old and merry, be a ſin, then many an old hoſt, that I know, is damn'd: If to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharoah*'s lean kine are to be lov'd. No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardolph*, baniſh *Poins*; but for ſweet *Jack Falſtaff*, kind *Jack Falſtaff*, true *Jack Falſtaff*, valiant *Jack Falſtaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old *Jack Falſtaff*; baniſh not him thy *Harry*'s company: Baniſh plump *Jack*, and baniſh all the world.

P. *Henry.* I do, I will.

[*Knocking*; *and* Hoſteſs *goes out.*

Enter Bardolph *running.*

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a moſt monſtrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to ſay in the behalf of that *Falſtaff*.

Re-enter the Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O, my Lord, my Lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddle-ſtick: What's the matter?

Hoſt.

Hoſt. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: They are come to ſearch the houſe: Shall I let them in?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal?* never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: Thou art eſſentially mad, without ſeeming ſo.

P. *Henry.* And thou a natural coward, without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, ſo; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope, I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a halter, as another.

P. *Henry.* Go, hide thee behind the arras, the reſt walk up above. Now, my maſters, for a true face and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt* Falſtaff, Bardolph, &c.

P. *Henry.* Call in the Sheriff.——

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, maſter Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this houſe.

P. *Henry.* What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord; A groſs fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. *Henry.* The man, I do aſſure you, is not here; For I myſelf at this time have imploy'd him; And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner time, Send him to anſwer thee, or any man, For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withal: And ſo let me intreat you leave the houſe.

Sher. I will, my Lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery loſt three hundred marks.

P. *Henry.* It may be ſo; if he have robb'd theſe men, He ſhall be anſwerable; and ſo farewel.

Sher. Good-night, my noble Lord.

P. *Henry.* I think, it is good-morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two o'clock. [*Exit.*

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* This oily raſcal is known as well as *Paul's*; o call him forth.

Peto. Falſtaff? —— faſt aſleep, behind the arras, and norting like a horſe.

P. *Henry.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [*He ſearches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*

P. *Henry.* What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

P. *Henry.* Let's ſee, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a capon, 2*s.* 2*d.*

Item, Sawce, 4*d.*

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5*s.* 8*d.*

Item, Anchoves and ſack after ſupper, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. *Henry.* O monſtrous! but one halfpeny-worth of bread, to this intolerable deal of ſack! What there is elſe, keep cloſe, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him ſleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſhall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and, I know, his death will be a march of twelveſcore. The money ſhall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and ſo good-morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good-morrow, good my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, the Archdeacon of *Bangor*'s houſe in *Wales.*

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, *Lord* Mortimer, *and* Owen Glendower.

MORTIMER.

THeſe promiſes are fair, the parties ſure,
And our induction full of proſp'rous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and couſin *Glendower*,
Will you ſit down?

And

And, uncle *Worceſter*——A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.
Glend. No, here it is;
Sit, couſin *Percy*, ſit, good couſin *Hot-ſpur*:
For by that name, as oft as *Lancaſter*
Doth ſpeak of you, his cheek looks pale; and with
A riſing ſigh, he wiſheth you in heav'n.
Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower ſpoke of.
Glend. I blame him not: at my nativity,
The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning creſſets; know, that, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.
Hot. So it wou'd have done
At the ſame ſeaſon, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourſelf had ne'er been born.
Glend. I ſay, the earth did ſhake when I was born.
Hot. I ſay, the earth then was not of my mind;
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhook.
Glend. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremb
Hot. O, then the earth ſhook to ſee the heav'ns on fi
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vext,
By the impriſoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
High tow'rs and moſs-grown ſteeples. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, with this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.
Glend. Couſin, of many men
I do not bear theſe croſſings: give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clam'rous in the frighted fields:
Theſe ſigns have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living clipt in with the ſea
That chides the banks of *England*, *Wales*, or *Scotland*,
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's ſon,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.
Hot. I think, there is no man ſpeaks better *Welſh*.
I'll to dinner——
Mort. Peace, couſin *Percy*; you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep.
Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to ſhame the devil,
By telling truth. *Tell truth, and ſhame the devil.*—
If thou haſt pow'r to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn, I've pow'r to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and ſhame the devil.
Mort. Come, come!
No more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* made head
Againſt my pow'r; thrice from the banks of *Wye*,
And ſandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I ſent
Him bootleſs home, and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home, without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'ſcapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the map: ſhall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. Th' Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By ſouth and eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:
All weſtward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*; and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſineſs, that this night may execute)
To-morrow, couſin *Percy*, you and I,

And my good Lord of *Worceſter*, will ſet forth,
To meet your father, and the *Scottiſh* power,
As is appointed us, at *Shrewſbury*.
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his help theſe fourteen days:
Within that ſpace, you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords:
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteal and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me crankling in,
And cuts me, from the beſt of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monſtrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up:
And here the ſmug and ſilver *Trent* ſhall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt; you ſee, it doth.

Mort. But mark, he bears his courſe, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other ſide,
Gelding th' oppoſed continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.

Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north-ſide win this cape of land,
And then he runs ſtrait and even.

Hot. I'll have it ſo, a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.

Hot. Who ſhall ſay me *nay?*

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not underſtand you then,
Speak it in *Welſh*.

Glend. I can ſpeak *Engliſh*, Lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the *Engliſh* court:

Where,

There, being young I framed to the harp
Many an *Engliſh* ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue, that was never ſeen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew!——
Than one of theſe ſame meeter-ballad-mongers;
I'd rather hear a brazen candleſtick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gate of a ſhuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you ſhall have *Trent* turn'd.
Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice ſo much land
To any well-deſerving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? ſhall we be gone?
Glend. The moon ſhines fair, you may away by night:
(I'll haſte the writer) and withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad;
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer*. [*Exit.*
Mort. Fy, couſin *Percy*, how you croſs my father?
Hot. I cannot chuſe; ſometime he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of dreamer *Merlin*, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finleſs fiſh,
A clipt-wing griffin, and a moulting raven;
A couching lion, and a ramping cat;
And ſuch a deal of ſkimble-ſkamble ſtuff,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me the laſt night at leaſt nine hours,
In reck'ning up the ſeveral devils names,
That were his lackeys: I cry'd, hum,—and well,—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tir'd horſe, or as a railing wife:
Worſe than a ſmoaky houſe. I'd rather live
With cheeſe and garlick, in a windmil, far;
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,

In

In any ſummer-houſe in chriſtendom.
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In ſtrange concealments; valiant as a lion;
And wond'rous affable; as bountiful
As mines of *India:* ſhall I tell you, couſin?
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelf, even of his natural ſcope,
When you do croſs his humour; 'faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might ſo have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproof.
But do not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful-blame,
And, ſince your coming here, have done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault;
Though ſometimes it ſhews greatneſs, courage, blood,
(And that's the deareſt grace it renders you;)
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtineſs, opinion, and diſdain:
The leaſt of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth men's hearts, and leaves behind a ſtain
Upon the beauty of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am ſchool'd: good manners be your ſpeed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, *with the Ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My wife can ſpeak no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.
Glend. My daughter weeps, ſhe will not part with you,
She'll be a ſoldier too, ſhe'll to the wars.
Mort. Good father, tell her, ſhe and my aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.
[Glendower *ſpeaks to her in* Welſh, *and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.*
Glend. She's deſp'rate here: a peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry,

hat no perſuaſion can do good upon.

[*The Lady ſpeaks in* Welſh.

Mort. I underſtand thy looks; that pretty *Welſh*,
/hich thou pow'r'ſt down from thoſe two ſwelling heavens,
am too perfect in: and, but for ſhame,
n ſuch a parly ſhould I anſwer thee.

[*The Lady again in* Welſh.

underſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine, (18)
ınd that's a feeling diſputation:
3ut I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes *Welſh* as ſweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a ſummer's bower,
With raviſhing diviſion to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe run mad.

[*The Lady ſpeaks again in* Welſh.

Mort. O, I am ignorance itſelf in this.

Glend. She bids you,
All on the wanton ruſhes lay you down,
And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the God of ſleep,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heavineſs;
Making ſuch diff'rence betwixt wake and ſleep,
As is the diff'rence betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heav'nly-harneſs'd team
Begins his golden progreſs in the eaſt.

Mort. With all my heart I'll ſit, and hear her ſing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do ſo;
And thoſe muſicians, that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the air a thouſand leagues from hence;

(18) *I underſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine;*
And that's a feeble *diſputation.*] Thus both Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* in their editions; but they have much enfeebled what *Mortimer* meant to ſay, in this aukward epithet. This is not talking like a fond bridegroom in the honey-moon, as, 'tis evident, *Mortimer* is. I have reſtor'd the reading of the old copies, which, I am confident, is the true one. What *Mortimer* would ſay to his young wife, is this: Tho' I don't underſtand your *Welſh*, I underſtand the tenderneſs of your kiſſes, I feel the force of their argument, and moving rhetorick, *&c.*

Yet

Yet ſtrait they ſhall be here; ſit, and attend.

Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying
come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in t

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The Muſi*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil underſtands *We*
'tis no marvel, he is ſo humorous: by'rlady, he's
muſician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but muſi
you are altogether govern'd by humours: lie ſtill, y
and hear the Lady ſing in *Welſh*.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl i

Lady. Would'ſt have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be ſtill.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the *Welſh* Lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings. [*Here the Lady ſings a* Wel
Come, I'll have your ſong too.

Lady. Not mine, in good ſooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good ſooth! you ſwear like a
maker's wife; not you, *in good ſooth*; and, *as true as*
and, *as God ſhall mend me*; and, *as ſure as day:* an
ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oaths, as if thou never w
further than *Finſbury*.

Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave *in ſooth*,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper-ginger-bread,
To velvet-guards, and *Sunday*-citizens.
Come, ſing.

Lady. I will not ſing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be *Robi*
Breaſt teacher: if the indentures be drawn, I'll awa
in theſe two hours: and ſo come in when ye will.

Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are a
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to go.
By this, our book is drawn: we will but ſeal,
And then to horſe immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*E*

SCE

SCENE changes to the preſence-chamber in *Windſor*.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lords and others.*

K. *Henry.* LOrds, give us leave; the Prince of *Wales* and I
Muſt have ſome private conference: but be near,
For we ſhall preſently have need of you.—— [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not, whether God will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done;
That in his ſecret doom, out of my blood
He breeds revengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doſt in thy paſſages of life
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heav'n,
To puniſh my miſ-treadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poor, ſuch baſe, ſuch lewd, ſuch mean attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſs of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. *Henry.* So pleaſe your Majeſty, I wiſh, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuſe,
As well, as, I am doubtleſs, I can purge
Myſelf of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatneſs needs muſt hear,
By ſmiling pick-thanks and baſe news-mongers;
I may for ſome things true (wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
Find pardon, on my true ſubmiſſion.

K. *Henry.* Heav'n pardon thee: yet let me wonder,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing [*Harry,*
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors.
Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger brother is ſupply'd;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts

Of all the court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the ſoul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had ſtill kept loyal to poſſeſſion;
And left me in reputeleſs baniſhment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But like a comet I was wonder'd at!
That men would tell their children, this is he.
Others would ſay, where? which is *Bolingbroke?*
And then I ſtole all courteſy from heav'n,
And dreſt myſelf in ſuch humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths
Even in the preſence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keep my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er ſeen, but wonder'd at; and ſo my ſtate,
Seldom, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
And won, by rareneſs, ſuch ſolemnity.
The ſkipping King, he ambled up and down
With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and ſoon burnt; carded his ſtate;
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their ſcorns;
And gave his countenance, againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing boys, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſs, vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity:
That, being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes,
They ſurfeited with honey, and began
To loath the taſte of ſweetneſs; whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeen,

but, as the cuckow is in *June*,
not regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch eyes,
and blunted with community,
ıo extraordinary gaze;
is bent on ſun-like Majeſty,
t ſhines ſeldom in admiring eyes:
ıer drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,
his face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
ly men uſe to their adverſaries,
ith his preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
that very line, *Harry*, ſtand'ſt thou;
ı haſt loſt thy Princely privilege
le participation. Not an eye,
-weary of thy common ſight,
ine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more;
ıow doth, what I would not have it do,
lind itſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs.
nry. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice-gracious Lord,
myſelf.
nry. For all the world,
art at this hour, was *Richard* then,
from *France* ſet foot at *Ravenſpurg*;
n as I was then, is *Percy* now.
my ſcepter, and my ſoul to boot,
more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
ıou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion!
no right, nor colour like to right,
fill fields with harneſs in the realm,
ead againſt the lion's armed jaws;
:ing no more in debt to years than thou,
ncient Lords and rev'rend Biſhops on,
dy battels, and to bruiſing arms.
:ver-dying honour hath he got
renowned *Dowglas*, whoſe high deeds,
ıot incurſions, and great name in arms,
:om all ſoldiers chief majority,
litary title capital,
h all the kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt.
hath this *Hot-ſpur Mars* in ſwathing cloaths,
ant warrior, in his enterpriſes,

Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
Th' Arch-biſhop's Grace of *York*, *Dowglas* and *Mortim*
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'ſt and deareſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vaſſal fear,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleen,
To fight againſt me under *Percy*'s pay;
To dog his heels, and curt'ſy at his frowns,
To ſhow how much thou art degenerate.

P. *Henry*. Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo:
And heav'n forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your Majeſty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on *Percy*'s head.
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your ſon.
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And ſtain my favours in a bloody maſk,
Which, waſht away, ſhall ſcour my ſhame with it,
And that ſhall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renown,
This gallant *Hot-ſpur*, this all-praiſed Knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet.
For every honour ſitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I ſhall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
T' engroſs up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every glory up,
Yea, even the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This, in the name of Heav'n, I promiſe here;

T

which, if I perform, and do ſurvive,
beſeech your Majeſty, may ſalve
long-grown wounds of my intemperature.
ɔt, the end of life cancels all bonds;
I will die a hundred thouſand deaths,
break the ſmalleſt parcel of this vow.
Henry. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this!
ı ſhalt have charge, and ſovereign truſt herein.

Enter Blunt.

now, good *Blunt?* thy looks are full of ſpeed.
unt. So is the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of.
Mortimer of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
Douglas and the *Engliſh* rebels met
leventh of this month, at *Shrewſbury:*
ghty and a fearful head they are,
ɔmiſes be kept on every hand,
ɾer offer'd foul play in a ſtate.
Henry. The Earl of *Weſtmorland* ſet forth to-day,
him my ſon, Lord *John* of *Lancaſter;*
his advertiſement is five days old.
Wedneſday next, *Harry*, thou ſhalt ſet forward:
hurſday, we ourſelves will march: our meeting
Bridgnorth; and, *Harry*, you ſhall march
ugh *Glo'ſterſhire:* by which, ſome twelve days hence
ɡeneral forces at *Bridgnorth* ſhall meet.
hands are full of buſineſs: let's away,
ntage feeds them fat, while we delay. [*Exeunt.*

E N E changes to the *Boar's-head* Tavern in *Eaſt-cheap.*

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

B*ardolph*, am not I fall'n away vilely, ſince this laſt action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? my ſkin hangs about me like an old Lady's looſe: I am wither'd; like an old apple *John*. Well, pent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking: I be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no th to repent. An I have not forgotten what the

infide of a church is made of, I am a pepper corn, a brewer's horſe; the infide of a church! company, villainous company hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are ſo fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy ſong, to make me merry: I was as virtuouſly given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; ſwore little; diced not above ſeven times a week; went to a bawdy-houſe not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid money, that I borrow'd, three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compaſs; and now I live out of all order, out of all compaſs.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, Sir *John*, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſs, out of all reaſonable compaſs, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our Admiral, thou beareſt the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the noſe of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be ſworn; I make as good uſe of it, as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never ſee thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.——If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would ſwear by thy face; my oath ſhould be, *by this fire*; but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the ſon of utter darkneſs. When thou rann'ſt up *Gads-hill* in the night to catch my horſe, if I did not think, thou had'ſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlaſting bonfire light; thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the ſack, that thou haſt drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the deareſt chandler's in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years, heav'n reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would, my face were in your belly.

Fal.

Fal. God a-mercy! ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hoſteſs.

How now, dame *Partlet* the hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Hoſt. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? do you think, I keep thieves in my houſe? I have ſearch'd, I have enquir'd, ſo has my huſband, man by man, boy by boy, ſervant by ſervant: The tithe of a heir was never loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie, hoſteſs; *Bardolph* was ſhav'd, and loſt many a hair; and I'll be ſworn, my pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a woman, go.

Hoſt. Who I? I defy thee; I was never call'd ſo in mine own houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoſt. No, Sir *John*: You do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*: you owe me money, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of ſhirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers wives, and they have made boulters of them.

Hoſt. Now as I am a true woman, *Holland* of eight ſhillings an ell: You owe money here beſides, Sir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſt. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poor? look upon his face: What call you rich? let him coin his noſe, let him coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What will you make a yonker of me? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I ſhall have my pocket pick'd? I have loſt a ſeal-ring of my grand-father's worth forty mark.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a ſneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter Prince Henry *marching, and* Peto, *playing on his truncheon like a fife:* Falſtaff *meets them.*

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door? muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate*-faſhion.

Hoſt. My Lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou, miſtreſs *Quickly?* how does thy huſband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good, my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and liſt to me.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou, *Jack?*

Fal. The other night I fell a ſleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pickt: This houſe is turn'd bawdy-houſe, they pick pockets.

P. *Henry.* What didſt thou loſe, *Jack?*

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal?* three or four bonds of forty pounds a-piece, and a ſeal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. *Henry.* A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord; and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo; and, my Lord, he ſpeaks moſt vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

P. *Henry.* What! he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd prune; no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for woman-hood, maid *Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Hoſt. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou ſhould'ſt know it: I am an honeſt man's wife; and ſetting thy knighthood aſide, thou art a knave to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave thou?

Fal.

Fal. What beaſt? why, an otter.

P. *Henry.* An otter, Sir *John*, why an otter?

Fal. Why? ſhe's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knows not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo: Thou, or any man knows where to have me; Thou knave, thou!

P. *Henry.* Thou ſay'ſt true, hoſteſs, and he ſlanders thee moſt groſsly.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day, you ow'd him a thouſand pound.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand pound, *Hal?* a million; thy love is worth a million: Thou ow'ſt me thy love.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid, my ring was copper.

P. *Henry.* I ſay, 'tis copper. Dar'ſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hall*, thou know'ſt, as thou art but a man, I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. *Henry.* And why not as the lion?

Fal. The King himſelf is to be fear'd as the lion; doſt thou think, I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my girdle break!

P. *Henry.* O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! but, ſirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honeſty, in this boſom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whorſon, impudent, imboſs'd raſcal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, *Memorandums* of bawdy houſes, and one poor penny-worth of ſugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but theſe, I am a villain; and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal?* thou know'ſt, in the ſtate of innocency, *Adam* fell: And what ſhould poor *Jack*

Falſtaff do, in the days of villany? thou ſeeſt, more fleſh than another man, and therefore more You confeſs then, you pickt my pocket?

P. *Henry*. It appears ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſs, I forgive thee: Go make ready ſaſt; love thy huſband, look to thy ſervants, and thy gueſt: Thou ſhalt find me tractable to an reaſon: Thou ſeeſt, I am pacify'd ſtill. Nay, I be gone. [*Exi*

Now, *Hal*, to the news at court: For the robbe ——how is that anſwer'd?

P. *Henry*. O my ſweet beef, I muſt ſtill be go to thee. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis labour.

P. *Henry*. I am good friends with my father, do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the firſt thing th and do it with unwaſh'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. *Henry*. I have procur'd thee, *Jack*, a charge

Fal. I would, it had, been of horſe. Where find one, that can ſteal well? O, for a fine thief, and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinouſly unp Well, God be thank'd for theſe rebels, they offe but the virtuous; I laud them, I praiſe them.

P. *Henry*. *Bardolph*,——

Bard. My Lord?

P. *Henry* Go bear this letter to Lord *John caſter*, to my brother *John*. This to my Lord *morland*; go, *Peto*, to horſe; for thou and I ha miles to ride yet ere dinner time. *Jack*, meet morrow in the *Temple-Hall* at two o'clock in the af there ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receiv and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high;
And either they, or we, muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! hoſteſs, my breakfa Ch, I could wiſh, this tavern were my drum!

ACT IV.

SCENE, changes to *Shrewſbury*.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, *and* Dowglas.

HOT-SPUR.

WELL ſaid, my noble *Scot*; if ſpeaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
uch attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* have,
is not a ſoldier of this ſeaſon's ſtamp
hould go ſo gen'ral currant through the world.
y heav'n, I cannot flatter: I defy
he tongues of ſoothers. But a braver place
n my heart's love hath no man than yourſelf.
Nay, taſk me to my word; approve me, Lord.
Dow. Thou art the King of honour:
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Hot. Do, and 'tis well—What letters haſt thou there?—
can but thank you.
Meſſ. Theſe come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelf?
Meſſ. He cannot come, my Lord, he's grievous ſick.
Hot. Heav'ns! how has he the leiſure to be ſick
n ſuch a juſtling time? Who leads his power;
Jnder whoſe government come they along?
Meſſ. His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.
Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Meſſ. He did, my Lord, four days ere I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his phyſicians.
Wor. I would, the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
Ere he by ſickneſs had been viſited;

His

His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now? droop now? this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſs——
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoon be drawn: Nor thought he meet
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a truſt
On any ſoul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſement,
That with our ſmall conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?
Wor. Your farther's ſickneſs is a main to us.
Hot. A perillous gaſh, a very limb lopt off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it. Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein ſhould we read
The very bottom, and the ſoul of hope,
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.
Dow. Faith, and ſo we ſhould;
Where now remains a ſweet reverſion.
We now may boldly ſpend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and miſchance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no diviſion: It will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdom, loyalty, and mere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.

And

And think, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For well you know, we of th' offending ſide
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement;
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reaſon may pry in upon us:
This abſence of your father draws a curtain,
That ſhews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt upon.
Hot. You ſtrain too far.
I rather of his abſence make this uſe:
It lends a luſtre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterpriſe,
Than if the Earl were here: For men muſt think,
If we without his help can make a head,
To puſh againſt the kingdom; with his help,
We ſhall o'erturn it topſy turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
Dow. As heart can think; there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My couſin *Vernon*, welcome, by my ſoul!
Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earl of *Weſtmorland*, ſev'n thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither, with Prince *John* of *Lancaſter*.
Hot. No harm; what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himſelf in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too: Where is his ſon?
The nimble footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*,
And his comrades, that daſt the world aſide
And bid it paſs?
Ver. All furniſht, all in arms,
All plum'd like eſtridges, that with the wind
Baited like eagles, having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats like images,

As full of ſpirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the ſun at *Midſummer*;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I ſaw young *Harry*, with his beaver on,
His cuiſſes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*;
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.
Hot. No more, no more; worſe than the ſun in *March*,
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues; let them come.
They come like ſacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of ſmoaky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* ſhall on his altar ſit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich repriſal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* ſhall (not horſe to horſe)
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a coarſe.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come!
Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his pow'r this fourteen days.
Dow. That's the worſt tidings that I hear of, yet.
Wor Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty ſound.
Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and *Glendower* being both away,
The pow'r of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us take a muſter ſpeedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.
Dow. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to a publick road, near *Coventry*.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. BArdolph, get thee before to *Coventry*; fill me a bottle of ſack: Our ſoldiers ſhall march through: We'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll anſwer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain; farewel. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not aſham'd of my ſoldiers, I am a ſouc'd gurnet: I have miſ-us'd the King's preſs damnably. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty ſoldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I preſs me none but good houſholders, yeomens ſons; enquire me out contracted batchelors, ſuch as had been aſk'd twice on the banes: Such a commodity of warm ſlaves as had as lief hear the devil, as a drum; ſuch as fear the report of a culverin, worſe than a ſtruck-fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I preſs me none but ſuch toaſts, and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins heads, and they have bought out their ſervices: And now my whole charge conſiſts of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his ſores; and ſuch as indeed were never ſoldiers, but diſ-carded unjuſt ſervingmen, younger ſons to younger brothers; revolted tapſters, and oſtlers trade-fall'n, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; (19) ten times more

(19) ——*ten times more diſhonourably ragged than an old faſt'd ancient.*] *Shakeſpeare* uſes this word ſo promiſcuouſly, to ſignify an enſign or ſtandard bearer, and alſo the colours or ſtandard borne, that I cannot be at a certainty for his alluſion here. If the text be genuine, I think, the meaning muſt be; as diſhonourably ragged as one that has been an enſign all his days; that has let age creep upon him, and never had merit enough to gain preferment. Mr. *Warburton*, who under-

more diſhonourably ragged, than an old fac'd ancient; and ſuch have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their ſervices; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draff and huſks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch ſkare-crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the moſt of them out of priſon. There's but a ſhirt and a half in all my company; and the half ſhirt is two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the ſhoulders like a herald's coat without ſleeves; and the ſhirt, to ſay the truth, ſtoll'n from my hoſt of St. *Albans*; or the red-nos'd innkeeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one, they'll find linnen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, *and* Weſtmorland.

P. *Henry*. How now, blown *Jack?* how now, quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal?* how now, mad wag, what a devil doſt thou in *Warwickſhire?* my good Lord of *Weſtmorland*, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at *Shrewſbury*.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already.

underſtands it in the ſecond conſtruction, has ſuſpected the text, and given the following ingenious emendation --- "How is an old-fac'd "*Ancient*, or *Enſign*, diſhonourably ragged? on the contrary, nothing "is eſteem'd more honourable than a ragged pair of *Colours*. A very "little alteration will reſtore it to its original ſenſe, which contains "a touch of the ſtrongeſt and moſt fine-turn'd ſatire in the world;

Ten times more diſhonourably ragged, than an old feaſt *ancient:*

"i. e. the *colours* uſed by the city-companies in their feaſts and pro-"ceſſions. For each company had one with its peculiar device, which "was uſually diſplay'd and bore about on ſuch occaſions. Now no-"thing could be more witty or ſatirical than this compariſon. For as "*Falſtaff*'s raggamuffins were reduc'd to their tatter'd condition thro' "their riotous exceſſes; ſo this old feaſt ancient became torn and "ſhatter'd, not in any manly exerciſe of arms, but amidſt the revels "of drunken bacchanals".

The

The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muſt away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant, as a cat to ſteal cream.

P. *Henry.* I think, to ſteal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whoſe fellows are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

P. *Henry.* I did never ſee ſuch pitiful raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſs: Food for powder, food for powder, they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tuſh, man, mortal men, mortal men.

Weſt. Ay, but Sir *John*, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareneſs, I am ſure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. *Henry.* No, I'll be ſworn, unleſs you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, ſirrah, make haſte. *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſt. He is, Sir *John*: I fear, we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well,

The latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feaſt,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen gueſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Shrewſbury*.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, *and* Vernon.

Hot. WE'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? looks he not for ſupply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. He is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good couſin, be adviſ'd; ſtir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dow. You do not counſel well;
You ſpeak it out of fear, and from cold heart.

Ver.

Ver. Do me no ſlander, *Dowglas:* By my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-reſpected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weak fear,
As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that lives,
Let it be ſeen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Dow. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To night, ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition; certain horſe
Of my couſin *Vernon*'s are not yet come up;
Your uncle *Worceſter*'s horſe came but to-day,
And now their pride and mettle is aſleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is half half of himſelf.

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemy,
In gen'ral, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's ſake, couſin, ſtay till all come in.
[*The trumpet ſounds a parley*

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt:* And would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well; and ev'n thoſe ſome
Envy your great deſervings, and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our quality;
But ſtand againſt us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heav'n defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit, and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anointed Majeſty.
But, to my charge—The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You

You conjure from the breaſt of civil peace
Such bold hoſtility, teaching his dutious land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs: And with all ſpeed
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt:
And pardon abſolute for yourſelf, and theſe,
Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind: And well we know, the King
Knows at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My father and my uncle, and myſelf,
Did give him that ſame royalty he wears:
And when he was not ſix and twenty ſtrong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law, ſneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And when we heard him ſwear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal;
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the realm
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
They, more and leſs, came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages following him
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He preſently, as greatneſs knows itſelf,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked ſhore at *Ravenſpurg:*
And now, forſooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and ſome ſtrait decrees,
That lay too heavy on the common-wealth;
Cries out upon abuſes, ſeems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,

This

This ſeeming brow of juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fav'rites that the abſent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonal in the *Iriſh* war.
Blunt. I came not to hear this.
Hot. Then, to the point.——
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after that depriv'd him of his life:
And, in the neck of that, taſk'd the whole ſtate.
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his kinſman *March*,
(Who is, if every owner were right plac'd,
Indeed, his King) to be encag'd in *Wales*,
There without ranſom to lie forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my uncle from the council-board,
In rage diſmiſs'd my father from the court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion drove us to ſeek out
This head of ſafety; and withal to pry
Into his title too, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I return this anſwer to the King?
Hot. Not ſo, Sir *Walter*; we'll withdraw a while:
Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some ſurety for a ſafe return again;
And in the morning early ſhall my uncle
Bring him our purpoſes: And ſo farewel.
Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love!
Hot. It may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray heav'n, you do! [*Exeun*

SCEN

SCENE changes to the Archbiſhop of *York*'s Palace.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, *and Sir* Michell.

York. HIE, good Sir *Michell*, bear this ſealed brief
With winged haſte to the Lord Mareſhal;
This to my couſin *Scroop*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed: If you knew
How much they do import, you wou'd make haſte.
Sir *Mich.* My Lord, I gueſs their tenour.
York. Like enough.
To-morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewſbury*,
As I am truly giv'n to underſtand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raiſed power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I fear, Sir *Mitchell*,
What with the ſickneſs of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe pow'r was in the firſt proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendower*'s abſence thence,
Who with them was a rated ſinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies;
I fear, the pow'r of *Percy* is too weak,
To wage an inſtant trial with the King.
Sir *Mich.* Why, my good Lord, there's *Douglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
York. No *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir *Mich.* But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Harry Percy*,
And there's my Lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
York. And ſo there is: But yet the King hath drawn
The ſpecial head of all the land together:
The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of eſtimation and command in arms.
Sir *Mich.* Doubt not, my Lord, they ſhall be well oppos'd.
York. I hope no leſs: Yet, needful 'tis to fear.

And

And to prevent the worſt, Sir *Michell*, ſpeed;
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Diſmiſs his power, he means to viſit us;
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt go write again
To other friends; and ſo farewel, Sir *Michell*. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE, the camp at *Shrewſbury*.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and* Falſtaff.

K. HENRY.

HOW bloodily the ſun begins to peer
Above yon buſky hill! the day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.

P. *Henry*. The ſouthern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And, by his hollow whiſtling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempeſt, and a bluſt'ring day.

K. *Henry*. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize,
For nothing can ſeem foul to thoſe that win.
[*The trumpet ſounds*

Enter Worceſter, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

K. *Henry*. How now, my Lord of *Wor'ſter?* 'tis not well
That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our truſt,
And made us doff our eaſy robes of peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in ungentle ſteel:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to't? will you again unknit
This churliſh knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,

Whe

:e you did give a fair and natural light;
)e no more an exhal'd meteor,
)digy of fear, and a portent
oached miſchief, to the unborn times?
r. Hear me, my Liege:
iine own part, I could be well content
ntertain the lag-end of my life
quiet hours: For I do proteſt,
e not ſought the day of this diſlike.
Henry. You have not ſought it, Sir? how comes it then?
l. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it. (20)
Henry. Peace, chewet, peace.
r. It pleas'd your Majeſty, to turn your looks
vour, from myſelf, and all our houſe;
'et I muſt remember you, my Lord,
'ere the firſt and deareſt of your friends:
)u, my ſtaff of office did I break
:hard's time, and poſted day and night
eet you on the way, and kiſs your hand;
i yet you were in place and in account
ng ſo ſtrong and fortunate, as I:
myſelf, my brother, and his ſon,
brought you home, and boldly did out-dare

Fal. *Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.*——
ce. *Peace*, Chevet, *peace.*] This, I take to be an arbitrary re-
at of Mr. *Pope's*: Nor can I eaſily agree, that *Chevet* is *Shake-*
word here. Why ſhould Prince *Henry* call *Falſtaff* bolſter, for
ſing in the diſcourſe betwixt the King and *Worceſter?* with
ion, he does not take him up here for his unreaſonable ſize, but
ill-tim'd unſeaſonable chattering. I therefore have prefer'd
ding of the old books. *A Chewet*, or *Chuet*, is a noiſy chat-
ird, a *Pie*. This carries a proper reproach to *Flaſtaff* for his
ng and impertinent jeſt. And beſides, if the poet had intended
e Prince ſhould fleer at *Falſtaff*, on account of his corpulency, I
ot, but he would have call'd him *Bolſter* in plain *Engliſh*, and
e wrapp'd up the abuſe in the *French* word *Chevet*. In ano-
ſſage of this play, the Prince honeſtly calls him *Quilt*; 'tis pity,
pe did not turn this into *Lodier*, or *Materas*, if his *French* would
ſo far. As to Prince *Henry*, his ſtock in this language was ſo
hat when he comes to be King, he hammers out one ſmall ſen-
f it to Princeſs *Catharine*, and tells her, *It is as eaſy for him to*
the kingdom as to ſpeak ſo much more French.

The

The dangers of the time. You ſwore to us,
(And you did ſwear that oath at *Doncaſter*,
That you did nothing purpoſe 'gainſt the ſtate,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right;
The ſeat of *Gaunt*, dukedom of *Lancaſter*.
To this, we ſware our aid: But in ſhort ſpace
It rain'd down fortune ſhow'ring on your head,
And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you,
What with our help, what with the abſent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The ſeeming ſuffrances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Iriſh* wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead:
And from this ſwarm of fair advantages
You took occaſion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the gen'ral ſway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaſter*;
And being fed by us, you us'd us ſo,
As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,
Uſeth the ſparrow; did oppreſs our neſt,
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulk,
That ev'n our love durſt not come near your ſight
For fear of ſwallowing; but with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for ſafety's ſake to fly
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head:
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch means
As you yourſelf have forg'd againſt yourſelf,
By unkind uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. *Henry*. Theſe things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-Croſſes, read in churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion
With ſome fine colour, that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor diſcontents;
Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation.———
And never yet did inſurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cauſe:

ly beggars, ſtarving for a time
ell havock and confuſion.
y. In both our armies, there is many a ſoul
full dearly for this bold encounter,
ey join in trial. Tell your nephew,
e of *Wales* doth join with all the world
of *Henry Percy*: By my hopes,
ſent enterprize ſet off his head)
think a braver gentleman, (21)
ve-valiant, or more valiant-young,
ing, or more bold, is now alive,
this latter age with noble deed.
art, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,
ruant been to chivalry,
hear, he doth account me too.
before my father's Majeſty,
ent that he ſhall take the odds
eat name and eſtimation,
to ſave the blood on either ſide,
ne with him, in a ſingle fight.
ry. And, Prince of *Wales*, ſo dare we venture thee,
onſiderations infinite
againſt it: No, good *Wor'ſter*, no,
our people well; even thoſe we love,
miſ-led upon your couſin's part:
l they take the offer of our Grace,
and they, and you, yea, every man
ny friend again, and I'll be his.
ur couſin, and return me word
will do. But if he will not yield,
nd dread correction wait on us,
ſhall do their office. So be gone,

not think, a braver gentleman,
e active, valiant, or more valiant young,] I have alter'd
g, and added *Hyphens* betwixt both the adjectives in the
. Without them the ſenſe ſeems feeble and cold. The
as, in my opinion, he did not know a braver gentleman
ur; one more ſprightly and ſtirring in his valour, or more
his youth. The latter branch of this character *Beaumont*
, in their *Two Noble Kinſmen*, have expreſs'd thus;
ave not ſeen *ſo young* a man, *ſo noble*;

We will not now be troubled with reply;
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exit* Worcester, *with* Vernon.

P. *Henry*. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The *Douglas* and the *Hot-spur* both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. *Henry*. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge.
For on their answer will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Prince Henry, *and* Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. *Henry*. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship: Say thy prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would, it were bed-time, *Hal*, and all well.

P. *Henry*. Why, thou owest heav'n a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off, when I come on? how then? can honour set to a leg? no: Or an arm? no. Or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? air; a trim reckoning —Who hath it? he that dy'd a *Wednesday*. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore, I'll none of it; honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to *Percy*'s camp.

Enter Worcester, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

Wor. O No, my nephew must not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberal kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,

The King ſhou'd keep his word in loving us;
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults:
Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes;
For treaſon is but truſted like a fox,
Who ne'er ſo tame, ſo cheriſh'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his anceſtors,
Look how we can, or ſad, or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our looks;
And we ſhall feed like oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſh'd, ſtill the nearer death.
My nephew's treſpaſs may be well forgot,
It hath th' excuſe of youth and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hair-brain'd *Hot ſpur*, govern'd by a ſpleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's. We did train him on;
And his corruption, being ta'en from us,
We, as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all.
Therefore, good couſin, let not *Harry* know,
In any caſe, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll ſay, 'tis ſo.
Here comes your couſin.

Enter Hot ſpur *and* Dowglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my Lord of *Weſtmorland.*
Uncle, what news?

Wor. The King will bid you battel preſently.

Dow. Defy him by the Lord of *Weſtmorland.*

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, go you then and tell him ſo.

Dow. Marry, I ſhall, and very willingly. [*Ex.* Dowglas.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will ſcourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arm, gentlemen, to arms; for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henry*'s teeth:
And *Weſtmerland*, that was ingag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of *Wales* ſtept forth before the King,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to-day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth!* tell me, tell me,
How ſhew'd his talking? ſeem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my ſoul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modeſtly,
Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother dare,
To gentle exerciſe and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praiſes with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deſervings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praiſe:
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with you.
And, which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing cital of himſelf,
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſter'd there a double ſpirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, inſtantly.
There did he pauſe; but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſs.
Hot. Couſin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear (22)

Of

(22) ——— *Never did I hear*
Of any Prince ſo wild a liberty.] Thus Mr. *Pope* has given it us in both his editions, as if *a liberty* could mean *a libertine*. Whether chance, or purpoſe, be the ſource of this reading, is not eaſy to determine: For, beſides that this gentleman's indolence is ſo ſingular, his vein of criticiſm is ſo extravagant, that, like our author's *Fools*, he is ſeldom or never to be call'd to an account for his rhetorick. I have reſtored the reading of the old copies: And his meaning is, that a Prince of ſo wild and licentious a behaviour ſhould not be ſuffer'd at liberty

ıce, ſo wild, at liberty.
as he will, yet, once ere night,
ace him with a ſoldier's arm,
ıall ſhrink under my courteſy.
with ſpeed. And fellows, ſoldiers, friends,
ſider what you have to do,
hat have not well the gift of tongue,
our blood up with perſuaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

ly Lord, here are letters for you.
:annot read them now.
ıen, the time of life is ſhort:
that ſhortneſs baſely were too long,
lid ride upon a dial's point,
g at th' arrival of an hour.
live, we live to tread on Kings:
ave death, when Princes die with us!
our conſciences,—the arms are fair,
: intent for bearing them is juſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

ly Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.
hank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
eſs not talking: Only this,
nan do his beſt. And here draw I
whoſe temper I intend to ſtain
beſt blood that I can meet withal,
venture of this perilous day.
eranza! Percy! and ſet on:
the lofty inſtruments of war;
ıat muſick let us all embrace:
'n to earth) ſome of us never ſhall

ar of doing miſchief. He inculcates the ſame ſentiment
s in *Hamlet*, on account of that Prince's madneſs.
neſs in great ones muſt not *unwatch'd* go.
e him not, nor ſtands it *ſafe* with us
et his madneſs *rage*.
liberty is full of threats to all.
' *dang'rous* is it, that this man *goes looſe*.

A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſy.

[*They embrace, then exeunt. The trumpets ſound.*

The King entreth with his power; alarm to the battle. Then enter Dowglas, *and Sir* Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that thus in battle croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeek upon my head?

Dow. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Becauſe, ſome tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeneſs; for inſtead of thee, King *Harry*,
This ſword hath ended him; ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as my priſoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou ſhalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford*'s death.

Fight, Blunt *is ſlain: Then enter* Hot-ſpur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathleſs lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglas*? no: I know his face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*.
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelf.

Dow. Ah! fool go with thy ſoul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Dow. Now by my ſword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,
Our ſoldiers ſtand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm.

Alarm, enter Falſtaff *ſolus.*

Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at *London*, I fear the ſhot here: Here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt?* there's honour for you; here's no vanity: I am as hot as moulten lead, and as heavy too: Heav'n keep lead out of me, I need no more weight than mine own bowels! I have led my rag-o-muffians where they are pepper'd: There's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword,
Many a noble man lies ſtark and ſtiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies.
Whoſe deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while. (23) Turk *Gregory* never did ſuch deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him ſure.

P. *Henry.* He is, indeed, and living to kill thee: I pr'ythee, lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'ſt not my ſword: But take my piſtol, if thou wilt.

P. *Henry.* Give it me: What, is it in the caſe?

Fal. Ay, *Hal*, 'tis hot. There's that will ſack a city.

[*The Prince draws out a bottle of ſack.*

P. *Henry.* What, is it a time to jeſt and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

(23) *Turk* Gregory] By this Turk *Gregory* our author muſt certainly mean Pope *Hildebrand* who aſſum'd the name of *Gregory* the Seventh. *Fox*, in his book of Martyrs, tells terrible ſtories of this *Hildebrand*. It was he, who ſurmounted almoſt invincible obſticles to deprive the Emperor of the right of inveſtiture of Biſhops, which his predeceſſors had ſo long in vain attempted. But the reaſon of giving him this epither of *Turk* was on account of that infamous penance he enjoin'd the Emperor *Henry* IV. and the treading on his neck. *Fox* had made this *Gregory* ſo odious, that, I don't doubt, but the good proteſtants at that time were well pleas'd to hear his tyranny publickly remark'd on. Mr. *Warburton.*

Fal. If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him; if he do come in my way, ſo; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Give me life, which if I can ſave, ſo; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

Alarum, Excurſions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John *of* Lancaſter, *and the Earl of* Weſtmorland.

K. *Henry.* I pr'ythee, *Harry*, withdraw thyſelf, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unleſs I did bleed too.

P. *Henry.* I do beſeech your Majeſty make up,
Leſt your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. *Henry.* I will do ſo:
My Lord of *Weſtmorland*, lead him to his tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. *Henry.* Lead me, my Lord! I do not need your help;
And heav'n forbid, a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive
The Prince of *Wales* from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels arms triumph in maſſacres!

Lan. We breathe too long; come, coſin *Weſtmorland*,
Our duty this way lies; for heav'n's ſake, come.

P. *Henry.* By heav'n, thou haſt deceiv'd me, *Lancaſter*,
I did not think thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *John*;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my ſoul.

K. *Henry.* I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for
Of ſuch an ungrown warrior.

P. *Henry.* Oh, this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exeunt.*

Manet King Henry. *Enter* Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? they grow, like *Hydra*'s heads:
I am the *Dowglas*, fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe colours on them. What art thou,
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* The King himſelf, who, *Dowglas,* grieves at
So many of his ſhadows thou haſt met, [heart,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek *Percy* and thyſelf about the field;
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee: So defend thyſelf.

Dow. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine, I'm ſure, thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee. [*They fight: The King being in danger.*

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* Hold up thy head, vile *Scot,* or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: The ſpirits
Of *Sherly, Stafford, Blunt,* are in my arms;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiſeth, but means to pay.
[*They fight,* Dowglas *flieth.*
Chearly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawſey* hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton:* I'll to *Clifton* ſtrait.

K. *Henry.* Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou haſt redeem'd my loſt opinion,
And ſhew'd, thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life,
In this fair reſcue thou haſt brought to me.

P. *Henry.* O heav'n! they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
Th' inſulting hand of *Dowglas* over you;
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the pois'nous potions in the world,
And ſav'd the treach'rous labour of your ſon.

K. *Henry.* Make up to *Clifton,* I'll to Sir *Nicholas Gawſey.* [*Exit.*

Enter Hot-ſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth.*

P. *Henry.* Thou ſpeak'ſt as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*

P. *Henry.* Then I ſee

A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of *Wales*: And think not, *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtars keep not their motion in one ſphere,
Nor can one *England* brook a double reign,
Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Nor ſhall it, *Harry*, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to heav'n,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. *Henry.* I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy creſt
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Well ſaid, *Hal*; to it, *Hal*. Nay, you ſhall find no boys play here, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, *he fights with* Falſtaff, *who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince kills* Percy.

Hot. Oh, *Harry*, thou haſt robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,
Than thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worſe than thy ſword my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could propheſy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death,
Lies on my tongue: No, *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for—— [*Dies.*

P. *Henry.* Worms, brave *Percy*. Fare thee well!
Ill weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
When that this body did contain a ſpirit, (24)

A

(24) *When that this body did contain a ſpirit,*
A Kingdom *for it was too ſmall a bound!*
But now two paces *of the vileſt earth*
Is room enough!] A reflexion, very like this in ſubſtance, our Author has again given us in his *Julius Cæſar*.
O mighty *Cæſar!* do'ſt thou lie ſo low?
Are all thy conqueſts, glories, triumphs, ſpoils,
Shrunk to this little meaſure?

Both

A kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough! this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſy,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhow of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank myſelf
For doing theſe fair rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heav'n;
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph. [*He ſees* Falſtaff.
—What! old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little life? poor *Jack*, farewel!
I could have better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a deer to-day,
Though many a dearer in this bloody fray:
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lye. [*Exit.*

Falſtaff *riſes.*

Fal. Imbowell'd!—if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me to-morrow! 'ſblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life, indeed. The better part of valour is diſcretion; in the which better part, I have ſaved my life. I am afraid of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he ſhould coun-

Both theſe paſſages may very well ſeem to have had their foundation from *Juvenal.*

——Mors *ſola fatetur*
Quantula *ſint* Hominum Corpuſcula. ——
Unus Pellæo Juveni non ſufficit Orbis,
Æſtuat *infælix* angusto limite *mundi*

Sarcophago *contentus erit.* Sat. X.

terfeit

terfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit; therefore I'll make him ſure; yea, and I'll ſwear, I kill'd him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me. Therefore, ſirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. [*Takes* Hot-ſpur *on his back.*

Enter Prince Henry, *and* John *of* Lancaſter.

P. *Henry.* Come, brother *John*, full bravely haſt thou
Thy maiden ſword. [fleſht

Lan. But ſoft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. *Henry.* I did, I ſaw him dead,
And breathleſs on the ground: Art thou alive,
Or is it fancy plays upon our eye-ſight?
I p'ythee, ſpeak, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our ears: Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I am not *Jack Falſtaff*, then am I a *Jack*: There is *Percy*, if your father will do me any honour, ſo; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himſelf. I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can aſſure you.

P. *Henry.* Why, *Percy* I kill'd myſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Did'ſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying! I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he; but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by *Shrewſbury* clock: If I may be believed, ſo; if not, let them, that ſhould reward valour, bear the ſin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: If the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

Lan. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that e'er I heard.

P. *Henry.* This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *John*.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.

[*A retreat is ſounded.*

The trumpets ſound retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to th' higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Fal.

H. Gravelot del. Vol: 4. P: 181. G. V.de Gucht Scul.

Fal. I'll follow, as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, heav'n reward him! if I do grow great, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave ſack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman ſhould do. [*Exit.*

The Trumpets ſound: Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *Priſoners.*

K. *Henry.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited *Wor'ſter*, did we not ſend grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſman's truſt?
Three Knights upon our party ſlain to-day,
A noble Earl, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this hour,
If like a chriſtian thou had'ſt truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. *Henry.* Bear *Worceſter* to death, and *Vernon* too.
Other offenders we will pauſe upon.
[*Exeunt* Worceſter *and* Vernon, *guarded.*
How goes the field?

P. *Henry.* The gallant *Scot*, Lord *Dowglas*, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the reſt;
And, falling from a hill, he was ſo bruis'd,
That the purſuers took him. At my tent
The *Dowglas* is, and, I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

K. *Henry.* With all my heart.

P. *Henry.* Then, brother *John* of *Lancaſter*, to you
This honourable bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleaſure, ranſomleſs and free:
His valour, ſhewn upon our creſts to-day,
Hath taught us how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,

Ev'n in the boſom of our adverſaries.

Lan. I thank your Grace for this high courteſy,
Which I ſhall give away immediately.

K. *Henry.* Then this remains; that we divide our power.
You ſon *John*, and my couſin *Weſtmorland*,
Tow'rds *York* ſhall bend you, with your deareſt ſpeed,
To meet *Northumberland* and prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are buſily in arms.
Myſelf and you, ſon *Harry*, will tow'rds *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower* and the Earl of *March*.
Rebellion in this land ſhall loſe his ſway,
Meeting the check of ſuch another day;
And ſince this buſineſs ſo far fair is done,
Let us not leave, till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.

Containing his DEATH:

AND THE

CORONATION

OF

King HENRY V.

PROLOGUE.

(1) *Enter* RUMOUR, *painted full of Tongues.*

OPen your ears: For which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when loud *Rumour* ſpeaks?
I from the orient to the drooping weſt,
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but *Rumour*, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters and prepar'd defence,
Whilſt the big year, ſwoln with ſome other griefs,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant war,
And no ſuch matter? *Rumour* is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And, of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my houſhold? why is *Rumour* here?
I run before King *Harry*'s victory;
Who in a bloody field by *Shrewſbury*

(1) Rumour, *painted full of Tongues.*] This deſcription of *Rumour* is plainly to me a draught copied from *Virgil*'s Picture of *Fame.*

——— *cui quot ſunt corpore Plumæ,*
Tot vigiles oculi ſubter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguæ, totidem ora ſonant, tot ſubrigit aures.

Tam ficti *pravique* tenax, *quam* nuntia veri.
Hæc tum multiplici populos Sermone *replebat*
Gaudens, & pariter facta *atque* infecta *canebat.* Æneid. IV.

Hath

Hath beaten down young *Hot-ſpur* and his troops;
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Ev'n with the rebels blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noiſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Under the wrath of noble *Hot-ſpur*'s ſword;
And that the King before the *Dowglas*' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peaſant towns,
Between that royal field of *Shrewſbury*,
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged ſtone; (2)
Where *Hot-ſpur*'s father, old *Northumberland*,
Lies crafty-ſick. The poſts come tiring on;
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From *Rumour*'s tongues,
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe than true wrongs.
[*Exit.*

(2) *And this worm-eaten* hole *of ragged ſtone,*] *Northumberland* had retir'd and fortified himſelf in his caſtle, a place of ſtrength in thoſe times, though the building might be impair'd by its antiquity; and therefore, I believe, our poet wrote:

And this worm-eaten hold *of ragged ſtone.*

So, in the 3d *Henry* VI.

The Queen with all the northern Earls and Lords
Intends here to beſiege you in your *caſtle*;
She is hard by with twenty thouſand men;
And therefore fortify your *hold*, my Lord.

So *Daniel*, in his *Miſeries* of *civil wars*, ſpeaking of this very Earl's retirement, ſays;

Northumberland, recover'd, ſtill out ſtands,
The principal of this great family
And faction; having *Berwick* in his hands,
With other *holds*.——

Dramatis Perſonæ.

King Henry *the Fourth.*

Prince Henry, *afterwards crowned King* Henry *the*

Prince John *of* Lancaſter, Humphrey *of* Glouceſter, Thomas *of* Clarence, — *Sons to* Henry *the Fo and Brethren to* Henry *Fifth.*

Northumberland,
The Arch-Biſhop of York,
Mowbray,
Haſtings,
Lord Bardolph,
Travers,
Morton,
Colevile, — *Oppoſites againſt King* H *the Fourth.*

Warwick,
Weſtmorland,
Surrey,
Gower,
Harcourt,
Lord Chief Juſtice, — *Of the King's Party.*

Falſtaff,
Poins,
Bardolph,
Piſtol,
Peto,
Page, — *Irregular Humoriſts.*

Shallow *and* Silence, *Country Juſtices.*

Davy, *Servant to* Shallow.

Phang *and* Snare, *two Serjeants.*

Mouldy,
Shadow,
Wart,
Feeble,
Bulcalf, — *Country Soldiers.*

Lady Northumberland.

Lady Percy.

Hoſteſs Quickly.

Doll Tear-ſheet.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

(3) The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Northumberland*'s Caſtle.

Enter Lord Bardolph; *the Porter at the door.*

BARDOLPH.

WHO keeps the gate here, hoa? where is the Earl?

Port. What ſhall I ſay you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
That the Lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.

Port. His Lordſhip is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Pleaſe it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here's the Earl.

North. What news, Lord *Bardolph?* ev'ry minute now
Should be the father of ſome ſtratagem.
The times are wild: Contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.

(3) *The 2d Part of* Henry IV.] The tranſactions compriz'd in this hiſtory take up about 9 years. The action commences with the account of *Hotſpur*'s being defeated and kill'd; and cloſes with the death of K. *Henry* IV, and the coronation of K. *Henry* V.

Bard.

Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from *Shrewſbury.*
North. Good, if heav'n will!
Bard. As good as heart can wiſh:
The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the fortune of my Lord your ſon,
Prince *Harry* ſlain outright; and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Douglas*; young Prince *John*,
And *Weſtmorland*, and *Stafford*, fled the field.
And *Harry Monmouth*'s brawn, the hulk Sir *John*,
Is priſoner to your ſon. O, ſuch a day,
So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly won,
Came not till now, to dignify the times,
Since *Cæſar*'s fortunes!
North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from *Shrewſbury?*
Bard. I ſpake with one, my Lord, that came from thence
A gentleman well bred, and of good name;
That freely render'd me theſe news for true.
North. Here comes my ſervant *Travers*, whom I ſent
On *Tueſday* laſt to liſten after news.
Bard. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More than he, haply, may retail from me.

Enter Travers.

North. Now, *Travers*, what good tidings come with you
Tra. My Lord, Sir *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and being better hors'd
Out-rode me. After him came ſpurring hard
A gentleman, almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed,
That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horſe:
He aſk'd the way to *Chester*; and of him
I did demand what news from *Shrewſbury.*
He told me, that rebellion had ill luck;
And that young *Harry Percy*'s ſpur was cold.
With that he gave his able horſe the head,
And bending forward, ſtruck his agile heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, ſtarting ſo,

He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.
North. Ha? again:
Said he, young *Harry Percy*'s ſpur was cold?
Rebellion had ill luck?
Bard. My Lord, I'll tell you;
If my young Lord your ſon have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a ſilken point
I'll give my barony. Ne'er talk of it.
North. Why ſhould the gentleman, that rode by *Travers*,
Give then ſuch inſtances of loſs?
Bard. Who he?
He was ſome hilding fellow, that had ſtol'n
The horſe he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragick volume:
So looks the ſtrond, whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.
Say, *Morton*, did'ſt thou come from *Shrewsbury*?
Mort. I ran from *Shrewsbury*, my noble Lord,
Where hateful death put on his uglieſt maſk
To fright our party.
North. How doth my ſon, and brother?
Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe be-gone,
Drew *Priam*'s curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd:
But *Priam* found the fire, ere he his tongue:
And I, my *Percy*'s death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay: Your ſon did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus: So fought the noble *Douglas:*
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
But in the end, to ſtop mine ear indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with brother, ſon, and all, are dead!

Mort.

Mort. Dowglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my Lord your ſon———
North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue ſuſpicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by inſtinct, knowledge from other eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, *Morton*, ſpeak:
Tell thou thy Earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a ſweet diſgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me ſuch wrong.
Mort. You are too great, to be by me gainſaid:
Your ſpirit is too true, your fears too certain.
North. Yet for all this, ſay not, that *Percy*'s dead.
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead,
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news (4)
Hath but a loſing office: And his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.
Bard. I cannot think, my Lord, your ſon is dead.
Mort I'm ſorry, I ſhould force you to believe
That, which, I would to heav'n, I had not ſeen.
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,

(4) *Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news*
Hath but a loſing office:] This obſervation is certainly true in nature, and has the ſanction of no leſs authorities than thoſe of *Æſchylus* and *Sophocles*; who ſay almoſt the ſame thing with our author here.

Ὦμοι, κακὸν μὲν πρῶτον ἀγγέλλειν κακά· [*Æſch.* in *Perſ.*
Στέργει γὰρ ὐδεὶς ἄγγελον κακῶν ἑπῶν. *Soph.* in *Antigone.*

Henr. Stephens has taken notice, that in ſome of *Æſchylus*'s printed copies this 2d verſe quoted had been inſerted as a part of his text: But judges, the miſtake happen'd firſt from its having been tranſcrib'd in the margin as a parallel ſentiment. *Fortaſſe autem ex hoc* Æſchyli *verſu natus eſt ille*, ſays he. This learned man does not ſeem to have known, or remember'd, that the verſe was to be given to *Sophocles*.

To

To *Henry Monmouth*; whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted *Percy* to the earth,
From whence, with life, he never more ſprung up.
In few; his death, whoſe ſpirit lent a fire
Even to the dulleſt peaſant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt-temper'd courage in his troops.
For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing, that's heavy in its ſelf,
Upon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed;
So did our men, heavy in *Hot-ſpur*'s loſs,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
That arrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
Than did our ſoldiers, aiming at their ſafety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble *Wor'ſter*
Too ſoon ta'en priſoner: And that furious *Scot*,
The bloody *Dowglas*, whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlain th' appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his ſtomach and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backs; and in his flight
Stumbling in fear, was took. The ſum of all
Is, that the King hath won: And hath ſent out
A ſpeedy pow'r t'encounter you, my Lord,
Under the conduct of young *Lancaſter*
And *Weſtmorland*. This is the news at full.

North. For this, I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
In poiſon there is phyſick: And this news,
That would, had I been well, have made me ſick,
Being ſick, hath in ſome meaſure made me well.
And as the wretch, whoſe feaver-weaken'd joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; ev'n ſo my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now inrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves. Hence therefore, thou nice crutch,
A ſcaly gauntlet now with joints of ſteel
Muſt glove this hand. And hence, thou ſickly quoif,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,

Which

Which Princes, fleſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged'ſt hour, that time and ſpight dare bring, (
To frown upon th'enrag'd *Northumberland!*
Let heav'n kiſs earth! now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
And let this world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act:
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born *Cain*
Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!

Bard. This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong, my Lor
Sweet Earl, divorce not wiſdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To ſtormy paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt th' event of war, my noble Lord,
And ſumm'd the account of chance, before you ſaid,
Let us make head: It was your preſurmiſe,
That, in the dole of blows, your ſon might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd, his fleſh was capable
Of wounds and ſcars; and that his forward ſpirit
Would lift him where moſt trade of danger rang'd:
Yet did you ſay, Go forth. And none of this,
Though ſtrongly apprehended, could reſtrain
The ſtiff-borne action. What hath then befall'n,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loſs,
Knew, that we ventur'd on ſuch dang'rous ſeas,

(5) *The* ragged'ſt *hour that time and ſpight dare bring*
To frown, &c.] I know very well, our author frequently u
this epithet, when he ſpeaks either of ſharp o'erhanging rocks, ruin
fortifications, *&c.* but there is no conſonance of metaphors here l
twixt *ragged* and *frown*; nor, indeed, any dignity in the image. (
both accounts, therefore, I ſuſpect our author wrote, as I have
form'd the text, *the* rugged'ſt *hour*, &c.

Th

That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd,
Choak'd the reſpect of likely peril fear'd;
And ſince we are o'er-ſet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time; and my moſt noble Lord,
I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the truth:
The gentle arch-biſhop of *York* is up
With well-appointed powers: He is a man,
Who with a double ſurety binds his followers.
My Lord, your ſon, had only but the corps,
But ſhadows, and the ſhews of men to fight.
For that ſame word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls;
And they did fight with queaſineſs; conſtrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide: But for their ſpirits and ſouls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fiſh are in a pond. But now, the Biſhop
Turns inſurrection to religion;
Suppos'd ſincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind:
And doth enlarge his riſing with the blood
Of fair King *Richard*, ſcrap'd from *Pomfret* ſtones;
Derives from heav'n his quarrel and his cauſe;
Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding land
Gaſping for life, under great *Bolingbroke:*
And more, and leſs, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before: But to ſpeak truth,
This preſent grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counſel every man
The apteſt way for ſafety and revenge:
Get poſts, and letters, and make friends with ſpeed;
Never ſo few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Street in *London*.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, *with his page bearing his ſword and buckler.*

Fal. SIrrah, you, giant! what ſays the doctor to my water? *Page.* He ſaid, Sir, the water itſelf was a good healthy water. But for the party that owned it, he might have more diſeaſes than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this fooliſh-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a ſow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my ſervice for any other reaſon than to ſet me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou whoreſon mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agot till now: But I will ſet you neither in gold nor ſilver, but in vile apparel, and ſend you back again to your maſter, for a jewel: (6) The *Juvenal*, the Prince your maſter! whoſe chin is not yet fledg'd; I will ſooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he ſhall get one on his cheek: Yet he will not ſtick to ſay, his face is a face-royal. Heav'n may

(6) *The* Juvenil, *the Prince your maſter!*] All the old editions both here, and in ſeveral other paſſages of our author, write, *Juvenal*. Why our modern editors have been ſo nice to make the change, I cannot ſay. Both the words are equally well deriv'd. *A* juvenis *eſt tum* juvenalis, *tum* juvenilis; *ut a* verna, vernalis, vernilis: —— ſays *Voſſius* in his *Etymologicon*. Nor does the uſage want its authorities. *Juvenalia, νέων ἑορτὴ. Juvenalis, νεανικὸς, νεανικός*· ſay the old *Gloſſaries*. —— Juvenalia *fingebantur* Dianæ *ſimulacbra, quia ea Ætas fortis eſt ad tolerandam viam*. Diana *enim viarum putabatur Dea*; ſays *S. Pompeius Feſtus*. In like manner, the poets:

Et mihi quæ fuerint juvenali *in Corpore Vires*. Virg. *Æneid*. V.
Tu mihi dictaſti juvenalia *Carmina primus*. Ovid. *Epiſt ad* Maxim.
Facite, comis, animo juvenali *Senex*. Auſonius *ad* Nepot.
Nunc ego te futrum, mox in juvenalibus *annis*,
Jamque virum cernam. Idem. *Idyll*. IV.
Scilicet immenſæ, viſis juvenalibus *armis*,
Subſident a'pes? Sil. Italicus. *l*. II.
Accipe facundi carmen juvenale *Properti*. Martial. *l*. XIV.
&c. &c.

Smith

when it will, it is not a hair amiſs yet: He may ſtill as a face-royal, for a barber ſhall never earn ce out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he t man ever ſince his father was a batchelor. He ep his own grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, ſure him. What ſaid Mr. *Dombledon*, about the or my ſhort cloak and ſlops?

. He ſaid, Sir, you ſhould procure him better e than *Bardolph:* He would not take his bond rs, he lik'd not the ſecurity.

Let him be damn'd like the glutton, may his be hotter! a whoreſon *Achitophel*, a raſcally yea-n-knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then pon *ſecurity?* the whoreſon-ſmooth-pates do now othing but high ſhoes, and bunches of keys at rdles; and if a man is thorough with them in aking up, then they muſt ſtand upon *ſecurity:* s lief they would put rats-bane in my mouth, as ſtop it with ſecurity. I looked, he ſhould have two and twenty yards of ſatten, as I am a true , and he ſends me *ſecurity*. Well, he may ſleep rity, for he hath the horn of abundance. And itneſs of his wife ſhines through it, and yet cannot though he have his own lanthorn to light him. s *Bardolph?*

. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your worſhip a

I bought him in *Paul's*, and he'll buy me a horſe *bfield.* If I could get me but a wife in the ſtews, mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

Enter Chief Juſtice, and Servants.

. Sir here comes the Nobleman that committed ce for ſtriking him, about *Bardolph.*

Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Juſt. What's he that goes there?

: *Falſtaff*, and't pleaſe your Lordſhip.

Juſt. He that was in queſtion for the robbery?

. He, my Lord. But he hath ſince done good at *Shrewsbury:* And, as I hear, is now going with iarge to the Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*.

Ch. Juſt. What, to *York?* call him back again.

Serv. Sir *John Falſtaff*,——

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.

Ch. Juſt. I am ſure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow. I muſt ſpeak with him.

Serv. Sir *John*.——

Fal. What! a young knave and beg! are there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lack ſubjects? do not the rebels need ſoldiers? though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg, than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You miſtake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man? ſetting my knight-hood and my ſoldierſhip aſide, I had lied in my throat, if I had ſaid ſo.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then ſet your knight-hood and your ſoldierſhip aſide, and give me leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you ſay I am any other than an honeſt man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo? I lay aſide that, which grows to me? if thou gett'ſt any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'ſt leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: You hunt-counter, hence; avaunt.

Serv. Sir, my Lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John Falſtaff*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord! God give your Lordſhip good time of day. I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip abroad; I heard ſay, your Lordſhip was ſick. I hope, your Lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your Lordſhip, though not clean paſt your youth, hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you: Some reliſh of the ſaltneſs of time; and I moſt humbly beſeech your Lordſhip, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, I ſent for you before your expedition to *Shrewſbury*,——

Fal. If it pleaſe your Lordſhip, I hear, his Majeſty is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from *Wales*.

Ch. Juſt. I talk not of his Majeſty: You would not come when I ſent for you;——

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highneſs is fall'n into *this* ſame whoreſon apoplexy.

Ch.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heav'n mend him! I pray let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, a kind of ſleeping in the blood, a whoreſon tingling.

Ch. Juſt. What tell you me of it? be it, as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from ſtudy and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cauſe of it in *Galen*. It is a kind of deafneſs.

Ch. Juſt. I think, you are fall'n into that diſeaſe: For you hear not what I ſay to you.

(7) *Fal.* Very well, my Lord, very well: Rather, an't pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſt'ning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Juſt. To puniſh you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my Lord, but not ſo patient: Your Lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of poverty; but how I ſhould be your patient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or, indeed, a ſcruple itſelf.

Ch. Juſt. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your life, to come ſpeak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my counſel learned in the laws of this land-ſervice, I did not come.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the truth is, Sir *John*, you live in great infamy.

(7) Fal. *Very well, my Lord, very well:*] In the oldeſt *Quarto* edition, which I have of this play, (printed, in 1600) this ſpeech ſtands thus.

Old. Very well, my Lord, very well:

I had not obſerv'd this, when I wrote my note, to the 1 *Henry* IV, concerning the tradition of *Falſtaff*'s character having been firſt call'd *Oldcaſtle*. This almoſt amounts to a ſelf-evident proof, of the thing being ſo: And that, the play being printed from the ſtage-manuſcript, *Oldcaſtle* had been all along alter'd into *Falſtaff*, except in this ſingle place by an overſight: Of which the printers not being aware, continued theſe initial traces of the original name.

Fal. He, that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in leſs.

Ch. Juſt. Your means are very ſlender, and your waſte is great.

Fal. I would, it were otherwiſe: I would, my means were greater, and my waſte ſlenderer.

Ch. Juſt. You have miſ-led the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath miſ-led me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Juſt. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's ſervice at *Shrewsbury* hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on *Gads-hill.* You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet o'er-poſting that action.

Fal. My Lord,———

Ch. Juſt. But ſince all is well, keep it ſo: Wake not a ſleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to ſmell a fox.

Ch. Juſt. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A waſſel-candle, my Lord; all tallow: But if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Juſt. There is not a white hair on your face, but ſhould have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy——.

Ch. Juſt. (8) You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not ſo, my Lord, your ill angel is light: But I hope, he, that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in ſome reſpects I grant, I cannot

(8) *You follow the young Prince up and down like his* evil *angel.*] What a precious collator has Mr. *Pope* approv'd himſelf in this paſſage? beſides, if this were the true reading, *Falſtaff* could not have made the witty and humorous evaſion he has done in his reply. I have reſtor'd the reading of the oldeſt *Quarto.* The Lord Chief Juſtice calls *Falſtaff* the Prince's *ill angel,* or genius: Which *Falſtaff* turns off by ſaying, an *ill angel* (meaning the coin call'd an *angel,*) is *light*; but, ſurely, it can't be ſaid that he wants *weight: Ergo,*—the inference is obvious. Now money may be call'd *ill,* or *bad*; but it is never call'd *evil,* with regard to its being under weight. This Mr. *Pope* will facetiouſly call reſtoring *loſt Puns:* But if the author wrote a *Pun,* and it happens to be *loſt* in an editor's indolence, I ſhall, in ſpite of his grimace, venture at bringing it back to light.

go;

go;——I cannot tell; virtue is of ſo little regard in theſe coſter-mongers days, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapſter, and hath his quick wit waſted in giving reck'nings; and all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age ſhapes them, are not worth a gooſe-berry. You, that are old, conſider not the capacities of us that are young; you meaſure the heat of our livers, with the bitterneſs of your galls; and we that are in the va-ward of our youth, I muſt confeſs, are wags too.

Ch. Juſt. Do you ſet down your name in the ſcrowl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? have you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increaſing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind ſhort? your chin double? your wit ſingle? and every part about you blaſted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourſelf young? fy, fy, fy, Sir *John*.

Fal. My Lord I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and ſomething a round belly. For my voice, I have loſt it with hallowing and ſinging of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and underſtanding, and he, that will caper with me for a thouſand marks, let, him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a ſenſible Lord. I have checkt him for it; and the young lion repents: Marry, not in aſhes and ſack-cloth, but in new ſilk and old ſack.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heav'n ſend the Prince a better companion!

Fal. Heav'n ſend the companion a better Prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the King hath ſever'd you and Prince *Harry*. I hear, you are going with Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, againſt the Archbiſhop and the Earl of *Northumberland*.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty ſweet wit for it; but look you, pray, all you that kiſs my lady peace at home,

that our armies join not in a hot day: For, by the Lord, I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily: If it be a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but a bottle, would I might never ſpit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thruſt upon it. Well, I cannot laſt ever —— 'but it was always yet the trick of our *Engliſh* nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs ſay, I am an old man, you ſhou'd give me reſt: I would to God, my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is! I were better to be eaten to death with a ruſt, than to be ſcour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Juſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and heav'n bleſs your expedition!

Fal. Will your Lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Ch. Juſt. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear croſſes. Fare you well. Commend me to my couſin *Weſtmorland.* [*Exit.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. —— A man can no more ſeparate age and covetouſneſs, than he can part young limbs and letchery: But the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and ſo both the degrees prevent my curſes. Boy,——

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seven groats, and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of *Lancaſter*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Weſtmorland*, and this to old Mrs. *Urſula*, whom I have weekly ſworn to marry ſince I perceived the firſt white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or t'other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my penſion ſhall ſeem the more reaſonable. A good wit will make uſe of any thing; I will turn diſeaſes to commodity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Archbiſhop of *York*'s Palace.

Enter Arch-biſhop of York, Haſtings, Thomas Mowbray (*Earl Marſhal*) *and Lord* Bardolph.

York. THus have you heard our cauſe, and know our means:
Now, my moſt noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes;
And firſt, Lord Marſhal, what ſay you to it?

Mowb. I well allow th' occaſion of our arms,
But gladly would be better ſatisfied
How in our means we ſhould advance ourſelves,
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the pow'r and puiſſance of the King?

Haſt. Our preſent muſters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thouſand men of choice:
And our ſupplies live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whoſe boſom burns
With an incenſed fire of injuries.

Bard. The queſtion then, Lord *Haſtings*, ſtandeth thus;
Whether our preſent five and twenty thouſand
May hold up head without *Northumberland*?

Haſt. With him we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we ſhould not ſtep too far
Till we had his aſſiſtance by the hand.
For in a theam ſo bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and ſurmiſe,
Of aids uncertain ſhould not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, Lord *Bardolph*; for, indeed,
It was young *Hot-ſpur*'s caſe at *Shrewsbury*.

Bard. It was, my Lord, who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the air, on promiſe of ſupply;
Flatt'ring himſelf with project of a power
Much ſmaller than the ſmalleſt of his thoughts;
And ſo, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his pow'rs to death,
And, winking, leap'd into deſtruction.

Haſt. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
Bard. Yes, if this preſent quality of war
Impede the inſtant act; a cauſe on foot
Lives ſo in hope, as in an early ſpring
We ſee th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as deſpair,
That froſts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We firſt ſurvey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the erection;
Which, if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then but draw a-new the model
In fewer offices? at leaſt, deſiſt
To build at all? much more, in this great work,
(Which is almoſt to pluck a kingdom down,
And ſet another up) ſhould we ſurvey
The plot of ſituation, and the model;
Conſent upon a ſure foundation,
Queſtion ſurveyors, know our own eſtate,
How able ſuch a work to undergo,
To weigh againſt his oppoſite: Or elſe,
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Uſing the names of men inſtead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a houſe
Beyond his pow'r to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created coſt
A naked ſubject to the weeping clouds,
And waſte for churliſh winter's tyranny.
Haſt. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be ſtill-born; and that we now poſſeſt
The utmoſt man of expectation:
I think, we are a body ſtrong enough,
Ev'n as we are, to equal with the King.
Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty thouſand?
Haſt. To us, no more; nay, not ſo much, Lord *Bardolph*.
For his diviſions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads; one pow'r againſt the *French*,
And one againſt *Glendower*; perforce, a third
Muſt take up us: So is the unfirm King

In

In three divided; and his coffers ſound
With hollow poverty and emptineſs.
York. That he ſhould draw his ſev'ral ſtrengths together,
And come againſt us in full puiſſance,
Need not be dreaded.
Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the *French* and *Welſh*
Baying him at the heels; never fear that.
Bard. Who, is it like, ſhould lead his forces hither?
Haſt. The Duke of *Lancaſter*, and *Weſtmorland*:
Againſt the *Welſh*, himſelf and *Harry Monmouth*:
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the *French*,
I have no certain notice.
York. Let us on:
And publiſh the occaſion of our arms.
The commonwealth is ſick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited.
An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applauſe
Did'ſt thou beat heav'n with bleſſing *Bolingbroke*,
Before he was, what thou would'ſt have him be?
And now, being trim'd up in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo, thou common dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton boſom of the royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What truſt is in theſe times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'ſt duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud *London* he came ſighing on
After th' admired heels of *Bolingbroke*,
Cry'ſt now, O earth, yield us that King again,
And take thou this. O thoughts of men accurſt!
Paſt, and to come, ſeem beſt; things preſent, worſt.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?
Haſt. We are time's ſubjects, and time bids, be gone.
[Exeunt.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, a Street in *London.*

Enter Hoſteſs, with two officers, Fang *and* Snare.

HOSTESS.

MR. *Fang*, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hoſt. Where's your yeoman? is he a luſty yeoman? will he ſtand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare?*

Hoſt O Lord, ay, good Mr. *Snare.*

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we muſt arreſt Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Hoſt. Ay, good Mr. *Snare*, I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance coſt ſome of us our lives: For he will ſtab.

Hoſt. Alas-the-day! take heed of him; he ſtab'd me in mine own houſe, and that moſt beaſtly; he cares not what miſchief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foin like any devil; he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No, nor I neither;—I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fiſt him once; if he come but within my vice.

Hoſt I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he is an infinitive thing upon my ſcore. Good Mr. *Fang*, hold him ſure; good Mr. *Snare*, let him not ſcape. He comes continually to *Pie-corner*, ſaving your manhoods, to by a ſaddle: And he is indited to dinner to the *Lubbar's-head* in *Lombard-ſtreet* to Mr. *Smooth's* the *Silkman.* I pray ye, ſince my action is enter'd, and my caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer.

(9) A hundred mark is a long lone, for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, unleſs a woman ſhould be made an aſs and a beaſt, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Falſtaff, Bardolph, *and the boy.*

Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmſey-noſe knave, *Bardolph* with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Mr. *Fang* and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whoſe mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *John*, I arreſt you at the ſuit of Mrs. *Quickly*.

Fal. Away, varlets; draw, *Bardolph:* Cut me off the villain's head: Throw the quean in the kennel.

Hoſt. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue. Murder, murder! O thou hony-ſuckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? (10) O thou hony-ſeed rogue! thou art a hony-ſeed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph*.

Fang. A reſcue, a reſcue!

Hoſt. Good people, bring a reſcue or two; thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue, do, thou hemp-ſeed!

Fal. Away, you ſcullion, you rampallion, you fuſtilarian: I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.

(9) *A hundred mark is a long* one.] A long *one?* a long what? a long mark? for that's the only antecedent ſubſtantive it has to agree with: And common ſenſe won't admit of its being coupled to that. It is almoſt needleſs to obſerve, how familiar it is with our poet to play the chimes upon words *ſimilar* in *ound*, and *differing* in *ſignification:* And therefore I make no queſtion but he wrote,

A hundred mark is a long lone *for a poor* lone *woman to bear*;

i. e. one hundred marks is a good round ſum for a poor widow to venture on truſt. According to the old way of writing the word was ſpelt, more generally, *Lonc*, than, *Loan*, as it is now.

(10) *O thou* honey-ſeed *rogue!*] The poet very humorouſly makes dame *Quickly* blunder out this word, inſtead of *homicide*.

Enter Chief Juſtice, attended.

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter? keep the peace here, hoa!

Hoſt. Good my Lord, be good to me. I beſeech you, ſtand to me.

Ch. J. How now, Sir *John?* what, are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs? You ſhould have been well on your way to *York*. Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'ſt thou on him?

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful Lord, an't pleaſe your Grace, I am a poor widow of *Eaſt-cheap*, and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Juſt. For what ſum?

Hoſt. It is more than for ſome, my Lord, it is for all; all I have; he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his; but I will have ſome of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Juſt. How comes this, Sir *John?* fy, what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? are you not aſham'd to inforce a poor widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own?

Fal. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thyſelf, and the money too. Thou did'ſt ſwear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, ſitting in my *Dolphin*-chamber, at the round table, by a ſea-coal fire, on *Wedneſday* in *Whitſun-week*, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a ſinging-man of *Windſor*; thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it? did not goodwife *Keech*, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me goſſip *Quickly?* coming in to borrow a meſs of vinegar; telling us, ſhe had a good diſh of prawns; whereby thou did deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound; and didſt not thou, when ſhe was gone down ſtairs, deſire me to be no more ſo familiarity with ſuch poor people, ſaying, that

ere

ere long they ſhould call me Madam? and didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty ſhillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou can'ſt.

Fal. My Lord, this is a poor mad ſoul; and ſhe ſays up and down the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you. She hath been in good caſe, and the truth is, poverty hath diſtracted her; but for theſe fooliſh officers, I beſeech you, I may have redreſs againſt them.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cauſe the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with ſuch more than impudent ſawcineſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſideration. I know, you have practis'd upon the eaſy-yielding ſpirit of this woman.——

Hoſt. Yes, in troth, my Lord.

Ch. Juſt. Pr'ythee, peace; pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her; the one you may do with ſterling money, and the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this ſneap without reply. You call honourable boldneſs impudent ſawcineſs: If a man will court'ſy and ſay nothing, he is virtuous. No my Lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your ſuitor: I ſay to you, I deſire deliverance from theſe officers, being upon haſty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Juſt. You ſpeak, as having power to do wrong: but anſwer in the effect your reputation, and ſatisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hoſteſs. [*Aſide.*

Enter Mr. Gower.

Ch. Juſt. Maſter *Gower*, what news?

Gower. The King, my Lord, and *Henry* Prince of *Wales* Are near at hand: The reſt the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman——.

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapeſtry of my dining chambers.

Fal.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty ſlight drollery, or the ſtory of the prodigal, or the *German* hunting in water-work, is worth a thouſand of theſe bed-hangings, and theſe flybitten tapeſtries: Let it be ten pound, if thou canſt. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in *England*. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy action: Come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me; do'ſt not know me? come, come, I know, thou waſt ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Pr'ythee, Sir *John*, let it be but twenty nobles, I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earneſt, la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other ſhift; you'll be a fool ſtill.——

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to ſupper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? go with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Hoſt. Will you have *Doll Tear-Sheet* meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hoſt. and Serjeant.*

Ch. Juſt. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good Lord?

Ch. Juſt. Where lay the King laſt night?

Gower. At *Baſingſtoke*, my Lord.

Fal. I hope, my Lord, all's well. What is the news, my Lord?

Ch. Juſt. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horſe,
Are march'd up to my Lord of *Lancaſter*,
Againſt *Northumberland* and the Arch-biſhop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble Lord?

Ch. Juſt. You ſhall have letters of me preſently.
Come, go along with me, good Mr. *Gower*.

Fal. My Lord,——

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, ſhall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I muſt wait upon my good Lord here,
I thank you, good Sir *John*.

Ch.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being you are to take ſoldiers up in the countries as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, maſter *Gower?*

(11) *Ch. Juſt.* What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir *John?*

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my Lord, tap for tap, and ſo part fair.

Ch. Juſt. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE continues in *London.*

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* TRuſt me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, wearineſs durſt not have attach'd one of ſo high blood.

P. *Henry.* It doth me, though it diſcolours the complection of my greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vilely in me to deſire ſmall beer?

Poins. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a compoſition.

P. *Henry.* Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, ſmall beer. But, indeed, theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my greatneſs. What a diſgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of ſilk ſtockings thou haſt? (*viz.* theſe, and thoſe that were the peach-colour'd ones;) or to bear the inventory of thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluity, and one other for uſe; but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it

(11) Ch. Juſt. *What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir* John? Fal. *Maſter* Gower, *if they become me not*, &c.] This ſame affectation of inadvertence is again practis'd by our poet in the firſt part of *Henry* VI. Act 5. betwixt Princeſs *Margaret* and *Suffolk*, when he has made her his priſoner. But there it wants the grace and humour, which we find here; becauſe *Margaret* and *Suffolk* are forc'd to talk *aſide* to themſelves: And the *Chief Juſtice* and *Falſtaff* have here maſter *Gower* to addreſs themſelves to by turns.

is

is a low ebb of linnen with thee, when thou keepeſt not racket there; as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy low countries have made a ſhift to eat up thy holland. And God knows, whether thoſe, that bawl out of the ruins of thy linnen, ſhall inherit his kingdom: But the midwives ſay, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaſes, and kindreds are mightily ſtrengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idly? tell me, how many good young Princes would do ſo, their fathers lying ſo ſick as yours at this time is.

P. *Henry.* Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins?*

Poins. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. *Henry.* It ſhall ſerve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I ſtand the puſh of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. *Henry.* Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad now my father is ſick; albeit, I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon ſuch a ſubject.

P. *Henry.* By this hand, thou think'ſt me as far in the devil's book, as thou and *Falſtaff*, for obduracy and perſiſtency. Let the end try the man. But, I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is ſo ſick; and keeping ſuch vile company, as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poins. The reaſon?

P. *Henry.* What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep?

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

P. *Henry.* It would be every man's thought; and thou art a bleſſed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine; every man would think me an hypocrite, indeed. And what excites your moſt worſhipful thought to think ſo?

Poins.

Poins. Why, becauſe you have ſeemed ſo lewd, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaff*.

P. *Henry.* And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears; the worſt they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands: And thoſe two things, I confeſs, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph*.

P. *Henry.* And the boy that I gave *Falſtaff*; he had him from me chriſtian, and, ſee, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter Bardolph *and Page.*

Bard. Save your Grace.

P. *Henry.* And yours, moſt noble *Bardolph*.

(12) *Bard.* Come, you virtuous aſs, you baſhful fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now? what a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a pottle—pot's maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window; at laſt, I ſpy'd his eyes, and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wives new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. *Henry.* Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreſon upright rabbet, away!

Page. Away, you raſcally *Althea*'s dream, away!

P. *Henry.* Inſtruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my Lord, *Althea* dream'd, ſhe was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. *Henry.* A crowns-worth of good interpretation; there it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*

(12) Poins. *Come, you virtuous aſs,* &c.] Though all the editions concur in giving this ſpeech to *Poins*, it ſeems evident to me, by the *Page*'s immediate reply, that it muſt be placed to *Bardolf*. For *Bardolf* had call'd to the boy from an ale-houſe, and, 'tis likely, made him half-drunk: And, the boy being aſham'd of it, 'tis natural for *Bardolf*, a bold unbred fellow, to banter him on his aukward baſhfulneſs. I have therefore placed it to him.

Poins.

Poins. O that this good bloſſom could be kept from cankers! well, there is ſix-pence to preſerve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows ſhall be wrong'd.

P. *Henry.* And how doth thy maſter, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Well, my good Lord; he heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

P. *Henry.* Deliver'd with good reſpect;—and how doth the *Martlemas*, your maſter?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a phyſician; but that moves not him; though that be ſick, it dies not.

P. *Henry.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place: For, look you, how he writes.

Poins reads. *John Falſtaff, Knight,*—Every man muſt know that, as often as he hath occaſion to name himſelf: Even like thoſe that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger but they ſay, *there is ſome of the King's blood ſpilt.* How comes that? ſays he, that takes upon him not to conceive: (13) the anſwer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the King's poor couſin, Sir.*

P. *Henry.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from *Japhet*. But, to the letter:—*Sir* John Falſtaff, *Knight, to the ſon of the King, nearest his father,* Harry *Prince of* Wales, *greeting.*

Poins. Why, this is a certificate.

P. *Henry.* Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romans *in brevity.* (14)

(13) *The anſwer is as ready as a* borrow'd *cap.*] But how is a *borrow'd* cap ſo ready? read, a *borrower's* cap: And then there is ſome humour in it. For a man, that goes to borrow money, is of all others the moſt complaiſant: His cap is always at hand. Wr. *Warburton.*

(14) *I will imitate the honourable* Romans *in brevity.*] I don't know, who could furniſh *Shakeſpeare* with this account of the *Roman* brevity, but *Pliny* the younger: B. 1. Epiſt. xi. *Olim nullas mihi epiſtolas mittis. Nihil eſt (inquis,) quod ſcribam. At hoc ipſum ſcribe, Nihil eſſe quod ſcribas: Vel ſolum illud, unde incipere Priores ſolebant,* Si vales, bene eſt; ego valeo.—— *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee.* But, after all, ſhould it not be *Roman*, (in the *ſingular* number) and *Brutus* be meant? for he was peculiarly laconick in his ſtile.

Mr. *Warburton.*

Poins.

Poins. Sure, he means brevity in breath; ſhort-winded.

P. *Henry. I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I love thee. Be not too familiar with* Poins, *for he miſuſes thy favours ſo much, that he ſwears, thou art to marry his ſiſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou may'ſt, and ſo farewel. Thine, by yea and no: Which is as much as to ſay, as thou uſeſt him,* Jack Falſtaff *with my familiars:* John *with my brothers and ſiſters: And Sir* John *with all* Europe.

Poins. My Lord, I will ſteep this letter in ſack, and make him eat it.

P. *Henry.* That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you uſe me thus, *Ned?* muſt I marry your ſiſter?

Poins. May the wench have no worſe fortune! but I never ſaid ſo.

P. *Henry.* Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clouds and mock us: Is your maſter here in *London?*

Bard. Yes, my Lord.

P. *Henry.* Where ſups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my Lord, in *Eaſt-cheap.*

P. *Henry.* What company?

Page. Epheſians, my Lord, of the old church.

P. *Henry.* Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my Lord, but old Mrs. *Quickly,* and Mrs. *Dol Tear-Sheet.*

P. *Henry.* What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

P. *Henry.* Even ſuch kin, as the pariſh heifers are to the town bull. Shall we ſteal upon them, *Ned,* at ſupper?

Poins. I am your ſhadow, my Lord, I'll follow you.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph,* no word to your maſter that I am yet come to town. There's for your ſilence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. *Henry.* Fare ye well: Go. This *Dol Tear-Sheet* ſhould be ſome road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. *Albans* and *London.*

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry.* How might we ſee *Falſtaff* beſtow himſelf to-night in his true colours, and not ourſelves be ſeen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table, as drawers.

P. *Henry.* From a god to a bull? (15) a heavy declenſion. It was *Jove*'s caſe. From a Prince to a prentice, a low transformation; that ſhall be mine: For in every thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me, *Ned.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Northumberland*'s Caſtle.

Enter Northumberland, *Lady* Northumberland, *and Lady* Percy.

North. I Pr'ythee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs.
Put not you on the viſage of the times,
And be like them to *Percy*, troubleſome.

L. *North.* I have giv'n over, I will ſpeak no more:
Do what you will: Your wiſdom be your guide.

North. Alas, ſweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. *Percy.* Oh, yet, for heav'ns ſake, go not to theſe wars.
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it, than now;
When your own *Percy*, when my heart-dear *Harry*,
Threw many a northward look, to ſee his father
Bring up his pow'rs: But he did look in vain! (16)
Who

(15) *A heavy* deſcenſion.] This is the reading, which Mr. *Pope* has eſpous'd: But, why not, *declenſion?* is not the term purely ſynonomous? ſo in *Richard* III.

Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To baſe *declenſion* and loath'd bigamy.

And ſo, in *Hamlet*;

——and to *decline*
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!

For here it ſignifies, to *ſtoop*, *deſcend*.

(16) *But he did* long *in vain!*] Nothing of *longing* has been expreſs'd before, which makes me ſuſpect this reading. *Shakeſpeare*, and moſt of the writers of his time, lov'd a repetition of the ſame word: And

as

Who then perſuaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two honours loſt; yours and your ſon's.
For yours, may heav'nly glory brighten it!
For his, it ſtuck upon him as the ſun
In the grey vault of heav'n: And by his light
Did all the chivalry of *England* move
To do brave acts. He was, indeed, the glaſs,
Wherein the noble youth did dreſs themſelves.
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
And ſpeaking thick, which nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the valiant:
For thoſe, that could ſpeak low and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,
To ſeem like him. So that in ſpeech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book,
That faſhion'd others. And him, wond'rous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave
(Second to none, unſeconded by you;)
To look upon the hideous God of war
In diſadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the ſound of *Hot-ſpur*'s name
Did ſeem defenſible: So you left him.
Never, O, never do his ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your honour more preciſe and nice
With others, than with him. Let them alone:
The Marſhal and the Archbiſhop are ſtrong.

as it is immediately before ſaid, that *Percy* threw many a northward *look*, I am perſwaded the Poet wrote;

——*but he did* look *in vain!*

I cannot help on this occaſion quoting a paſſage from *Ariſtophanes*, which has been ſuſpected and tamper'd with.

Ἰαλλ' ὦ· γεγένημαι προσδοκῶν, ὁ δ' ὐδέπω. Theſmoph. ver. 853. *Keuſler*, who objects, that *Expectation* of any body could never have the effect here mention'd, would have us read, Αὐ· γεγένημαι, &c. I am *dry'd, pined away*, &c. with ſtanding and expecting him. I own, I have always thought, the error lay in another word; and would read,

Ἰαλλ' ὦ· γεγένημαι προσδρακών· ὁ δ' ὐδέπω.

My eyes are perfectly *diſtorted, turn'd a-ſquint*, with *looking* out for him: But I can ſee nothing of him.

Had

Had my ſweet *Harry* had but half their numbers,
To-day might I (hanging on *Hot-ſpur*'s neck)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth*'s grave.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my ſpirits from me,
With new-lamenting ancient over-ſights.
But I muſt go and meet with danger there;
Or it will ſeek me in another place,
And find me worſe provided.

L. *North.* Fly to *Scotland*,
Till that the Nobles and the armed Commons
Have of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

L. *Percy.* If they get ground and 'vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of ſteel,
To make ſtrength ſtronger. But, for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves. So did your ſon:
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a widow:
And never ſhall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and ſprout as high as heav'n,
For recordation to my noble huſband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind
As with the tide ſwell'd up unto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back:
I will reſolve for *Scotland*; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Boar's-head* Tavern in *Eaſt-cheap*.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* WHat the devil haſt thou brought there? apple-*Johns?* thou know'ſt, Sir *John* cannot endure an apple-*John*.

2 *Draw.* Maſs! thou ſayeſt true; the Prince once ſet a diſh of apple-*Johns* before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Johns*; and, putting off his hat, ſaid, I will now take my leave of theſe ſix dry, round, old, wither'd

wither'd knights. It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and ſet them down; and ſee if thou can'ſt find out *Sneak*'s noiſe; Mrs. *Tear-Sheet* would fain hear ſome muſick. Diſpatch! the room where they ſupt is too hot, they'll come in ſtrait.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and maſter *Poins* anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir *John* muſt not know of it. *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then here will be old *Utis:* It will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll ſee, if I can find out *Sneak.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hoſteſs and Dol.

Hoſt. I'faith, ſweet heart, methinks, now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulſidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would deſire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any roſe: But, i'faith, you have drank too much canarys, and that's a marvellous ſearching wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere we can ſay what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: Hem.——

Hoſt. Why, that was well ſaid: A good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir *John.*

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. When Arthur *firſt in court*——empty the jourden, ——*and was a worthy King:* How now, Mrs. *Dol?*

Hoſt. Sick of a calm: Yea, good ſooth.

Fal. So is all her ſex; if they be once in a calm, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat raſcals, Mrs. *Dol.*

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make the diſeaſes, *Dol*; we catch of you, *Dol*, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls and owches: For to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to ſurgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely—

Dol. Hang yourſelf, you muddy conger, hang yourſelf!

Hoſt. By my troth, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord; you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick as two dry toaſts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the goodjer? one muſt bear, and that muſt be you: You are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel. [*To* Dol.

Dol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full hogſhead? there's a whole merchant's venture of *Bourdeaux* ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuft in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, *Jack:* Thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient *Piſtol* is below, and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouth'dſt rogue in *England.*

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith: I muſt live amongſt my neighbours, I'll no ſwaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very beſt: Shut the door, there comes no ſwaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have ſwaggering now: Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Do'ſt thou hear, hoſteſs?——

Hoſt. Pray you, pacify yourſelf, Sir *John*; there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Do'ſt thou hear—it is mine ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally, Sir *John*, never tell me; your ancient ſwaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before maſter *Tiſick* the deputy the other day; and, as he ſaid to me—it was no longer ago than *Wedneſday* laſt—neighbour *Quickly*, ſays he; — maſter *Domb* our miniſter was by then; —neighbour *Quickly*, ſays he, receive thoſe that are civil; for

or faith he, you are in an ill name: (Now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon;) for, ſays he, you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed, what gueſts you receive: Receive, ſays he, no ſwaggering companions.——There come none here. You would bleſs you, to hear what he ſaid. No, I'll no ſwaggerers.

Fal. He's no ſwaggerer, hoſteſs; a tame cheater, i'faith; you may ſtroke him as gently as a puppey-greyhound; he will not ſwagger with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turn back in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him up, drawer.

Hoſt. (17) Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater; but I do not love ſwaggering, by my troth; (18) I am the worſe, when one ſays, ſwagger: Feel, maſters, how I ſhake, look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, as if it were an aſpen leaf: I cannot abide ſwaggerers.

Enter Piſtol, Bardolph *and* Page.

Piſt. Save you, Sir *John*.

Fal. Welcome, ancient *Piſtol*. Here, *Piſtol*, I charge you with a cup of ſack: Do you diſcharge upon mine hoſteſs.

(17) Cheater *call you him? I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no* cheater.] The humour of this conſiſts in the hoſteſs's miſtake in the ſignification of the word *Cheater*. For the officer, who was concern'd n collecting the *Eſcheats* due to the *crown*, was call'd by the common eople the '*cheater*. i. e. the *Eſcheater*. And this was the honeſt man he good woman dreamt of. But as the publick officers of the reenue were always had in *odium*, I make no doubt, but the poet meant ere likewiſe to ridicule the officer. Mr. *Warburton*.

(18) *I am the worſe, when one ſays* ſwagger: Feel, *maſters, how I* ake.

Dol. *So you do, hoſteſs.*

Hoſt. *Do I? yea, in very truth do I.* as if it were an aſpen leaf.] his fright of the hoſteſs, though perfectly in nature and character, ems ſneer'd at by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Knight* of the *Burnng Peſtle*.

By the faith of my body, a' has put me into ſuch a fright that I trembe (*as they ſay*) as 'twere an aſpen leaf. *Look o' my little finger*, George, *w it* ſhakes. *Now, in truth*, every member of my body is the worſe r't.

Piſt. I will diſcharge upon her, Sir *John*, with two bullets.

Fal. She is piſtol-proof, Sir, you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you, miſtreſs *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I ſcorn you, ſcurvy companion! what? you poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-linnen mate; away, you mouldy rogue, away, I am meat for your maſter.

Piſt. I know you, miſtreſs *Dorothy*.

Dol. Away, you cut-purſe raſcal, you filthy bung, away: by this wine, I'll thruſt my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the ſawcy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale raſcal, you baſket-hilt ſtale jugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two points on your ſhoulder? much.

Piſt. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, *Piſtol*; I wou'd not have you go off here: Diſcharge yourſelf of our company, *Piſtol*.

Hoſt. No, good captain *Piſtol*: Not here, ſweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd captain? if captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you ſlave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy houſe? he a captain! hang him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A captain! theſe villains will make the word *captain* as odious as the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word, before it was ill ſorted: Therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, miſtreſs *Dol*.

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Piſt. I'll ſee her damn'd firſt: To *Pluto*'s damned lake, to the infernal deep, where *Erebus* and tortures vile alſo.

Hold

Hold hook and line, say I: down! down, dogs! down, fates: Have we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good captain *Peeſel*, be quiet, it is very late: I beſeech you now, aggravate your choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horſes (19)
And hollow-pamper'd jades of *Aſia*,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with *Cæſars*, and with *Cannibals*,
And *Trojan Greeks*? nay, rather damn them with
King *Cerberus*, and let the welkin roar:
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hoſt. By my troth, captain, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: This will grow to a brawl anon.

Piſt. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins: (20)
have we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt.

(19) ——*Shall pack-horſes,*
And hollow pamper'd jades of Aſia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, &c.] *Piſtol*, 'tis certain, does not *deliver himſelf like a man of this world*; but we'll derive one teſtimony from hence, that all his *extravaganza*'s are not mere unmeaning flights of wildneſs; but thrown in to convey ſtrokes of ſatire, and expoſe the fuſtian of ſome contemporary pieces. In the 2d part of an old play, call'd, *Tamburlaine's Conqueſts*, or the *Scythian* Shepherd, *Tamburlaine* appears in his chariot, drawn by the Kings of *Trebizond* and *Soria*, with bits in their mouths. He, holding the reins in his left hand, and a whip in his right, ſcourges them; and thus begins the ſcene.

Holla! ye pamper'd jades of *Aſia*,
What! can ye draw but twenty miles a-day,
And have ſo proud a chariot at your heels,
And ſuch a coachman as great *Tamburlaine?*

This paſſage was in ſo ſtrong ridicule, that I find it again parodied in a comedy call'd, *The Sun's Darling*; as alſo in the *Coxcomb*, by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

(20) *Have we not* Hiren *here?*
Hoſt. *O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here.*] i. e. Shall I fear, that have this truſty and invincible ſword by my ſide? for, as King *Arthur*'s Swords were call'd *Calliburne* and *Ron*; as *Edward* the Confeſſor's, *Curtana*; as *Charlemagne*'s, *Joyeuſe*; *Orlando*'s, *Durindana*; *Rinaldo*'s *Fuſberta*; and *Rogero*'s, *Baliſarda*; ſo *Piſtol*, in imitation of theſe heroes, calls his ſword *Hiren*. I have been told, *Amadis du Gaul* had a ſword of this name. It ſeems to belong to ſome *Spaniſh* Romance, and we may, perhaps, gather the reaſon of the name from

Hoſt. O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here. What the good jer? do you think, I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; come, give me ſome ſack. *Si fortuna me tormente, ſperato me contente.*

Fear we broad ſides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me ſome ſack: And, ſweet-heart, lie thou there:
Come we to full points here; and are &c. *cætera*'s nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. (21) Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif: What! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs, I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

that language. LA CRUSCA explains *bierindo*, (the gerund from *birir*, to ſtrike;) *en frappant, battendo, percotendo:* From hence it ſeems probable that *Hiren* may be deriv'd; and ſo ſignify, a *ſwaſhing, cutting* ſword.--But what wonderful humour is there in the good hoſteſs ſo innocently miſtaking *Piſtol*'s drift, fancying that he meant to fight for a whore in the houſe, and therefore telling him, *on my word, captain, there's none ſuch here; what the good-jer! do you think, I would deny her?*

(21) *Sweet Knight, I kiſs thy* neif.] i. e. I kiſs thy fiſt. Mr. *Pope* will have it, that *neif* here is from *nativa*. i. e. a woman-ſlave that is born in one's houſe; and that *Piſtol* would kiſs *Falſtaff*'s domeſtick miſtreſs *Dol Tearſheet*. But I appeal to every one that ſhall but read the ſcene over, whether this could poſſibly be the poet's meaning. There is a perfect fray betwixt *Dol* and *Piſtol*; ſhe calls him an hundred the worſt names ſhe can think of: He threatens to murder her ruff, and ſays, he could tear her. *Bardolph* would have him be gone; but he ſays, he'll ſee her damn'd firſt: And *Dol*, on the other hand, wants him to be thruſt down ſtairs, and ſays, ſhe can't endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal. I ſhould very little expect, that theſe parties, in ſuch a ferment, ſhould come to kiſſing. And I am perſuaded, *Shakeſpeare* thought of no reconciliation: For the brawl is kept on, till it riſes to drawing ſwords; and *Piſtol*, among 'em, is huſtled down ſtairs. I can't think, any more is intended by the poet than this: That *Falſtaff*, weary of *Piſtol*'s wrangling, tells him, he would be quiet: And that *Piſtol*, who had no quarrel with Sir *John*, but a ſort of dependance on him, ſpeaks the Knight fair and tells him, *that he kiſſes his* fiſt: For ſo the word *neif* ſignifies in our northern counties. So, before, in *Midſummer Night's Dream*;

Bott. Give me thy *neif*, Monſieur *Muſtard-ſeed.*

And ſo in *B. Jonſon*'s Poetaſter;

I wo'not, my good two-penny raſcal; reach me thy *neife.*

Piſt.

Piſt. Thruſt him down ſtairs? know we not galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, *Bardolph*, like a ſhove-groat ſhilling: nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down ſtairs.

Piſt. What ſhall we have inciſion? ſhall we embrew? then death rock me aſleep, abridge my doleful days: Why, then let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping wounds untwine the ſiſters three: Come, *Atropos*, I ſay.

[*Drawing his ſword.*

Hoſt. Here's goodly ſtuff toward.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, I pr'ythee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down ſtairs.

[*Drawing, and driving* Piſtol *out.*

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult; I'll forſwear keeping houſe, before I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, be quiet, the raſcal is gone: ah, you whoreſon, little valiant villain, you!

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i'th' groin? methought, he made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the raſcal's drunk: You have hurt him, Sir, in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcal, to brave me!——

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little rogue, you: Alas, poor ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? come, let me wipe thy face —— come on, you whoreſon chops—ah, rogue! I love thee—thou art as valorous as *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and ten times better than the nine worthies: A villain!

Fal. A raſcally ſlave! I will toſs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: If thou do'ſt, I'll canvaſs thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter Muſick.

Page. The muſick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee, *Dol.*

A rascal, bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quick-silver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou followd'st him like a church = thou whoreson little tydy *Bartholomew* boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins *disguis'd.*

Fal. Peace, good *Dol*, do not speak like a death's head: Do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, *Poins* hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!—his wit is as thick as *Tewksbury* mustard: There is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: And he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boot very smooth like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: For the Prince himself is such another: The weight of an hair will turn the scales between their *Averdupois.*

P. *Henry.* Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. *Henry.* Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kiss me, *Dol.*

P. *Henry.* *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery *Trigon* his man be not

not lisping to his master's old Tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper?

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on *Thursday*: Thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: It grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou wilt set me a weeping if thou say'st so: Prove, that ever I dress myself handsom till thy return——Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, *Francis*.

P. *Henry*. *Poins*. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the King's! and art not thou *Poins* his brother?

P. *Henry*. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. *Henry*. Very true, Sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. Oh, the Lord preserve thy good Grace! Welcome to *London*.——Now heav'n bless that sweet face of thine: what, are you come from *Wales*?

Fal. Thou whoreson-mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon* Dol.

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My Lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. *Henry*. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. 'Blessing on your good heart, and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou hear me?

P. *Henry.* Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by *Gads-hill*; you knew, I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not ſo; I did not think, thou waſt within hearing.

P. *Henry.* I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal*, on my honour, no abuſe.

P. *Henry.* Not to diſpraiſe me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal*.

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, *Ned*, in the world; honeſt *Ned*, none. I diſprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true ſubject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe, *Hal*, none, *Ned*, none; no, boys, none.

P. *Henry.* See now, whither pure fear and entire cowardiſe doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to cloſe with us? is ſhe of the wicked? is thine hoſteſs here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honeſt *Bardolph*, whoſe zeal burns in his noſe, of the wicked?

Poins. Anſwer, thou dead elm, anſwer.

Fal. The fiend hath prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifer*'s privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roaſt malt-worms: for the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil out bids him too.

P. *Henry.* For the women?

Fal. For one of them, ſhe is in hell already, and burns poor ſouls: for the other, I owe her money; and whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think, thou art not: I think, thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. All victuallers do ſo: What is a joint of mutton or two in a whole *Lent?*

P. *Henry.* You, gentlewoman,——

Dol. What ſays your Grace?

Fal. His Grace ſays that, which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo loud at door? look to the door there, *Francis.*

Enter Peto.

P. *Henry. Peto*, how now? what news?

Peto. The King your father is at *Weſtminſter*,
And there are twenty weak and wearied poſts
Come from the north; and as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the taverns,
And aſking every one for Sir *John Falſtaff.*

P. *Henry.* By heaven, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempeſt of commotion, like the ſouth
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my ſword, and cloak: *Falſtaff*, good-night.

[*Exeunt Prince and* Poins.

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſel of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the door? how now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to court, Sir, preſently: A dozen captains ſtay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the muſicians, ſirrah: farewel, hoſteſs; farewel, *Dol.* You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after; the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel, good wenches; if I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak; if my heart be not ready to burſt——well, ſweet *Jack*, have a care of thyſelf.

Fal. Farewel, farewel. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty-nine years, come peſcod-time; but an honeſter and truer-hearted man—well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mrs. *Tear-ſheet*,——

Hoſt.

Hoſt. What's the matter?
Bard. Bid miſtreſs *Tear-Sheet* come to my maſter
Hoſt. O run, *Dol*, run; run, good *Dol*. [*E*

ACT III.

SCENE, the Palace in *London*.

Enter King Henry *in his night gown, with a p*

K. HENRY.

GO, call the Earls of *Surrey* and of *Warwick*;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read theſe l
And well conſider of them: Make good ſpeed. [*Exi*
How many thouſands of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep! O gentle ſleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, ſleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoaky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſht with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull God, why ly'ſt thou with the vile
In loathſom beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch
A watch-caſe, or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlip'ry ſhrouds,
That, with the hurley, death itſelf awakes?
Can'ſt thou, O partial ſleep, give thy repoſe

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? then happy low! lie down; (22)
Uneasy lies the head, that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick *and* Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your Majesty.

K. *Henry.* Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis one o' clock, and past.

K. *Henry.* (23) Why, then, good-morrow to you. Well, my Lords,
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my Liege.

K. *Henry.* Then you perceive the body of our kingdom,
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet distemper'd,
Which to its former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice and little medicine;
My Lord *Northumberland* will soon be cool'd.

K. *Henry.* Oh heav'n, that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times

(22) ——*then happy* low! lie down;
Uneasy lies the *head*, &c.] Though I have not disturb'd the text, Mr. *Warburton* thinks, *Shakespeare* would not have used so poor a repetition as *lie down* and *uneasy lies*. He therefore conjectures
——*Then happy*, lowly clown!
Uneasy lies *the head*, *that wears a crown*.
This, says he, is the just conclusion from all said before. If sleep will fly a King, and consort itself with beggars, then happy the *lowly clown*, and uneasy the crown'd head.

(23) *Why then good morrow to you* all, *my Lords*:
Have you read o'er, &c.] I must account for the change I have ventur'd at here. In the preceding page the King sends letters to *Surrey* and *Warwick*, with charge that they should read them and attend him. Accordingly here *Surrey* and *Warwick* come, and no body else, in obedience to that summons. The King would hardly have said *good-morrow* to you all, to two Peers, and no more. My emendation wants no further support, than this naked stating of the case.

Make

Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of ſolid firmneſs, melt itſelf
Into the ſea; and, other times, to ſee
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for *Neptune*'s hips: How chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were ſeen,
The happieſt youth viewing his progreſs through,
What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,
Wou'd ſhut the book, and ſit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since *Richard* and *Northumberland*, great friends,
Did feaſt together; and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years ſince,
This *Percy* was the man neareſt my ſoul;
Who, like a brother, toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my ſake, ev'n to the eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by?
(You, couſin *Nevil*, as I may remember) [*To* Warwick.
When *Richard*, with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
Did ſpeak theſe words, now prov'd a prophecy.
'*Northumberland*, thou ladder by the which
'My couſin *Bolingbroke* aſcends my throne:
(Though then, Heav'n knows, I had no ſuch intent;
But that neceſſity ſo bow'd the ſtate,
That I and greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs:)
'The time ſhall come, (thus did he follow it,)
'The time will come, that foul ſin, gathering head,
'Shall break into corruption: So went on,
Foretelling this ſame time's condition,
And the diviſion of our amity.

War. There is a hiſtory in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which obſerv'd, a man may prophefy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their ſeeds
And weak beginnings lie intreaſured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;

And

And by the neceſſary form of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect gueſs,
That great *Northumberland*, then falſe to him,
Would of that ſeed grow to a greater falſeneſs,
Which ſhould not find a ground to root upon,
Unleſs on you.

K. *Henry*. Are theſe things then neceſſities?
Then let us meet them like neceſſities;
And that ſame word even now cries out on us:
They ſay, the Biſhop and *Northumberland*
Are fifty thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Pleaſe it your Grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my Lord,
The pow'rs, that you already have ſent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain inſtance that *Glendower* is dead.
Your Majeſty hath been this fortnight ill,
And theſe unſeaſon'd hours perforce muſt add
Unto your ſickneſs.

K. *Henry*. I will take your counſel:
And were theſe inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear Lords, unto the holy land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Juſtice *Shallow*'s ſeat in *Glouceſterſhire*.

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *Juſtices*; *with* Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, *and* Bull-calf.

Shal. COme on, come on, come on; give me your hand, Sir; an early ſtirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good couſin *Silence?*

Sil. Good-morrow, good couſin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my couſin, your bed-fellow? and your faireſt daughter, and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen?*

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, couſin *Shallow*.

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay, my couſin William

William is become a good ſcholar: He is at *Oxford* ſtill, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the inns of court ſhortly: I was once of *Clement's-Inn*; where, I think, they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd luſty *Shallow* then, couſin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing, indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of *Staffordſhire*, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will Squele* a *Cot'ſ-wold* man, you had not four ſuch ſwinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again: And I may ſay to you, we knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the beſt of them all at commandment. Then was *Jack Falſtaff*, (now Sir *John*) a boy, and page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*.

Sil. This Sir *John*, couſin, that comes hither anon about ſoldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir *John*, the very ſame: I ſaw him break *Scroggan's* head at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very ſame day I did fight with one *Sampſon Stockfiſh*, a fruiterer, behind *Grays-Inn*. O the mad days that I have ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine old acquaintance are dead?

Sil. We ſhall all follow, couſin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very ſure, very ſure: Death (as the Pſalmiſt ſaith) is certain to all, all ſhall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at *Stamford* fair?

Sil. Truly, couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead! ſee, ſee, he drew a good bow: And dead? he ſhot a fine ſhoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! he would have clapt in the clowt at twelve ſcore, and carried you a fore-hand ſhaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to ſee. How a ſcore of ewes now?

Sil.

Sil. The feather as they be: A forge of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead?

Enter Bardolph, *and Page.*

Sil. Here come two of Sir *John Falſtaff*'s men, as I think.

Shal. Good-morrow, honeſt gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Juſtice *Shallow?*

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow*, Sir, a poor Eſquire of this county, one of the King's Juſtices of the peace: What is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you: My captain Sir *John Falſtaff*; a tall gentleman, by heav'n! and a moſt gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well: Sir, I knew him a good back-ſword man. How doth the good Knight? may I aſk, how my Lady his wife doth?

Bard. Pardon, Sir, a ſoldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid, indeed, too: Better accommodated — it is good, yea, indeed, is it; good phraſes, ſurely, are, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated — it comes of *accommodo*; very good, a good phraſe.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir, I have heard the word. Phraſe, call you it? by this day, I know not the phraſe: But I will maintain the word with my ſword, to be a ſoldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they ſay, accommodated; or, when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falſtaff.

Shal. It is very juſt: Look, here comes good Sir *John*. Give me your good hand, give me your worſhip's good hand; Truſt me, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good maſter *Robert Shallow*: Maſter *Sure-card*, as I think,——

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my couſin *Silence*; in commiſſion with me.

Fal. Good maſter *Silence*, it well befits, you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fy, this is hot weather, gentlemen; have you provided me here half a dozen of ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry have we, Sir: Will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee: ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo: Yea, marry, Sir. *Ralph Mouldy*:——let them appear as I call: Let them do ſo, let them do ſo. Let me ſee, where is *Mouldy*?

Moul. Here, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you, Sir *John*? a good limb'd fellow: Young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldy*?

Moul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent, i'faith. Things, that are mouldy, lack uſe: Very ſingular good. Well ſaid, Sir *John*, very well ſaid.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: My old dame will be undone now for one to do her huſbandry, and her drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: Peace, *Mouldy*, you ſhall go. *Mouldy*, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace: Stand aſide: Know you where you are? for the other, Sir *John*.—Let me ſee: *Simon Shadow*.

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to ſit under; he's like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad.

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſon art thou?

Shad. My mother's ſon, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's ſon! like enough; and thy father's ſhadow: So the ſon of the female is the ſhadow of the male: It is often ſo, indeed, but not of the father's ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John?*

Fal. Shadow will ſerve for ſummer; prick him; for we have a number of ſhadows do fill up the muſter-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart.

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart?*

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John?*

Fal. It were ſuperfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame ſtands upon pins: Prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. *Francis Feeble.*

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, *Feeble?*

Feeble. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: But if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou haſt done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well ſaid, good woman's tailor; well ſaid, courageous *Feeble*: Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or moſt magnanimous mouſe. Prick the woman's tailor well, maſter *Shallow*, deep, maſter *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would, *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him

him to be a private ſoldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands. Let that ſuffice, moſt forcible *Feeble.*

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble.* Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bulcalf of the green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us ſee *Bulcalf.*

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Truſt me, a likely fellow. Come, prick me *Bulcalf,* till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord captain,——

Fal. What doſt thou roar before th'art prickt?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A whoreſon cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs, upon his coronation-day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown: We will have away thy cold, and I will take ſuch order that thy friends ſhall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you muſt have but four here, Sir; and ſo, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you, in good troth, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. O, Sir *John,* do you remember ſince we lay all night in the wind-mill in Saint *George*'s fields?

Fal. No more of that, good maſter *Shallow,* no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

Fal. She lives, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: She would always ſay, ſhe could not abide maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. By the maſs, I could anger her to the heart: She was then a *Bona-roba.* Doth ſhe hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chuſe, but be old;

old: certain, she's old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement's-Inn*.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Hah, cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seen that, that this knight and I have seen!—hah, Sir *John*, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir *John*, we have: Our watch-word was, hem, boys.—Come, let's to dinner; Oh, the days that we have seen! come, come.

Bul. Good master corporate *Bardolph*, stand my friend, and here is four *Harry* ten shillings in *French* crowns for you: In very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for my own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather because I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, Sir, I did not care for mine own part so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake stand my friend: She hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and she's old and cannot help herself: You shall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once; we owe God a death, I will never bear a base mind: if it be my destiny so: If it be not, so. No man is too good to serve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I will bear no base mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*.

Fal. Go to: well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bulcalf*, *Feeble* and *Shadow*.

Fal. *Mouldy*, and *Bulcalf*:—for you, *Mouldy*, stay at home

home till you are paſt ſervice: And for your part, *Bull-calf*, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not yourſelf wrong, they are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

Fal. Will you tell me, maſter *Shallow*, how to chuſe a man? care I for the limb, the thewes, the ſtature, bulk and big ſemblance of a man? give me the ſpirit, maſter *Shallow*. Here's *Wart*; you ſee, what a ragged appearance it is: He ſhall charge you and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on, ſwifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this ſame half-fac'd fellow *Shadow*, give me this man, he preſents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: and, for a retreat, how ſweetly will this *Feeble*, the woman's tailor, run off? O give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into *Wart*'s hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold, *Wart*, traverſe; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver: So, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald ſhot. Well ſaid, *Wart*, thou art a good ſcab: Hold, there's a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-End-Green*, when I lay at *Clement's-Inn*, (24) I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthur's* ſhow; (25) there was a little quiver fellow, and he would

(24) *I was then Sir* Dagonet *in* Arthur's *ſhow.*] The only intelligence I have glean'd of this worthy wight, Sir *Dagonet*, is from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Knight* of the *Burning Peſtle*.

Boy. Beſides, it will ſhew ill favouredly to have a *Grocer's prentice to court a King's daughter.*

Cit. Will it ſo, Sir? you are well read in hiſtories! I pray you, what was Sir *Dagonet?* was not he *prentice* to a *Grocer* in *London?* read the play of the *Four Prentices* of *London*, where they toſs their pikes ſo: *&c.*

(25) *There was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus.*] This extreme fine ſketch of nature and humour in *Shallow*'s character ſeems, in my opinion, invidiouſly enough ſneer'd at in the *Burning Peſtle* above quoted.

Ran,

d manage you his piece thus; and he would about, bout, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, would he ſay; bounce, would he ſay, and again would he go, and again would he come: I never ſee ſuch a fellow.

l. Theſe fellows will do well. Maſter *Shallow*, God you; farewel, maſter *Silence*. I will not uſe many s with you, fare you well, gentlemen both. I thank I muſt a dozen mile to-night. *Bardolph*, give the rs coats.

al. Sir *John*, heaven bleſs you, and proſper your affairs, end us peace. As you return, viſit my houſe. Let ld acquaintance be renewed: Peradventure, I will you to the court.

l. I would you would, maſter *Shallow*.

al. Go to: I have ſpoke at a word. Fare you well. [*Ex.*

l. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, *Bardolph*, the men away. As I return, I will fetch off theſe es: I do ſee the bottom of Juſtice *Shallow*. How ſt we old men are to this vice of lying! this ſame d juſtice hath done nothing but prated to me of the ieſs of his youth, and the feats he hath done about *bal-ſtreet*; and every third word a lie, more duly paid e hearer than the *Turk*'s tribute. I do remember at *Clement's-Inn*, like a man made after ſupper of a e-paring. When he was naked, he was for all the l like a forked radiſh, with a head fantaſtically carv'd it with a knife. He was ſo forlorn, that his dimento any thick fight were inviſible. He was the *Genius* of famine, yet leacherous as a monkey, and horeſ call'd him mandrake: He came ever in the ward of the faſhion; and ſung thoſe tunes to the ſcutcht huſwives that he heard the carmen whiſtle,

n, tan, tan, tan, tan, tan.——O wench, *and thou hadſt but ſeen* ded *of* Aldgate *drum!* how he made it roar again and laid on tyrant; and then ſtruck ſoftly till the ward came up, and then er'd again, and together we go. *Sa, ſa, ſa, bounce*, quoth the courage, my hearts, quoth the captains; Saint *George*, quoth kemen; and withal *here they lay and here they lay*; *and yet for s I am here*, wench.

and

and ſware they were his *Fancies*, or his *Good-nights*. (26) And now is this vice's dagger become a ſquire, and talks as familiarly of *John* of *Gaunt* as if he had been ſworn brother to him: And I'll be ſworn, he never ſaw him but once in the tilt-yard, and then he broke his head for crouding among the marſhal's men. I ſaw it, and told *John* of *Gaunt* he beat his own name; for you might have truſs'd him and all his apparel into an eel-ſkin: The caſe of a treble hoboy was a manſion for him, a court; and, now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it ſhall go hard but I will make him a philoſopher's two ſtones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I ſee no reaſon in the law of nature but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, changes to a Foreſt in *Yorkſhire*.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, Mowbray, Haſtings, *and* Colevile.

YORK.

WHAT is this foreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis *Gaultree* foreſt.

York. Here ſtand, my Lords, and ſend diſcoveries forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Haſt. We have ſent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in theſe great affairs,

(26) *And now is this* vice's *dagger.*] By *vice* here the poet means that *drole* character in the old plays, (which I have ſeveral times mention'd in the courſe of theſe notes,) equipp'd with aſſes ears and a wooden dagger. It is very ſatirical in *Falſtaff* to compare *Shallow*'s activity and impertinence to ſuch a machine as a *wooden dagger* in the hands and management of a *buffoon*.

acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
lated letters from *Northumberland*;
cold intent, tenour and ſubſtance thus:
loth he wiſh his perſon, with ſuch powers
ght hold fortance with his quality,
hich he could not levy; whereupon
retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
rtland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
your attempts may over-live the hazard
earful meeting of their oppoſite.
wb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
aſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

?. Now, what news?
M. Weſt of this foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
odly form comes on the enemy:
y the ground they hide, I judge their number
, or near, the rate of thirty thouſand.
wb. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
ſway on, and face them in the field.

Enter Weſtmorland.

k. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?
wb. I think, it is my Lord of *Weſtmorland.*
ſt. Health and fair greeting from our General,
rince, Lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaſter.*
k. Say on, my Lord of *Weſtmorland*, in peace:
doth concern your coming?
ſt. Then, my Lord,
your Grace do I in chief addreſs
ubſtance of my ſpeech. If that rebellion
like itſelf, in baſe and abject routs,
on by bloody youth, goaded with rage,
countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
if damn'd commotion ſo appear'd
s true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
reverend father, and theſe noble Lords,
not been here to dreſs the ugly form
iſe and bloody inſurrection

With your fair honours. You, my Lord Arch-biſhop,
Whoſe ſee is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whoſe beard the ſilver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whoſe learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whoſe white inveſtments figure innocence,
The dove and very bleſſed ſpirit of peace;
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate yourſelf,
Out of the ſpeech of peace, that bears ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boiſt'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to launces, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

York. Wherefore do I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands.
Briefly, to this end: We are all diſeas'd,
And with our ſurfeiting and wanton hours,
Have brought ourſelves into a burning fever,
And we muſt bleed for it: Of which diſeaſe
Our late King *Richard* being infected, dy'd.
But, my moſt noble Lord of *Weſtmorland*,
I take not on me here as a phyſician:
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But rather ſhew awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, ſick of happineſs;
And purge th' obſtructions, which begin to ſtop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance juſtly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we ſuffer
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We ſee, which way the ſtream of time doth run,
And are inforc'd from our moſt quiet there,
By the rough torrent of occaſion;
And have the ſummary of all our griefs,
When time ſhall ſerve, to ſhew in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
And might by no ſuit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd acceſs unto his perſon,
Ev'n by thoſe men that moſt have done us wrong.
The danger of the days but newly gone,

(Who

(Whoſe memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood) and the examples
Of every minute's inſtance, preſent now,
Have put us in theſe ill-beſeeming arms:
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to eſtabliſh here a peace, indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

Weſt. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What Peer hath been ſuborn'd to grate on you,
That you ſhould ſeal this lawleſs bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a ſeal divine, (27)
And conſecrate commotion's civil page?

York. My brother general, the common-wealth, (28)
To brother born an houſhold cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

Weſt. There is no need of any ſuch redreſs;
Or if there were it not belongs to you.

(27) *Of forg'd rebellion with a ſeal divine?*] In one of my old *quarto*'s of 1600 (for I have two of the ſelf ſame edition; one of which, 'tis evident, was corrected in ſome paſſages during the working off the whole impreſſion;) after the line above quoted I found this verſe,

And conſecrate commotion's civil edge.

I have thought the verſe worth preſerving, and ventur'd to ſubſtitute *page* for *edge*, with regard to the uniformity of metaphor. Though, I confeſs, the latter may very well do in this ſenſe: That the ſword of rebellion, drawn by a Biſhop, may in ſome ſort be ſaid to be conſecrated by his reverence; as the King, afterwards, talking of going to the holy wars, ſays,

We'll draw no ſwords, but what are ſanctified.

(28) *My brother general the commonwealth*

I make my quarrel in particular.] From the ſame corrected old *quarto* I retriev'd the intermediate line now added to the text; and which, as Mr. *Warburton* obſerv'd to me, is a very ſenſible and very neceſſary line. "The ſenſe is this; (ſays my ingenious friend;) "my brother general the commonwealth, which ought to be the "nurſing father of us all, equally diſtributing its benefits, is become "an houſhold enemy even to thoſe of his own houſe, to *brothers born*; "by diſinheriting ſome who have an equal title to the patrimony with "others, to whom it gives all: And this I make my quarrel. And "this was the grievance: The conſtant one that makes all the "malecontents in civil commotions; that honours were not equally "diſtributed."

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruiſes of the days before;
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times
To lay an heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

Weſt. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay, indeed, it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Or from the King, or in the preſent time,
That you ſhould have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not reſtor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolk*'s ſeigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father loſt,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The King, that lov'd him, as the ſtate ſtood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to baniſh him.
And then, when *Harry Bolingbroke* and he
Being mounted and both rowſed in their ſeats,
Their neighing courſers daring of the ſpur,
Their armed ſtaves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtaid
My father from the breaſt of *Bolingbroke*;
O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw;
Then threw he down himſelf, and all their lives,
That by indictment, or by dint of ſword,
Have ſince miſcarried under *Bolingbroke*.

Weſt. You ſpeak, Lord *Mowbray*, now, you know not what.
The Earl of *Hereford* was reputed then
In *England* the moſt valiant gentleman.
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have ſmil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of *Coventry*;
For all the country in a general voice
Cry'd hate upon him; all their prayers and love
Were ſet on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,

And

And bleſs'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the King. (29)
But this is mere digreſſion from my purpoſe.——
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It ſhall appear that your demands are juſt,
You ſhall enjoy them; every thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

Weſt. Mowbray, you over-ween to take it ſo:
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battel is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the uſe of arms,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt;
Then reaſon wills, our hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well; by my will, we ſhall admit no parley.

Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offence:
A rotten caſe abides no handling.

Haſt. Hath the Prince *John* a full commiſſion,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand upon?

Weſt. That is intended in the general's name:
I muſe, you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.

York. Then take, my Lord of *Weſtmorland*, this ſchedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each ſeveral article herein redreſs'd,
All members of our cauſe, both here and hence,

(29) *And bleſs'd and grac'd* more than the King himſelf.] The two oldeſt *folio*'s (which firſt gave us this ſpeech of *Weſtmorland*) read this line thus;

And bleſs'd and grac'd, and did *more than the King*.

Dr. *Thirlby* ſaw it was corrupted by the tranſcribers, and gave me that eaſy cure, with which I have reform'd the text, ſo very near to the traces of the corrupted reading.

That are inſinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantial form;
And preſent executions of our wills,
To us, and to our purpoſes confin'd;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
Weſt. This will I ſhew the General. Pleaſe you, Lords,
In ſight of both our battels, we may meet; (30)
And either end in peace, (which heav'n ſo frame!)
Or to the place of difference call the ſwords
Which muſt decide it.
York. My Lord, we will do ſo. [*Exit* Weſt.
Mowb. There is a thing within my boſom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.
Haſt. Fear you not that: If we can make our peace
Upon ſuch large terms and ſo abſolute,
As our conditions ſhall inſiſt upon,
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Ay, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That ev'ry ſlight and falſe-derived cauſe,
Yea, ev'ry idle, nice and wanton reaſon,
Shall to the King taſte of this action.
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We ſhall be winnow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That ev'n our corn ſhall ſeem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
York. No, no, my Lord, note this; the King is weary
Of dainty and ſuch picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and hiſtory his loſs
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,

(30) *In ſight of both our battles, we may meet*
At *either end in peace; (which Heav'n ſo frame!*
Or to the place of diff'rence, &c.] The alteration which I have made here in the pointing, and that eaſy but certain change in the text, I owe to the direction of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*.

As

; miſdoubts preſent occaſion;
es are ſo enrooted with his friends,
plucking to unfix an enemy,
ith unfaſten ſo and ſhake a friend.
it this land, like an offenſive wife,
hath enrag'd him on to offer ſtrokes,
is ſtriking, holds his infant up,
angs reſolv'd correction in the arm
was uprear'd to execution.
f. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his rods
te offenders, that he now doth lack
ery inſtruments of chaſtiſement:
it his pow'r, like to a fangleſs lion,
offer, but not hold.
k. 'Tis very true:
herefore be aſſur'd, my good Lord Marſhal,
do now make our atonement well,
eace will, like a broken limb united,
ſtronger for the breaking.
wb. Be it ſo.
is return'd my Lord of *Weſtmorland*.

Enter Weſtmorland.

f. The Prince is here at hand: Pleaſeth your Lordſhip
eet his Grace, juſt diſtance 'tween our armies?
wb. Your Grace of *York* in God's name then ſet forward.
k. Before, and greet his Grace; my Lord, we come.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter.

l. You're well encounter'd here, my couſin *Mowbray*:
-day to you, my gentle Lord Arch-biſhop,
o to you, Lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
ord of *York*, it better ſhew'd with you,
that your flock, aſſembled by the bell,
led you, to hear with reverence
expoſition on the holy text;
now to ſee you here an iron man,
ing a rout of rebels with your drum,
ng the word to ſword, and life to death,
man that ſits within a Monarch's heart,

And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the count'nance of the King,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſs? with you, Lord Biſhop,
It is ev'n ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the books of Heav'n?
To us, the ſpeaker in his parliament:
To us, th' imagin'd voice of Heav'n itſelf;
The very opener, and intelligencer
Between the grace, the ſanctities of Heav'n,
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall believe
But you miſuſe the rev'rence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of Heav'n,
As a falſe favourite doth his Prince's name
In deeds diſhon'rable? you've taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The ſubjects of his ſubſtitute, my father;
And both againſt the peace of Heav'n and him
Have here up-ſwarm'd them.

York. Good my Lord of *Lancaſter*,
I am not here againſt your father's peace:
But, as I told my Lord of *Weſtmorland*,
The time miſ-order'd doth in common ſenſe
Crowd us and cruſh us to this monſtrous form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhov'd from the court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-ſon of war is born,
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleep
With grant of our moſt juſt and right deſire;
And true obedience, of this madneſs cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of Majeſty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though we here fall down,
We have ſupplies to ſecond our attempt:
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhall ſecond them.
And ſo ſucceſs of miſchief ſhall be born,
And heir from heir ſhall hold his quarrel up,
While *England* ſhall have generation.

Lan. You are too ſhallow, *Haſtings*, much too ſhallow,

To

To ſound the bottom of the after-times.
Weſt. Pleaſeth your Grace, to anſwer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?
Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And ſwear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purpoſes have been miſtook;
And ſome about him have too laviſhly
Wreſted his meaning and authority.
My Lord, theſe griefs ſhall be with ſpeed redreſſ;
Upon my life, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your pow'rs unto their ſeveral counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear thoſe tokens home,
Of our reſtored love and amity.
York. I take your princely word for theſe redreſſes.
Lan. I give it you; and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.
Haſt. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well pleaſe them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit* Colevile.
York. To you, my noble Lord of *Weſtmorland.*
Weſt. I pledge your Grace; and if you knew what pains
I have beſtow'd, to breed this preſent peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to ye
Shall ſhew itſelf more openly hereafter.
York. I do not doubt you.
Weſt. I am glad of it.
Health to my Lord, and gentle couſin *Mowbray.*
Mowb. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am on the ſudden ſomething ill.
York. Againſt ill chances men are ever merry,
But heavineſs fore-runs the good event.
Weſt. Therefore be merry, coz, ſince ſudden ſorrow
Serves to ſay thus; ſome good thing comes to-morrow.
York. Believe me, I am paſſing light in ſpirit.
Mowb. So much the worſe, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts.*
Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark! they ſhout.
Mowb.

Mowb. This had been chearful after victory.

York. A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt;
For then both parties nobly are ſubdu'd,
And neither party loſer.

Lan. Go, my Lord,
And let our army be diſcharged too. [*Exit* Weſt.
And, good my Lord, ſo pleaſe you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruſe the men
We ſhould have cop'd withal.

York. Go, good Lord *Haſtings:*
And, ere they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by. [*Ex.* Haſt.

Lan. I truſt, Lords, we ſhall lie to-night together.

Re-enter Weſtmorland.

Now, couſin, wherefore ſtands our army ſtill?

Weſt. The leaders, having charge from you to ſtand,
Will not go off until they hear you ſpeak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Haſtings.

Haſt. My Lord, our army is diſpers'd already:
Like youthful ſteers unyoak'd, they took their courſe
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth: Or like a ſchool broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and ſporting-place.

Weſt Good tidings, my Lord *Haſtings*; for the which
I do arreſt thee, traitor, of high treaſon:
And you, Lord Arch-biſhop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
Of capital treaſon I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding juſt and honourable?

Weſt. Is your aſſembly ſo?

York. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd you none:
I promis'd you redreſs of theſe ſame grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a moſt chriſtian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taſte the due
Meet for rebellion and ſuch acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike up our drums, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray,
Heav'n, and not we, hath ſafely fought to-day.

Some

Some guard theſe traitors to the block of death,
Treaſon's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarm. Excurſions.*

Enter Falſtaff *and* Coleville.

Fal. What's your name, Sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a Knight, Sir: and my name is *Coleville* of the dale.

Fal. Well then, *Coleville* is your name, a Knight is your degree, and your place, the dale. *Coleville* ſhall ſtill be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough: ſo ſhall you ſtill be *Coleville* of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir *John Falſtaff?*

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, who e'er I am: do ye yield, Sir, or ſhall I ſweat for you? if I do ſweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouze up fear and trembling, and do obſervance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are Sir *John Falſtaff*, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all ſpeaks any other word but my name: an I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were ſimply the moſt active fellow in *Europe*: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Weſtmorland.

Lan. The heat is paſt, follow no farther now,
Call in the pow'rs, good couſin *Weſtmorland.*

[*Exit* Weſt.

Now, *Falſtaff*, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break ſome gallows' back.

Fal. I would be ſorry, my Lord, but it ſhould be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a ſwallow, an ar-

row,

row, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I ſpeeded hither with the very extreameſt inch of poſſibility. I have founder'd nineſcore and odd poſts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir *John Colevile* of the dale, a moſt furious knight and valorous enemy: but what of that? he ſaw me and yielded; that I may juſtly ſay with the hook-nos'd fellow of *Rome* there, *Cæſar*,—I came, ſaw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courteſy than your deſerving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him; and I beſeech your Grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, *Colevile* kiſſing my foot: to the which courſe if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear ſky of fame, o'erſhine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which ſhew like pins heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let deſert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it ſhine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Fal. Let it do ſomething, my good Lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name *Colevile?*

Cole. It is, my Lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, *Colevile.*

Fal. And a famous true ſubject took him.

Cole. I am, my Lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You ſhould have won them dearer than you have.

Fal I know not how they ſold themſelves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'ſt thyſelf away *gratis*; and I thank thee for thee.

Enter Weſtmorland.

Lan. Now, have you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and execution ſtay'd.

Lan.

Lan. Send *Colevile* then with his confederates
To *York*, to preſent execution.
Blunt, lead him hence; and ſee, you guard him ſure.
[*Ex. with* Colevile.
And now diſpatch we tow'rd the court, my Lords;
I hear, the King, my father, is ſore ſick:
Our news ſhall go before us to his Majeſty,
Which, couſin, you ſhall bear to comfort him:
And we with ſober ſpeed will follow you.

Fal. My Lord, I beſeech you, give me leave to go through *Glo'ſterſhire*; and when you come to court, 'pray, let me ſtand my good Lord in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, *Falſtaff*; I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of theſe demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth ſo over-cool their blood, and making many fiſh-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-ſickneſs; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good ſherris-ſack hath a two-fold operation in it; it aſcends me into the brain, dries me there all the fooliſh, dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehenſive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable ſhapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent ſherris, is, the warming of the blood; which before, cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardiſe; but the ſherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards, to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty ſpirits muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who great, and puſt up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour

comes

comes of ſherris. So that ſkill in the weapon is nothing without ſack, for that ſets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till ſack commences it, and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſteril and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good ſtore of fertil ſherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt human principle I would teach them ſhould be to forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to ſack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, *Bardolph?*

Bar. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go; I'll through *Glouceſterſhire*, and there will I viſit maſter *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Palace at *Weſtminſter*.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, *and* Glouceſter.

K. *Henry.* NOW Lords, if heav'n doth give ſucceſsful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctify'd.
Our navy is addreſs'd, our power collected,
Our ſubſtitutes in abſence well inveſted,
And every thing lies level to our wiſh:
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength:
And pauſe us, till theſe rebels now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not, but your Majeſty
Shall ſoon enjoy.

K. *Henry. Humphry*, my ſon of *Glouceſter*,
Where is the Prince your brother?

2 *Glou.*

Glou. I think, he's gone to hunt, my Lord, at *Windſor*.
K. *Henry.* And how accompanied?
Glou. I do not know, my Lord.
K. *Henry.* Is not his brother, *Thomas* of *Clarence*, with him?
Glou. No, my good Lord, he is in preſence here.
Cla. What would my Lord and father?
K. *Henry.* Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of *Clarence*.
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, *Thomas*;
Thou haſt a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cheriſh it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'ſt effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatneſs and thy other brethren.
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as ſudden
As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day.
His temper therefore muſt be well obſerv'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But being moody, give him line and ſcope,
Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*;
And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united veſſel of their blood,
(Mingled with venom of ſuggeſtion,
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in:)
Shall never leak, though it do work as ſtrong
As *Aconitum*, or raſh gun-powder.
Cla. I ſhall obſerve him with all care and love.
K. *Henry.* Why art thou not at *Windſor* with him, *Thomas*?
Cla. He is not there to day; he dines in *London*.
K. *Henry.* And how accompanied? can'ſt thou tell that?

Cla.

Cla. With *Poins*, and other his continual followers.

K. *Henry*. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds:
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is over-ſpread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches itſelf beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you ſhall look upon,
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors.
For when his head-ſtrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counſellors,
When means and laviſh manners meet together,
Oh, with what wings ſhall his affection fly
Tow'rds fronting peril and oppos'd decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you look beyond him quite:
The Prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your Highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe,
But to be known and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The Prince will in the perfectneſs of time
Caſt off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a meaſure live,
By which his Grace muſt meet the lives of others;
Turning paſt evils to advantages.

K. *Henry*. 'Tis ſeldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.——Who's here? *Weſtmorland?*

Enter Weſtmorland.

Weſt. Health to my Sovereign, and new happineſs
Added to that, which I am to deliver!
Prince *John*, your ſon, doth kiſs your Grace's hand.
Mowbray, the Biſhop *Scroop*, *Haſtings*, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's ſword unſheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive ev'ry where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leiſure may your Highneſs read,
With every courſe, in his particular.

K. *Henry*.

K. *Henry.* O *Weſtmorland*, thou art a ſummer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter ſings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heav'n keep your Majeſty:
And, when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolph*,
With a great pow'r of *Engliſh* and of *Scots*,
Are by the Sh'riff of *Yorkſhire* overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight
This packet, pleaſe it you, contains at large.

K. *Hen.* And wherefore ſhould theſe good news make me
Will fortune never come with both hands full, [ſick?
But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach, and no food;
(Such are the poor in health) or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach; (ſuch the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.)
I ſhould rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my ſight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill!

Glou. Comfort your Majeſty!

Cla. Oh, my royal father!

Weſt. My Sovereign Lord, chear up yourſelf, look up.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know, theſe fits
Are with his Highneſs very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air: he'll ſtrait be well.

Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out theſe pangs;
Th' inceſſant care and labour of his mind (31)

Hath

(31) *Th' inceſſant care and labour of his mind*
Hath wrought the mure, &c.] *Daniel*, in his *Miſeries* of the *Engliſh* civil wars, ſpeaking of the long decay *Henry* IV. felt from inward ſickneſs, has this very thought. I con't know the date of that poem being wrote, ſo cannot ſay which poet has copied from the other.

And pain and grief, inforcing more and more,
Beſieg'd the hold that could not long defend;
Conſuming ſo all the reſiſting ſtore
Of thoſe proviſions nature deign'd to lend,

As

Hath wrought the mure, that ſhould confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.
Glou. The people fear me; for they do obſerve
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The ſeaſons change their manners, as the year
Had found ſome months aſleep, and leap'd them over.
Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk (time's doting chronicles)
Say, it did ſo a little time before
That our great grandſire *Edward* ſick'd and dy'd.
War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.
Glou. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.
K. *Henry.* I pray you take me up, and bear me hence
Into ſome other chamber: ſoftly, 'pray.
Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle friends,
Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
Will whiſper muſick to my weary ſpirit.
War. Call for the muſick in the other room.
K. *Henry.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Leſs noiſe, leſs noiſe.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* Who ſaw the Duke of *Clarence?*
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heavineſs.
P. *Henry.* How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?
How doth the King?
Glou. Exceeding ill.
P. *Henry.* Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
P. *Henry.* If he be ſick with joy,
He'll recover without phyſick.
War. Not ſo much noiſe, my Lords; ſweet Prince, ſpeak.
The King, your father, is diſpos'd to ſleep. [low.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't pleaſe your Grace to go along with us?

As that the *walls*, worn *thin*, permit the *mind*
To look out thorough, and his frailty find. Book IV. St. 84.

P. *Henry*,

P. *Henry.* No; I will ſit, and watch here by the King.
[*Exeunt all but P.* Henry.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bed-fellow?
O poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber open wide
To many a watchful night: ſleep with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he, whoſe brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O Majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That ſcalds with ſafety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which ſtirs not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs down
Perforce muſt move. My gracious Lord! my father!
This ſleep is ſound, indeed; this is a ſleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd (32)
So many *Engliſh* Kings. Thy due from me
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteouſly.
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,
Which heav'n ſhall guard: and put the world's whole ſtrength
Into one giant arm, it ſhall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

(32) *That from this golden* rigol—] *i. e.* Ring, or circle.
In *Macbeth* he has expreſs'd it;

All that impedes thee from the *golden round.*

But we once more meet with the word *rigol* in our author's works;

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watry *rigol* goes, &c.
Tarquin *and* Lucrece.

The word ſeems of *Italian* extraction.——Ridda, *chorea, cum nexis manibus ſaltando in orbem vertuntur. A* ridda, ridoletto, rigoletto, rigolo.——So *Ferrarius* in his *Origines Italicæ.* Hence a *rigolet*, or *rigol*, may, I preſume, ſtand in *Engliſh* for a circle, any thing round.

Enter

Enter Warwick, Glouceſter, *and* Clarence.

K. *Henry. Warwick! Glouceſter! Clarence!*
Cla. Doth the King call?
War. What would your Majeſty? how fares your Grace?
K. *Henry.* Why did you leave me here alone, my Lords?
Cla. We left the Prince my brother here, my Liege,
Who undertook to ſit and watch by you.
K. *Hen.* The Prince of *Wales!* where is he? let me ſee him.
War. This door is open, he is gone this way.
Glou. He came not through the chamber where we ſtay'd.
K. *Hen.* Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.
K. *Hen.* The Prince hath ta'en it hence; go ſeek him out.
Is he ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe
My ſleep my death? find him, my Lord of *Warwick*,
And chide him hither ſtrait; this part of his
Conjoins with my diſeaſe, and helps to end me.
See, ſons, what things you are! how quickly nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object?
For this, the fooliſh over-careful fathers
Have broke their ſleeps with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with induſtry: for this, engroſſed
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-atchieved gold:
For this, they have been thoughtful to inveſt
Their ſons with arts and martial exerciſes:
When, like the bee, culling from ev'ry flow'r,
Our thighs are packt with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains! this bitter taſte
Yield his engroſsments to the dying father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is he, that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friend, ſickneſs, hath determin'd me?
War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
Waſhing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With ſuch a deep demeanour in great ſorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaft but blood,
Would by beholding him have waſh'd his knife

With

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
K. *Henry*. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, *Harry*;
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. [*Exe. Lords.*
P. *Henry*. I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.
K. *Henry*. Thy wiſh was father, *Harry*, to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with my honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the greatneſs, that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtoln that, which, after ſome few hours,
Were thine without offence: And at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lov'dſt me not;
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! can'ſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyſelf,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears, that ſhould bedew my herſe,
Be drops of balm to ſanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten duſt,
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, vanity!
Down, royal ſtate! all you ſage councellors, hence;
And to the *Engliſh* court aſſemble now,
From ev'ry region, apes of idleneſs:
Now, neighbour-confines, purge you of your ſcum;
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear? drink? dance?

Revel

Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall double gild his treble guilt; (33)
England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
For the Fifth *Harry* from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of reſtraint; and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with wolves thy old inhabitants.

P. *Henry*. O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears,
(The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech,) [*Kneeling*.
I had fore-ſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your crown;
And he, that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! if I do feign,
O let me in my preſent wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my Liege, to think you were)
I ſpake unto the crown, as having ſenſe,

(33) England *ſhall double* gild *his treble* guilt.] This line is in all the editions in general, but Mr. *Pope*'s; and he has thought fit to caſhier it. If he imagin'd the conceit too mean, he ought at leaſt to have degraded it to the bottom of his page, not abſolutely ſtifled it. But mean as the conceit is, our author has repeated it again in his K. *Henry* V.

Have for the gilt of *France* (O guilt, *indeed!*)
Confirm'd conſpiracy with fearful *France*.

And

And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold;
Other, leſs fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preſerving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, royal Liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride,
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. *Henry*. O my ſon!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, *Harry*, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel,
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heav'n knows, my ſon,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myſelf know well,
How troubleſome it ſate upon my head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:
For all the ſoil of the atchievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me
But as an honour ſnatch'd with boiſt'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood ſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace. All theſe bold fears,
Thou ſeeſt, with peril I have anſwered.
For all my reign hath been but as a ſcene,

Acting

Acting that argument: And now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer ſort;
So thou the garland wear'ſt ſucceſſively.
Yet though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou muſt make thy friends,
Have but their ſtings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whoſe fell working I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe pow'r I well might lodge a fear,
To be again diſplac'd: Which to avoid
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe now
To lead out many to the holy land;
Leſt reſt and lying ſtill might make them look
Too near into my ſtate. Therefore, my *Harry*,
Be it thy courſe to buſy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence, borne out,
May waſte the memory of former days.
More would I, but my lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. *Henry*. My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my poſſeſſion be;
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainſt all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Warwick.

K. *Henry*. Look, look, here comes my *John* of *Lancaſter*.

Lan. Health, peace and happineſs to my royal father!

K. *Henry*. Thou bring'ſt me happineſs and peace, ſon *John*;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd, trunk. Upon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſs makes a period.
Where is my Lord of *Warwick*?

P. *Henry*. My Lord of *Warwick*——

K. *Henry*. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jeruſalem*, my noble Lord.

K. *Henry*,

K. *Henry*. Laud be to God! ev'n there my life muſt end.
It hath been propheſy'd to me many years,
I ſhould not die but in *Jeruſalem:*
Which vainly I ſuppos'd the holy land.
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie:
In that *Jeruſalem* ſhall *Harry* die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *Shallow*'s ſeat in *Gloceſterſhire.*

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaff, Bardolph, *and* Page.

SHALLOW.

BY cock and pye, Sir, you ſhall not away to-night. What! *Davy*, I ſay——

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, maſter *Robert Shallow.*

Shal. I will not excuſe you: you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: There is no excuſe ſhall ſerve: you ſhall not be excus'd. Why, *Davy*——

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, let me ſee, *Davy,* let me ſee; yea, marry, *William* cook, bid him come hither.—Sir *John,* you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus; Thoſe precepts cannot be ſerv'd; and, again, Sir, ſhall we ſow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, *Davy.* But for *William* cook, ——are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yea, Sir——Here is now the ſmith's note for ſhooing, and plow-irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt and paid——Sir *John,* you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now Sir, a new link to the bucket muſt needs

be had. And, Sir, do you mean to ſtop any of *William's* wages about the ſack he loſt the other day at *Hinckley* fair?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it. Some pigeons, *Davy*, a couple of ſhort-legg'd hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickſhaws: Tell *William* cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war ſtay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, *Davy*. I will uſe him well. A friend i' th' court is better than a penny in purſe. Uſe his men well, *Davy*, for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worſe than they are back-bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linnen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*. About thy buſineſs, *Davy*.

Davy. I beſeech you, Sir, to countenance *William Viſor* of *Woncot* againſt *Clement Perkes* of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, *Davy*, againſt that *Viſor*; that *Viſor* is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worſhip, that he is a knave, Sir; but yet God forbid, Sir, but a knave ſhould have ſome countenance at his friend's requeſt. An honeſt man, Sir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when a knave is not. I have ſerv'd your worſhip truly, Sir, theſe eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave againſt an honeſt man, I have but very little credit with your worſhip. The knave is mine honeſt friend, Sir, therefore I beſeech your worſhip let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to, I ſay, he ſhall have no wrong: Look about, *Davy*. Where are you, Sir *John?* come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, maſter *Bardolph*.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your worſhip.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind maſter *Bardolph*; and welcome, my tall fellow; [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir *John*.

Fal. I'll follow you, good maſter *Robert Shallow*. [*Exeunt* Shallow, Silence, *&c.*] *Bardolph*, look to our horſes ——If I were ſaw'd into quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch bearded-hermite-ſtaves as maſter *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his mens ſpirits and his: They, by obſerving of him, do bear themſelves like fooliſh juſtices; he, by con-

converſing with them, is turn'd into a juſtice-like ſerving-man. Their ſpirits are ſo married in conjunction, with the participation of ſociety, that they flock together in conſent like ſo many wild geeſe. If I had a ſuit to maſter *Shallow*, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their maſter: If to his men, I would curry with maſter *Shallow*, that no man could better command his ſervants. It is certain, that either wiſe bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another: Therefore let men take heed of their company. I will deviſe matter enough out of this *Shallow* to keep Prince *Henry* in continual laughter the wearing out of ſix faſhions, which is four terms or two actions, and he ſhall laugh without *Intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lye with a ſlight oath, and a jeſt with a ſad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his ſhoulders. O, you ſhall ſee him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*within.*] Sir *John*———

Fal. I come, maſter *Shallow*; I come, maſter *Shallow*.

[*Exit* Falſtaff.

SCENE changes to the Court, in *London*.

Enter the Earl of Warwick *and the Lord Chief Juſtice.*

War. HOW now, my Lord Chief Juſtice, whither away?

Ch. Juſt. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: His cares are now all ended.

Ch. Juſt. I hope, not dead?

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purpoſes he lives no more.

Ch. Juſt. I would, his Majeſty had call'd me with him.
The ſervice, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young King loves you not.

Ch. Juſt. I know, he doth not; and do arm myſelf,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideouſly on me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantaſy.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter, Glouceſter, *and* Clarence

War. Here come the heavy iſſue of dead *Harry:*
O, that the living *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen:
How many Nobles then ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſail to ſpirits of vile ſort!

Ch. Juſt. Alas, I fear, all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good-morrow, couſin *Warwick.*

Glou. Clar. Good-morrow, couſin.

Lan. We meet, like men that had forgot to ſpeak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch Juſt. Peace be with us, leſt we be heavier!

Glou. O, good my Lord, you've loſt a friend indeed;
And I dare ſwear, you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow; it is, ſure, your own.

Lan. Tho' no man be aſſur'd what grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation.
I am the ſorrier; would, 'twere otherwiſe.

Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeak Sir *John Falſtaff* fair,
Which ſwims againſt your ſtream of quality.

Ch. Juſt. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my ſoul;
And never ſhall you ſee, that I will beg
A ragged and foreſtall'd remiſſion.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my maſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Juſt. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty!

P. *Henry.* This new and gorgeous garment, Majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſy on me, as you think.
Brothers, you mix your ſadneſs with ſome fear:
This is the *Engliſh,* not the *Turkiſh* court;
Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* ſucceeds,
But *Harry, Harry.* Yet be ſad, good brothers,

For to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow ſo royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be ſad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by Heav'n, I bid you be aſſur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too:
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep, that *Harry*'s dead; and ſo will I.
But *Harry* lives, that ſhall convert thoſe tears
By number into hours of happineſs.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majeſty.

P. *Henry*. You all look ſtrangely on me; and you moſt.
You are, I think, aſſur'd, I love you not. [*To the Ch. Juſt.*

Ch. Juſt. I am aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

P. *Henry*. No! might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
Th' immediate heir of *England!* was this eaſy?
May this be waſh'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Ch. Juſt. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And in th' adminiſtration of his law,
While I was buſy for the common-wealth,
Your Highneſs pleaſed to forget my place,
The Majeſty and pow'r of law and juſtice,
The image of the King whom I preſented;
And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at naught:
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench;
To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon.
Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,
And mock your working in a ſecond body.

Queſtion your royal thoughts, make the caſe yours;
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon;
Hear your own dignity ſo much profan'd;
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo loofely ſlighted;
Behold yourſelf ſo by a ſon diſdain'd:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your pow'r ſo ſilencing your ſon.
After this cold conſid'rance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a King, ſpeak in your ſtate,
What I have done that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my Liege's ſovereignty.

P. *Henry*. You are right Juſtice, and you weigh this well,
Therefore ſtill bear the balance and the ſword:
And I do wiſh, your honours may increaſe,
Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my father's words;
'Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold,
'That dares do juſtice on my proper ſon;
'And no leſs happy, having ſuch a ſon,
'That would deliver up his greatneſs ſo
'Into the hand of juſtice.—You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unſtained ſword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance, that you uſe the ſame
With the like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth:
My voice ſhall ſound, as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents,
To your well-practis'd wiſe directions.
And, Princes all, believe me, I beſeech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave, (34)

For

(34) *My father is gone* wail'd *into his grave,*
(For in his tomb lie my affections)] This ridiculous reading (which, I preſume, is Mr. *Pope*'s conjecture, unſupported by authorities, or reaſon;) is not only nonſenſe in itſelf, but is the cauſe that nonſenſe poſſeſſes the following verſes. The poet certainly wrote, as I have reſtor'd with all the old copies. "My father, ſays the Prince, "is gone *wild* into his grave, for now all my *wild* affections lie in-"tomb'd with him; and I ſurvive with his *ſober* ſpirit and diſpoſition,

"to

For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his ſpirit ſadly I ſurvive,
To mock the expectations of the world;
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
After my ſeeming. Tho' my tide of blood
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity 'till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the ſea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal Majeſty.
Now call we our high court of parliament;
And let us chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
That the great body of our ſtate may go
In equal rank with the beſt govern'd nation;
That war or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.
[*To Lord Chief Juſtice.*
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remember'd) all our ſtate,
And (Heav'n conſigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heav'n ſhorten *Harry*'s happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

" to diſappoint thoſe expectations the publick have form'd of me." This the Prince had reſolv'd to do, upon his father's demiſe; as we have heard from his own mouth:

——— *If I do feign,*
O, let me in my preſent Wildneſs *die:*
And never live to ſhow th' incredulous world
The noble change *that I have* purpoſed.

That he did make this change, we hear from the Archbiſhop in the beginning of *Henry* V.

The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his *Wildneſs*, *mortified* in him,
Seem'd to *die* too.

Theſe two quotations very plainly aſſert our poet's reading, and are flagrant teſtimonies of Mr. *Pope*'s unhappy fatality in gueſſing wrong.

SCENE changes to *Shallow*'s Seat in *Glocestershire.*

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, *the Page, and* Davy.

Shal. NAY, you shall see mine orchard, where in an arbour we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of carraways, and so forth: come, cousin *Silence*; and then to bed.

Fal You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: beggars all, beggars all, Sir *John:* marry, good air. Spread, *Davy*, spread, *Davy*; well said, *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* serves you for good uses; he is your servingman, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir *John*. By th' mass, I have drank too much sack at supper.—A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah, quoth-a,
We shall do nothing but eat, and make good chear, [*Singing.*
And praise heav'n for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there;
So merrily, and ever among, so merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good master *Silence*. I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Mr. *Bardolph* some wine, *Davy*.

Davy. Sweet Sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet Sir, sit. Master Page, sit: good master Page, sit: (35) proface. What you want in meat, we'll have in drink; but you must bear, the heart's all. [*Exit.*

(35) Proface. *What you want in meat, you have in drink,*] I meet with this word again in an old comedy, call'd, The *Widow*'s *Tears*.

Well, I have done;—and well done, frailty.
Proface; how lik'st thou it?

(Spoken to a girl, that is greedily eating victuals brought her by the speaker.) I have not found this word any where explain'd; but I presume it a contraction from the *Italian* phrase, *Bon vi profaccia*; i. e. Much good may't do you.

Shal.

. Be merry, master *Bardolph*, and, my little soere, be merry.

[*Singing.*] Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,
men are Shrews, both short and tall;
rry in hall, when beards wag all,
lcome merry *Shrovetide*.

y, be merry.

I did not think, master *Silence* had been a man of ttle.

Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

Davy,——

. Your worship——I'll be with you straight. A vine, Sir?

Singing.] A cup of wine,
brisk and fine,
nk unto the leman mine;
nerry heart lives long-a.

Well said, master *Silence*.

f we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of it.

Health and long life to you, master *Silence*.

'ill the cup, and let it come. I'll pledge you, mile to the bottom.

Honest *Bardolph*, welcome; if thou want'st any id will not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, le tiny thief, and welcome, indeed, too: I'll master *Bardolph*, and to all the cavileroes about

I hope to see *London*, ere I die.

If I might see you there, *Davy*,——

You'll crack a quart together? ha, will you not, *ardolph*?

Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

By God's liggens, I thank thee; the knave will thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, e-bred.

Bard. And I'll ſtick by him, Sir.

[*One knocks at the door.*

Shal. Why, there ſpoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Look; who's at door there, ho? who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [*Singing.*] Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo.* Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't ſo? why, then ſay, an old man can do ſomewhat.

Dav. If it pleaſe your Worſhip, there's one *Piſtol* come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.

Enter Piſtol.

How now, *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Sir *John*, ſave you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Not the ill wind which blows no man good, ſweet Knight: thou art now one of the greateſt men in the realm.

Sil. Indeed, I think he be, but goodman *Puff* of *Barſon.*

Piſt. *Puff?*

Puff in thy teeth, moſt recreant coward baſe!
Sir *John*, I am thy *Piſtol* and thy friend;
And helter ſkelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Piſt. A foutra for the world and worldlings baſe!
I ſpeak of *Africa* and golden joys.

Fal. O baſe *Aſſyrian* Knight, what is thy news?
Let King *Cophetua* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And *Robin-hood*, *Scarlet*, and *John.*

Piſt. Shall dunghill curs confront the *Helicons?*
And ſhall good news be baffled?
Then *Piſtol* lay thy head in fury's lap.

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. If, Sir, you come with news

news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the King in ſome authority.

Piſt. Under which King? *Bezonian*, ſpeak or die. (36)

Shal. Under King *Harry*.

Piſt. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Piſt. A foutra for thine office!
Sir *John*, thy tender lamb-kin now is King.
Harry the Fifth's the man. I ſpeak the truth.
When *Piſtol* lyes, do this, and fig me like
The bragging *Spaniard*.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Piſt. As nail in door: the things I ſpeak are juſt.

Fal. Away, *Bardolph*, ſaddle my horſe. Maſter *Robert Shallow*, chuſe what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. *Piſtol*, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a Knighthood for my fortune.

Piſt. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry maſter *Silence* to bed: maſter *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's ſteward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. Oh, ſweet *Piſtol!* away, *Bardolph*: come, *Piſtol*, utter more to me; and withal deviſe ſomething to do thyſelf good. Boot, boot, maſter *Shallow*. I know the young King is ſick for me. Let us take any man's horſes: the laws of *England* are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief Juſtice!

Piſt. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo!
Where is the life that late I led, ſay they?
Why, here it is, welcome this pleaſant day. [*Exeunt.*

(36) ——Bezonian, *ſpeak or die*]. So again *Suffolk* ſays in 2 *Henry* VI.

Great men oft die by vile *Bezonians*.

We are not to imagine this any nation of people; but it is a term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with our poet, and of *Italian* extraction. *Biſogno*, among other ſignifications, means, *neceſſity*; and *Biſognoſo*, a *needy* perſon; thence, metaphorically, a baſe ſcoundrel.

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Street in *London*.

Enter Hoſteſs Quickly, Doll Tear-ſheet, *and Beadles.*

Hoſt. NO, thou arrant-knave, I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of joint.

Bead The conſtables have deliver'd her over to me; and ſhe ſhall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two kill'd about her.

Dol Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lye: come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-viſag'd raſcal, if the child I go with, do miſcarry, thou had'ſt better thou hadſt ſtruck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Hoſt. O the Lord, that Sir *John* were come he would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miſcarry.

Bead. If it do, you ſhall have a dozen of cuſhions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and *Piſtol* beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, (37) thou thin man in a cenſer! I will have you as ſoundly ſwindg'd for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famiſh'd correctioner! if you be not ſwindg'd, I'll forſwear half kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you ſhe-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt. O, that right ſhould thus o'ercome might! Well, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

(37) *Thou thin man in a* Cenſer!] A *Cenſer*, 'tis well known, is a veſſel for burning incenſe, a perfume-pan. But what is this *thin man* in it? I have ſeen ſeveral antique *Cenſers*, exactly in the ſhape of our diſhes for the table, which, being of braſs, were beat out exceeding thin. In the middle of the bottom was rais'd up, in imboſs'd work, with the hammer, the figure of ſome *Saint* in a kind of barbarous hollow *Baſs relief*, the whole diameter of the bottom. The Saint was generally he, to whom the church, in which the cenſer was us'd, was dedicated: (tho' I once ſaw one with an *Adam* and *Eve* at the bottom.) Now this *thin Beadle* is compar'd, for his ſubſtance, to one of theſe *thin* hammer'd *Figures*, with the ſame kind of humour that *Piſtol* in the *Merry Wives* calls *Slender* a *laten* Bilboe. Mr. *Warburton.*

Dol.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a juſtice.
Hoſt. Yes, come, you ſtarv'd blood-hound.
Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!——
Hoſt. Thou Atomy, thou!
Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you raſcal!
Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a publick Place near *Weſtminſter*-Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, ſtrewing ruſhes.

1 *Groom.* More ruſhes, more ruſhes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have ſounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation: diſpatch, diſpatch.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolph, *and the Boy.*

Fal. Stand here by me, maſter *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you grace: I will leer upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Piſt. Bleſs thy lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come here, *Piſtol*, ſtand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have beſtow'd the thouſand pound I borrow'd of you. But it is no matter, this poor ſhew doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. It ſhews my earneſtneſs of affection.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Fal. My devotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certain.

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with travel, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting

all

all affairs elſe in oblivion, as if there were nothing elſe to be done but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem*; for *abſque hoc nihil eſt*. 'Tis all in every part.

Sbal. 'Tis ſo, indeed.

Piſt. My Knight, I will enflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage.
Thy *Dol* and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts
Is in baſe durance and contagious priſon;
Haul'd thither by mechanick dirty hands.
Rouze up revenge from Ebon den, with fell *Alecto*'s ſnake,
For *Dol* is in. *Piſtol* ſpeaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Piſt. There roar'd the ſea; and trumpet clangour ſounds.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter the King, and his train.

Fal. God ſave thy Grace, King *Hal*, my royal *Hal!*

Piſt. The heav'ns thee guard and keep, moſt royal imp of fame!

Fal. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

Ch. Juſt. Have you your wits? know you, what 'tis you ſpeak?

Fal. My King, my *Jove*, I ſpeak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers:
How ill white hairs become a fool and jeſter!
I have long dream'd of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo profane;
But, being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream.
Make leſs thy body, (hence!) and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing, know, the grave doth gape (38) For

(38) ——— *Know, the grave doth gape*
For thee thrice wider than for other men.] I cannot help obſerving on this paſſage, as one of *Shakeſpeare*'s grand touches of nature. The *King*, having ſhaken off his vanities, in this ſcene reproves his old companion Sir *John* for his follies with great ſeverity. He aſſumes the air of a preacher; bids him fall to his prayers, and conſider how ill grey hairs become a buffoon; bids him ſeek after grace, *&c.* and leave gormandizing. But that word, unluckily preſenting him with

a

For thee, thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;
Preſume not, that I am the thing I was:
For heav'n doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former ſelf,
So will I thoſe that kept me company.
When thou doſt hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots;
Till then I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the reſt of my miſ-leaders,
Not to come near our perſon by ten miles.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourſelves,
We will according to your ſtrengths and qualities
Give you advancement. Be't your charge, my Lord,
To ſee perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on. [*Exe. King*, &c.

Fal. Maſter *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir *John*, which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. *Shallow*. Do not you

a pleaſant idea, he can't forbear purſuing it in theſe words,—*Know, the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider*, &c. and is juſt falling back into *Hal* by an humorous alluſion to *Falſtaff*'s bulk: but he perceives it at once, is afraid Sir *John* ſhould take the advantage of it, ſo checks both himſelf and the Knight with

Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;

and reſumes the thread of his diſcourſe, and moralizes on to the end of the chapter. This, I think, is copying nature with great exactneſs, by ſhewing how apt men are to fall back into old cuſtoms; when the change is not made by degrees, as the habit itſelf was, but determined of all at once, on the motives of honour, intereſt, or reaſon. And nothing is more diſguſting than that vicious practice of *Dramatick Poets* of violating the *Unity* of *Character*, and giving the ſame perſonage different aims, purſuits, appetites, and paſſions, at the latter end of the piece from what he ſet out with at the beginning; that rule of *Horace*'s being much more general than he makes it:

Servetur *ad* imum
Qualis ab incœpto *proceſſerit*, & ſibi conſtet.

Mr. Warburton.

grieve

grieve at this; I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unleſs you give me your doublet, and ſtuff me out with ſtraw. I beſeech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This, that you heard, was but a colour,——

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: come, lieutenant *Piſtol*; come, *Bardolph*. I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at night.

Enter Chief Juſtice and Prince John.

Ch. Juſt. Go, carry Sir *John Falſtaff* to the *Fleet*, Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord,——

Ch. Juſt. I cannot now ſpeak, I will hear you ſoon. Take them away.

Piſt. Si fortuna me tormento, ſpera me contento. (39) [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lancaſter, *and Chief Juſtice.*

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But they are baniſh'd, till their converſations
Appear more wiſe and modeſt to the world.

Ch. Juſt. And ſo they are.

(39) *Si fortuna me tormento, ſpera me contento.*] This falſe *Italian* is not from the editors, but purpoſely from the author. *Piſtol*, as an ignorant fellow, but an affecter of languages, quotes a ſcrap he has heard, at all adventures; not knowing whether he is right, or believing that any of the company know. It ſeems to me a fragment from ſome *Chanſon*, or *Madrigal*; and, perhaps ſtood thus in the original.

Si fortuna me tormenta,
La ſperanza *me contenta.*

If fortune afflict me, I'll wrap myſelf up contented in the hope of her growing kinder.

Lan.

H. Gravelot del. Vol: 4. P. 281. G. V.^der Gucht Scul.

Lan. The King hath call'd his parliament, my Lord.
Ch. Juſt. He hath.
Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil ſwords and native fire
As far as *France*. I heard a bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe muſick, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a DANCER.

FIrſt, my fear; then, my court'ſy; laſt, my ſpeech. My fear is your diſpleaſure; my court'ſy, my duty; and my ſpeech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good ſpeech now, you undo me; for what I have to ſay is of mine own making, and what, indeed, I ſhould ſay, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle creditors, loſe. Here, I promiſed you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and, as moſt debtors do, promiſe you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to uſe my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt: but a good conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly.

One word more, I beſeech you; if you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the ſtory with Sir *John* in it, and make you merry with fair *Catharine* of *France*; where, for any thing I know, *Falſtaff* ſhall die of a ſweat, unleſs already he be kill'd with your hard opinions: for *Oldcaſtle* died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and ſo kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.

THE

THE

LIFE

OF

King HENRY V.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fifth.*

Duke of Glouceſter,
Duke of Bedford,
Duke of Clarence,
} *Brothers to the King.*

Duke of York,
Duke of Exeter,
} *Uncles to the King.*

Earl of Saliſbury.
Earl of Weſtmorland.
Earl of Warwick.
Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Biſhop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge,
Lord Scroop,
Sir Thomas Grey,
} *Conſpirators againſt the King.*

Sir Thomas Erpingham,
Gower,
Fluellen,
Mackmorris,
Jamy,
} *Officers in King* Henry's *Army.*

Nym,
Bardolph,
Piſtol,
Boy,
} *Formerly Servants to* Falſtaff, *now Soldiers in the King's Army.*

Bates,
Court,
Williams,
} *Soldiers.*

Charles

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Charles, *King of* France.
The Dauphin.
Duke of Burgundy.
Conſtable,
Orleans,
Rambures,
Bourbon,
Grandpree,
} French *Lords.*
Governor of Harfleur.
Mountjoy, *a Herald.*
Ambaſſadors to the King of England.

Iſabel, *Queen of* France.
Catharine, *Daughter to the King of* France.
Alice, *a Lady attending on the Princeſs* Catharine.
Quickly, Piſtol's *Wife, an Hoſteſs.*
CHORUS.

Lords, Meſſengers, French *and* Engliſh *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

The Scene, *at the beginning of the Play, lies in* England; *but afterwards, wholly in* France.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

O For a muſe of fire, that would aſcend (1)
The brighteſt heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a ſtage, Princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the ſwelling ſcene!
Then ſhould the warlike *Harry*, like himſelf,
Aſſume the port of *Mars*; and, at his heels,
(Leaſht in, like hounds,) ſhould famine, ſword and fire
Crouch for employment. Pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraiſed ſpirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy ſcaffold, to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cock-pit hold
The vaſty field of *France*? or may we cram,
Within this wooden O, the very caſkes
That did affright the air, at *Agincourt*?
O, pardon; ſince a crooked figure may
Atteſt in little place a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppoſe, within the girdle of theſe walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies;
Whoſe high-up-reared, and abutting, fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts aſunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thouſand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puiſſance:
Think, when we talk of horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud hoofs i'th' receiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here, and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning th' accompliſhment of many years
Into an hour-glaſs: for the which ſupply,
Admit me *Chorus* to this hiſtory;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

(1) *O for a muſe of fire,*] MILTON, who was a zealous admirer, and ſtudious imitator of our author, ſeems to have had the fine opening of this prologue in his eye, when he began the 4th Book of his *Paradiſe Loſt*.

O for that warning voice, which he, who ſaw
Th' *Apocalyps*, heard cry in heav'n aloud,
Then, when the Dragon, put to ſecond-rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to th' inhabitants on earth!

The

The LIFE of

King HENRY V. (2)

ACT I.

SCENE, An *Anti-chamber* in the *Engliſh* Court, at *Kenilworth.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY.

MY Lord, I'll tell you; that ſelf bill is urg'd,
Which, in th' eleventh year o'th'laſt King's reign,
Was like, and had, indeed, againſt us paſt,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

Ely. But how, my Lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better half of our poſſeſſion:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout

(2) *The* Life *of King* Henry] The tranſactions, compriz'd in this hiſtorical play, commence about the latter end of the firſt, and terminate in the 8th year of this King's reign; when he married *Catharine* Princeſs of *France*, and cloſed up the differences betwixt *England* and that *crown.*

By

By teſtament have given to the church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
Full fifteen Earls and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint ſouls, paſt corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houſes, right well ſupply'd;
And to the coffers of the King, beſide,
A thouſand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup, and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not;
The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Conſideration, like an angel, came,
And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradiſe,
T' invelope and contain celeſtial ſpirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden ſcholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood
With ſuch a heady current, ſcow'ring faults:
Nor ever *Hydra*-headed wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his ſeat, and all at once,
As in this King.
Ely. We're bleſſed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reaſon in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire, the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy.
Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battel render'd you in muſick.
Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The *Gordian* knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his garter. When he ſpeaks,

The

The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honied ſentences:
So that the act, and practic part of life, (3)
Muſt be the miſtreſs to the theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace ſhould glean it,
Since his addiction was to courſes vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude and ſhallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, ſports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The ſtrawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholeſom berries thrive, and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildneſs; which, no doubt,
Grew like the ſummer graſs, faſteſt by night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.

Cant. It muſt be ſo; for miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we muſt needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good Lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill,
Urg'd by the Commons? doth his Majeſty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He ſeems indifferent;
Or rather ſwaying more upon our part,
Than cherifhing th' exhibiters againſt us.

(3) *So that the* art *and* practic *part of life,*] All the editions, if I am not deceiv'd, are guilty of a ſlight corruption in this paſſage. The Archbiſhop has been ſhewing, what a maſter the King was in the theory of divinity, war, and policy: ſo that it muſt be expected (as I conceive, he would infer;) that the King ſhould now wed that theory to action, and the putting the ſeveral parts of his knowledge into practice. If this be our author's meaning, I think, we can hardly doubt but he wrote,

So that the act, *and practic* &c.

Thus we have a conſonance in the terms and ſenſe. For theory is the art, and ſtudy of the rules of any ſcience; and action the exemplification of thoſe rules by proof and experiment.

For I have made an offer to his Majeſty,
Upon our ſpiritual convocation,
And in regard of cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater ſum,
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predeceſſors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer ſeem receiv'd, my Lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majeſty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his Grace would fain have done)
The ſeverals, and unhidden paſſages
Of his true titles to ſome certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown of *France*,
Deriv'd from *Edward* his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment, that broke this off?

Cant. The *French* Ambaſſador upon that inſtant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embaſſy:
Which I could with a ready gueſs declare,
Before the *Frenchman* ſpeaks a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exe.*

SCENE opens to the Preſence.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Weſtmorland, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry*. WHere is my gracious Lord of *Canterbury*?

Exe. Not here in preſence.

K. *Henry*. Send for him, good uncle.

Weſt. Shall we call in th' Ambaſſador, my Liege?

K. *Henry*. Not yet, my couſin; we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That taſk our thoughts, concerning us and *France*.

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. *Henry*. Sure, we thank you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed;
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not, bar us in our claim.
And, God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading;
Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul
With opening titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Suites not in native colours with the truth.
For God doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed, how you impawn our perſon;
How you awake our ſleeping ſword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed.
For never two ſuch kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whoſe guiltleſs drops
Are every one a woe, a ſore complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe wrong gives edge unto the ſwords,
That make ſuch waſte in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, ſpeak, my Lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your conſcience waſht,
As pure as ſin with baptiſm.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, and you Peers,
That owe your lives, your faith, and ſervices,
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make againſt your Highneſs' claim to *France*,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*;
In terram Salicam *Mulieres nè ſuccedant*;
No woman ſhall ſucceed in Salike *land*:
Which *Salike* land the *French* unjuſtly gloſe
To be the realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land *Salike* lies in *Germany*,
Between the floods of *Sala* and of *Elve*:
Where *Charles* the great, having ſubdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and ſettled certain *French*:

Who, holding in diſdain the *German* women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſht then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in *Salike* land:
Which *Salike*, as I ſaid, 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
Is at this day in *Germany* call'd *Meiſen*.
Thus doth it well appear, the *Salike* law
Was not deviſed for the realm of *France*.
Nor did the *French* poſſeſs the *Salike* land,
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
(Idly ſuppos'd, the founder of this law;)
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-ſix; and *Charles* the great
Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did ſeat the *French*
Beyond the river *Sala* in the year
Eight hundred five. Beſides, their writers ſay,
King *Pepin*, which depoſed *Childerick*,
Did as heir general (being deſcended
Of *Blithild*, which was daughter to King *Clothair*)
Make claim and title to the crown of *France*.
Hugh Capet alſo, who uſurp'd the crown
Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain*, ſole heir male
Of the true line and ſtock of *Charles* the great,
To fine his title with ſome ſhews of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught)
Convey'd himſelf as heir to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the ſon
To *Lewis* th' Emperor, which was the ſon
Of *Charles* the great. Alſo King *Lewis* the ninth,
Who was ſole heir to the uſurper *Capet*,
Could not keep quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the crown of *France*, till ſatisfy'd
That fair Queen *Iſabel*, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady *Ermengere*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid Duke of *Lorain*:
By the which match the line of *Charles* the great
Was re-united to the crown of *France*.
So that, as clear as is the ſummer's ſun,
King *Pepin*'s title, and *Hugh Capet*'s claim,

King *Lewis* his ſatisfaction, all appear (4)
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the Kings of *France* until this day:
Howbeit they would hold up this *Salike* law,
To bar your Highneſs claiming from the female;
And rather chuſe to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles, (5)
Uſurpt from you and your progenitors.

K. *Henry*. May I with right and conſcience make this claim?

Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread Sovereign! [claim?
For in the book of *Numbers* it is writ,
When the ſon dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag:
Look back into your mighty anceſtors;
Go, my dread Lord, to your great grandſire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike ſpirit,
And your great uncle *Edward* the black Prince;
Who on the *French* ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full pow'r of *France*:
While his moſt mighty father, on a hill,
Stood ſmiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of *French* nobility.

(4) *King* Lewis *his* ſatisfaction,] Thus all the authentick copies; Mr. *Pope* in the room of it, either out of a particular delicacy of ear, or religious adherence to the *Chronicles*, has ſubſtituted *poſſeſſion*. But I believe the other to have been the author's word, of choice: he ſeems to be briefly recapitulating his own terms, and he had told us juſt above, that *Lewis* IX. could not wear the crown with a quiet conſcience,

——*till* ſatisfied
That fair Queen Iſabel, *his grandmother*, &c.

(5) *Than* openly imbrace] This is Mr. *Pope*'s reading, and not any ways authoriz'd that I can find. But where is the *Antitheſis* betwixt *hide* in the preceding line, and *imbrace* in this? the two old *Folio*'s read, *than amply to* imbarre——But here is a ſlight corruption in the ſpelling, by the ſuperfluous reduplication of a letter. We certainly muſt either read (as Mr. *Warburton* advis'd me,)—*Than amply to* imbare—(or, as I had ſuſpected, *unbare*;) i. e. lay open, make naked, diſplay to view. I am ſurpris'd Mr. *Pope* did not ſtart this conjecture, as Mr. *Rowe* has led the way to it in his edition, who reads;

Than amply to make bare *their crooked titles*,

O noble *Engliſh*, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pow'r of *France*;
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant arm renew their feats!
You are their heir, you ſit upon their throne;
The blood, and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice puiſſant Liege
Is in the very *May*-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterpriſes.

Exe. Your brother Kings and Monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you ſhould rouze yourſelf;
As did the former lions of your blood.

Weſt. They know, your Grace hath cauſe, and means, and might, (6)
So hath your Highneſs; never King of *England*
Had nobles richer, and more loyal ſubjects;
Whoſe hearts have left their bodies here in *England*,
And lie pavilion'd in the field of *France*.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear Liege,
With blood, and ſword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the ſpiritualty
Will raiſe your Highneſs ſuch a mighty ſum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your anceſtors.

K. *Henry*. We muſt not only arm t'invade the *French*,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Againſt the *Scot*, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of thoſe marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a wall ſufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. *Henry*. We do not mean the courſing ſnatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*,

(6) *They know your Grace hath cauſe, and means and might;*
So hath your Highneſs, never King of England
Had nobles richer,—] Thus has this ſpeech hitherto been moſt ſtupidly pointed, without any regard to common ſenſe. As I have regulated it, we ſee the poet's drift, and come at an eaſy and natural reaſoning.

Who

Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour to us:
For you ſhall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his unfurniſht kingdom
Came pouring, like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſs of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot aſſays;
Girding with grievous ſiege caſtles and towns;
That *England*, being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook, and trembled, at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my
For hear her but exampled by herſelf; [Liege;
When all her chivalry hath been in *France*,
And ſhe a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herſelf not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a ſtray
The King of *Scots*; whom ſhe did ſend to *France*,
To fill King *Edward*'s fame with priſoner Kings;
And make his chronicle as rich with praiſe,
As is the ouzy bottom of the ſea
With ſunken wrack and ſumleſs treaſuries.

Ely. But there's a ſaying very old and true,
If that you will France *win, then with* Scotland *firſt begin.*
For once the eagle *England* being in prey,
To her unguarded neſt the weazel, *Scot*,
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouſe in abſence of the cat,
To taint, and havock, more than ſhe can eat. (7)

Exe. It follows then, the cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a 'scus'd neceſſity; (8)
Since we have locks to ſafeguard neceſſaries,

(7) *To* tear *and havock more than ſhe can eat.*] 'Tis not much the quality of the mouſe to tear the food it comes at, but to run over and defile it. The old quarto reads, *ſpoile*; and the two firſt folio's, *tame:* from which laſt corrupted word, I think, I have retriev'd the poet's genuine reading, *taint*.

(8) *Yet that is but a* curs'd *Neceſſity*;] So the old quarto. The *folio*'s read *cruſh'd:* Neither of the words convey any tolerable idea; but give us a counter-reaſoning, and not at all pertinent. 'Tis *Exeter*'s buſineſs to ſhew, there is no real neceſſity for ſtaying at home: He muſt therefore mean, that though there be a ſeeming neceſſity, yet it is one that may be well *excus'd*, and *got over*. Mr. *Warburton*.

And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' adviſed head defends itſelf at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower, (9)
Put into parts, doth keep in one conſent;
Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like muſick.

Cant. Therefore heaven doth divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion:
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for ſo work the honey bees;
Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a King, and officers of ſort;
Where ſome, like magiſtrates, correct at home:
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad:
Others, like ſoldiers, armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet buds:
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who, buſied in his Majeſty, ſurveys
The ſinging maſon building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanick porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate:
The ſad-ey'd juſtice with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one conſent, may work contrariouſly:
As many arrows, looſed ſeveral ways,
Come to one mark: As many ways meet in one town;
As many freſh ſtreams meet in one ſalt ſea;
As many lines cloſe in the dial's center;
So may a thouſand actions, once a-foot,

(9) *For* government, *though* high, *and* low, *and* lower.] The foundation and expreſſion of this thought ſeem to be borrow'd from *Cicero*, de *Republica*, lib. 2. *Sic ex* ſummis, *&* mediis, *&* infimis *interjectis* Ordinibus, *ut* ſonis, *moderatam ratione Civitatem*, Conſenſu *diſſimilium* concinere *& quæ* Harmonia *a* Muſicis *dicitur in Cantu, eam eſſe in Civitate* Concordiam.

End

End in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege.
Divide your happy *England* into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into *France*;
And you withal ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake:
If we, with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our nation loſe
The name of hardineſs and policy.

K. *Henry*. Call in the meſſengers, ſent from the *Dauphin*.
Now are we well reſolv'd; and by God's help
And yours, the noble ſinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. There we'll ſit,
Ruling in large and ample empery,
O'er *France*, and all her almoſt kingly dukedoms;
Or lay theſe bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them.
Either our hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or elſe our grave,
Like *Turkiſh* mute, ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth;
Not worſhipt with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair couſin *Dauphin*; for we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Majeſty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off
The *Dauphin*'s meaning, and our embaſſy?

K. *Henry*. We are no tyrant, but a chriſtian King,
Unto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our priſons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the *Dauphin*'s mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your Highneſs, lately ſending into *France*,
Did claim ſome certain dukedoms in the right
Of your great predeceſſor, *Edward* the third.

In anſwer of which claim, the Prince our maſter
Says, that you favour too much of your youth;
And bids you be adviſ'd: There's nought in *France*,
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore ſends you (meeter for your ſpirit)
This tun of treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* ſpeaks.

P. *Henry*. What treaſure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege.

K. *Henry*. We're glad, the *Dauphin* is ſo pleaſant with us.
His preſent, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to theſe balls,
We will in *France*, by God's grace, play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him, h'ath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the courts of *France* will be diſturb'd
With chaces. And we underſtand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days;
Not meaſuring, what uſe we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor ſeat of *England*,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourſelf
To barb'rous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merrieſt, when they are from home.
But tell the *Dauphin*, I will keep my ſtate,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſail of greatneſs;
When I do rouze me in my throne of *France*.
For that I have laid by my Majeſty,
And plodded like a man for working days;
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of *France*;
Yea, ſtrike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.
And tell the pleaſant Prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-ſtones; and his ſoul
Shall ſtand ſore charged for the waſteful vengeance,
That ſhall fly with them: Many thouſand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear huſbands;
Mock mothers from their ſons, mock caſtles down:
And ſome are yet ungotten and unborn,

That

That ſhall have cauſe to curſe the *Dauphin*'s ſcorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whoſe name,
Tell you the *Dauphin*, I am coming on
To venge me as I may; and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the *Dauphin*,
His jeſt will ſavour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weep, more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with ſafe conduct. Fare ye well.
[*Exeunt Ambaſſadors.*

Exe. This was a merry meſſage.

K. *Henry.* We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furth'rance to our expedition;
For we have now no thoughts in us but *France*,
Save thoſe to God, that run before our buſineſs.
Therefore, let our proportions for theſe wars
Be ſoon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſs add
More feathers to our wings: For, God before,
We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now taſk his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Now all the youth of *England* are on fire, (10) And

(10) *Now all the youth of* England] I have replaced this *Chorus* here, by the authority of the old *Folio*'s; and ended the firſt *Act*, as the poet certainly intended. Mr. *Pope* remov'd it, becauſe (ſays he) "This *Chorus* manifeſtly is intended to advertiſe the ſpectators of the ſcene to *Southampton*; and therefore ought to be placed juſt before that change, and not here." 'Tis true, the ſpectators are to be inform'd, that, when they next ſee the King, they are to ſuppoſe him at *Southampton*. But this does not imply any neceſſity of this *Chorus* being contiguous to that change. On the contrary, the very concluding lines vouch abſolutely againſt it.

But, till the King come forth, and *not till then*,
Unto *Southampton* do we ſhift our ſcene.

For how abſurd is ſuch a notice, if the ſcene is to change, ſo ſoon as ever the *Chorus* quits the ſtage? beſides, unleſs this Chorus be prefix'd to the ſcene betwixt *Nim*, *Bardolfe*, &c. we ſhall draw the poet into another

And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all christian Kings,
With winged heels, as *English Mercuries*.
For now sits expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial; crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry* and his followers.
The *French*, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the *English* purposes.
O *England!* model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart;
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see, thy fault *France* hath in thee found out;
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treach'rous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, and the second,
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Masham*, and the third,
Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of *Northumberland*,

another absurdity. *Pistol*, *Nim*, and *Bardolfe* are in this scene talking of going to the wars in *France*: But the King had but just, at his quitting the stage, declar'd his resolution of commencing this war: And without the *Interval* of an *Act*, betwixt that scene and the comic characters entring, how could they with any probability be inform'd of this intended expedition? if Mr. *Pope* had ever read Monsieur *Herdelin*'s most curious treatise, call'd, *La Pratique du Theatre*, he would have known, that one main use of the intervals of acts is, that such a pause should *(facilite cette agreable illusion qu'il faut faire aux Spectateurs;)* facilitate that agreeable deception, which must be put upon the spectators. Though a tune between the acts takes up but a very little time, yet the audiences are always willing to help their own deception so far, to allow as much time spent in it, as the poet finds necessary should be employ'd in the conduct of his fable. And therefore 'tis the practice of all knowing poets, where more time is to be skip'd over than could be taken up in the action upon the stage, to suppose that intermediate time spent during the *Intervals* of the acts: By which artifice the spectators come into the deceit, and are not shock'd by a too flagrant improbability.

Have

Have for the gilt of *France* (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conſpiracy with fearful *France*:
And by their hands this grace of Kings muſt die,
If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere he take ſhip for *France*; and in *Southampton*.
Linger your patience on, and well digeſt
Th' abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.
The ſum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from *London*, and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to *Southampton*:
There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit;
And thence to *France* ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back; charming the narrow ſeas
To give you gentle paſs: for if we may, (11)
We'll not offend one ſtomach with our play.
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto *Southampton* do we ſhift our ſcence: [*Exit.*

(11) ——— *charming the narrow ſeas*
To give you gentle paſs:] *Ben Jonſon*, in the Prologue to his *Every Man in his Humour*, ſeems to me to have ſlurted invidiouſly at this play of our author's.

He rather prays, you will be pleas'd to ſee
One ſuch to-day, as other plays ſhould be;
Where neither *Chorus* wafts you o'er the ſeas, &c.

Now this comedy of *Ben*'s was acted in the year 1598, ſo that *Henry* muſt, conſequently, had made its appearance on the ſtage earlier than that period.

ACT II.

SCENE, before *Quickly*'s houſe in *Eaſtcheap*.

Enter Corporal Nim, *and Lieutenant* Bardolph.

BARDOLPH.

WELL met, corporal *Nim.* (12)

Nim. Good-morrow, lieutenant *Bardolph.*

Bard. What, are antient *Piſtol* and you friends yet?

Nim. For my part, I care not: I ſay little; but when time ſhall ſerve, there ſhall be ſmiles; but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron; it is a ſimple one; but what though? it will toaſt cheeſe, and it will endure cold as another man's ſword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you friends, and we'll be all three ſworn brothers to *France:* Let it be ſo, good corporal *Nim.*

Nim. Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: That is my reſt, that is the rendezvous of it.

(12) Bard. *Well met, corporal* Nim.] I have choſe to begin the ſecond *act* here, becauſe each act may cloſe regularly with a *Chorus*. Not that I am perſwaded, this was the poet's intention to mark the *interwals* of his *acts:* As the Chorus did on the old *Grecian* ſtage. He had no occaſion of this ſort: Since, in his time, the pauſes of action were fill'd up, as now, with a leſſon of muſick. And therefore he might think himſelf at liberty to introduce his *Chorus* where he pleas'd; and whenever any gap was made in hiſtory, which was neceſſary to be explain'd for the connection betwixt action and action. In *Pericles*, Prince of *Tyre*, (a play, which has been attributed to our author; and, indeed, ſome part of it is certainly of his writing:) it is evident that the *Chorus* ſometimes ſpeaks in the middle of the *acts*. I'll make one obſervation, that in the obſolete plays, a little before our author's time, theſe ſtage-diviſions were more preciſely aſcertain'd. For then a *dumb ſhow*, repreſenting what was expected to follow, was prefix'd at the head of every *Act*.

Bard.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to *Nel Quickly*; and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, things muſt be as they may; men may ſleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and ſome ſay, knives have edges: It muſt be as it may; though patience be a tir'd mare, (13) yet ſhe will plod; there muſt be conclufions; well, I cannot tell.——

Enter Piſtol *and* Quickly.

Bard. Here comes antient *Piſtol* and his wife; good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine hoſt *Piſtol*?

Piſt Baſe tyke, call'ſt thou me hoſt? now by this hand, I ſwear, I ſcorn the term; nor ſhall my *Nel* keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honeſtly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O welliday Lady, if he be not drawn! (14) Now we ſhall ſee wilful adultery, and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Piſh!——

Piſt. Piſh for thee, *Iſland* dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of *Iſland*.

(13) *Though patience be a tir'd* name, *yet ſhe will* plod.] A tir'd *name plodding*, ſure, is a very ſingular expreſſion. I make no doubt, but it is a corruption of the preſs, and that I have reſtor'd the true reading from the old *Quarto*.

(14) *O welliday Lady, if he be not* hewn *now*,] I cannot underſtand the drift of this expreſſion. If he be not *hewn*, muſt ſignify, if he be not *cut down*; and in that caſe, the very thing is ſuppos'd, which *Quickly* was apprehenſive of. But I rather think, her fright ariſes upon ſeeing their ſwords drawn: And I have ventur'd to make a ſlight alteration accordingly. *If he be not drawn*, for, *if he has not his ſword drawn*, is an expreſſion familiar with our poet: So, in the *Tempeſt*.

Why, how now, ho? awake? why are you *drawn*?

And in *Romeo* and *Juliet*;

What, art thou *drawn* among theſe heartleſs hinds?

Quick.

Quick. Good corporal *Nim*, ſhew thy valour and put up thy ſword.

Nim. Will you ſhog off? I would have you *ſolus*.

Piſt. Solus, egregious dog! O viper vile!
The *ſolus* in thy moſt marvellous face,
The *ſolus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs; yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worſe, within thy naſty mouth.
I do retort the *ſolus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and *Piſtol's* cock is up,
And flaſhing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbaſon*, you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with me, *Piſtol*, I will ſcour you with my rapier as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Piſt. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doating death is near,
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me, what I ſay: he that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroke, I'll run him up to the hilts as I am a ſoldier.

Piſt. An oath of mickle might; and fury ſhall abate.
Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

Piſt. Coupe a gorge, that is the word. I defy thee again.
O hound of *Creet*, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get?
No, to the ſpittle go,
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of *Creſſid's* kind,
Doll Tear-ſheet, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe.
I have, and I will hold the *Quondum Quickly*
For the only ſhe; and *pauca*, there's enough; go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine hoſt *Piſtol*, you muſt come to my maſter, and your hoſteſs; He is very ſick, and would to bed.

Good

Good *Bardolph*, put thy noſe between his ſheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of theſe days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good huſband, come home preſently. [*Exit Quick.*

Bard. Come, ſhall I make you two friends? we muſt to *France* together: why the devil ſhould we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Piſt. Let floods o'erſwell, and fiends for food howl on!—

Nim. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings, I won of you at betting?

Piſt. Baſe is the ſlave, that pays.

Nim. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound, puſh home. [*Draws.*

Bard. By this ſword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'll kill him; by this ſword, I will.

Piſt. Sword is an oath, and oaths muſt have their courſe.

Bard. Corporal *Nim*, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too; pr'ythee, put up.

Piſt. A noble ſhalt thou have and preſent pay;
And liquor likewiſe will I give thee;
And friendſhip ſhall combine and brotherhood.
I'll live by *Nim*, and *Nim* ſhall live by me.
Is not this juſt? for I ſhall ſuttler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nim. I ſhall have my noble?

Piſt. In caſh moſt juſtly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Re-enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir *John:* ah, poor heart, he is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt.

Piſt. *Nim*, thou haſt ſpoken the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it muſt be as it may; he paſſes ſome humours and carreers.

Piſt. Let us condole the Knight; for, lambkins! we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Southampton.*

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Weſtmorland.

Bed. FOre God, his Grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors.

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves,
As if allegiance in their boſoms ſate,
Crowned with faith and conſtant loyalty!

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bed-fellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he ſhould for a foreign purſe ſo ſell
His Sovereign's life to death and treachery!

[*Trumpets ſound.*

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, *and Attendants.*

K. *Henry.* Now ſits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Maſham*,
And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the pow'rs, we bear with us,
Will cut their paſſage through the force of *France*;
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head aſſembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege; if each man do his beſt.

K. *Henry.* I doubt not that; ſince we are well perſuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair conſent with ours:
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wiſh
Succeſs and conqueſt to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your Majeſty; there's not a ſubject,

That

That fits in heart-grief and uneaſineſs
Under the ſweet ſhade of your government.
Grey. True; thoſe, that were your father's enemies,
Have ſteept their gauls in honey, and do ſerve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. *Henry.* We therefore have great cauſe of thankfulneſs;
And ſhall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſs.
Scroop. So ſervice ſhall with ſteeled ſinews toil;
And labour ſhall refreſh itſelf with hope,
To do your Grace inceſſant ſervices.
K. *Henry.* We judge no leſs. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rail'd againſt our perſon: we conſider,
It was exceſs of wine that ſet him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd, Sovereign, leſt example
Breed (by his ſuff'rance) more of ſuch a kind.
K. *Henry.* O let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your Highneſs, and yet puniſh too.
Grey. You ſhew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taſte of much correction.
K. *Henry.* Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orifons 'gainſt this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd and digeſted,
Appear before us? we'll yet enlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge; Scroop*, and *Grey*, in their dear care
And tender preſervation of our perſon,
Would have him puniſh'd. Now to our *French* cauſes,
Who are the late Commiſſioners?
Cam. I one, my Lord.
Your Highneſs bade me aſk for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.
Grey. And I, my Sovereign.
K. *Hen.* Then *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours, Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*; and Sir Knight,

Grey

Grey of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours;
Read them, and know, I know your worthineſs.
My Lord of *Weſtmorland* and uncle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you loſe
So much complexion? look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath ſo cowarded, and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I confeſs my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſs' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. *Henry.* The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counſel is ſuppreſs'd and kill'd:
You muſt not dare for ſhame to talk of mercy;
For your own reaſons turn upon your boſoms,
As dogs upon their maſters, worrying you.
See you, my Princes and my noble Peers,
Theſe *Engliſh* monſters! my Lord *Cambridge* here,
You know, how apt our love was to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour; and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conſpir'd,
And ſworn unto the practices of *France*
To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which,
This Knight, no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewiſe ſworn. But O!
What ſhall I ſay to thee, Lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didſt bear the key of all my counſels,
That knew'ſt the very bottom of my ſoul,
That almoſt might'ſt have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldſt thou have practis'd on me for thy uſe:
May it be poſſible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis ſo ſtrange,
That though the truth of it ſtand off as groſs
As black and white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
Treaſon and murder ever kept together,
As two yoak-devils ſworn to either's purpoſe:

Working

Working ſo groſly in a natural cauſe,
That admiration did not whoop at them.
But thou, 'gainſt all proportion, didſt bring in
Wonder to wait on treaſon, and on murder:
And whatſoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee ſo prepoſt'rouſly,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that ſuggeſt by-treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetcht
From gliſt'ring ſemblances of piety:
But he, that temper'd thee, bade thee ſtand up;
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Unleſs to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion-gate walk the whole world,
He might return to vaſty *Tartar* back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A ſoul ſo eaſy as that *Engliſhman*'s.
Oh, how haſt thou with jealouſy infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance! ſhew men dutiful?
Why ſo didſt thou: or ſeem they grave and learned?
Why ſo didſt thou: come they of noble family?
Why ſo didſt thou: ſeem they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou: or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſs paſſion or of mirth, or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, nor ſwerving with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt compliment,
Not working with the ear, but with the eye, (15)
And but in purged judgment truſting neither?
Such, and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeem.

(15) *Not working with the* eye without the ear,] He is here giving the character of a compleat gentleman, and ſays, he did not *truſt his eye without the confirmation of his ear.* But was ever any thing ſo prepoſterous? when men have eyeſight-proof, they think they have ſufficient evidence, and don't ſtay for the confirmation of an hear-ſay. But prudent men, on the contrary, won't truſt the credit of the ear, till it be confirmed by the demonſtration of the eye. And this is that conduct for which the King would here commend him. So that we muſt aſſuredly read,

Not working with the ear, but with the eye. Mr. *Warburton.*

And

And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot, (16)
To mark the full-fraught man, the beſt endu'd,
With ſome ſuſpicion. I will weep for thee.
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man——Their faults are open;
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Henry* (17) Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scroop. Our purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd,
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beſeech your Highneſs to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of *France* did not ſeduce,

(16) *And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,*
To make *the full-fraught man*, the beſt, endued
With ſome ſuſpicion.] Thus Mr. *Pope* has ſtop'd this paſſage. If he underſtands the ſenſe of it, as it ſtands here, it is more than I do; or if he believes, that, to *make a man endued with ſuſpicion*, was the phraſe of our author, I muſt beg to be excus'd if I have not ſo much credulity. I am perſuaded, I have reſcued the text from the obſcurity and corruption it lay under. Our author has the ſame thought again in his *Cymbeline*.

——So thou, *Poſthumus*,
Wilt lay the *leven* to all *proper* men;
Goodly, and *gallant*, ſhall be *falſe* and perjur'd,
From thy great *fail*.

I had almoſt forgot to obſerve, that in *Timon* of *Athens*, we again meet with *mark*, employ'd as in this paſſage.

——For mine own part,
I never taſted *Timon* in my life;
Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
To *mark me for his friend*.——

(17)——*by the name of* Thomas *Lord* Scroop *of* Maſham.] The blunder of the editors in the firſt *Folio*'s led Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* into an error here: which they might have been aware of, had they either conſulted the *Chronicles*, or the reading of the old 4to's in this paſſage. Nay, had they but turn'd back to the *Chorus* at the end of the firſt act, they might have found that Lord *Maſham*'s chriſtian name was *Henry*, and not *Thomas*.

Although

Although I did admit it as a motive
The ſooner to effect what I intended;
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in ſuff'rance heartily rejoice for,
Beſeeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful ſubject more rejoice
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myſelf,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, Sovereign.

K. *Henry.* God quit you in his mercy! hear your ſentence;
You have conſpir'd againſt our royal perſon,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earneſt of our death;
Wherein you would have ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to ſervitude,
His ſubjects to oppreſſion and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into deſolation.
Touching our perſon, ſeek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruin you three ſought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
(Poor miſerable wretches) to your death;
The taſte whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure; and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! bear them hence. [*Exeunt.*
Now, Lords, for *France*; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous treaſon lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not,
But every rub is ſmoothed in our way:
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtrait in expedition.
Chearly to ſea; the ſigns of war advance;
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to *Quickly*'s houſe in *Eaſtcheap*.

Enter Piſtol, Nim, Bardolph, *Boy, and* Quickly.

Quick. PR'ythee, honey-ſweet huſband, let me bring thee to *Staines*.

Piſtol. No, for my manly heart doth yern. *Bardolph*, be blith: *Nim*, rouze thy vaunting veins: Boy, briſtle thy courage up; for *Falſtaff* he is dead, And we muſt yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him whereſome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.

Quick. Nay, ſure, he's not in hell; he's in *Arthur*'s boſom, if ever man went to *Arthur*'s boſom. He made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any chriſtom child; a' parted even juſt between twelve and one, even at the turning o'th' tide: for after I ſaw him fumble with the ſheets, and play with flowers, and ſmile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for (18) his noſe was as ſharp as a pen, and a' babled of green fields.

(18) *His noſe was as ſharp as a pen,* and a table of green fields.] So the firſt *Folio*. Mr. *Pope* has obſerv'd, that theſe words, *and a table of green fields*, are not in the old 4to's. "This nonſenſe, *(continues "he,)* got into all the following editions by a pleaſant miſtake of the "ſtage-editors, who printed from the common peacemeal-written "parts in the play-houſe. A table was here directed to be brought "in (it being a ſcene in a tavern where they drink at parting;) and "this direction crept into the text from the margin. *Greenfield* was "the name of the property-man in that time who furniſh'd imple-"ments, &c. for the actors." A *table* of *Greenfield*'s.——As to the hiſtory of *Greenfield* being then property-man, whether it was really ſo, or it being only a *gratis dictum*, is a point which I ſhall not contend about. But were we to allow this marginal direction, and ſuppoſe that a table of *Greenfield*'s was wanting; yet it never was cuſtomary in the promptor's book, (much leſs, in the peacemeal parts;) where any ſuch directions are marginally inſerted for properties or implements wanted, to add the property-man's name, whoſe buſineſs it was to provide them. Beſides, the furniſhing chairs and tables is not the province of the property-man, but of the ſcene-keepers. But there is a ſtronger objection yet againſt this obſervation advanced by the editor. He ſeems to imagine, that when implements are wanted in any

fields. How now, Sir *John?* quoth I: what man? be of good cheer: ſo a' cried out God, God, God, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him, a' ſhou'd not think of God; I hop'd, there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.

Nim. They ſay, he cried out of ſack.

Quick. Ay, that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that he did; and ſaid, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. A' could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. He ſaid once, the deule would have him about women.

Quick. He did in ſome ſort, indeed, handle women;

any ſcene, the direction for them is mark'd in the middle of that ſcene, though the things are to be got ready againſt the beginning of it. But the directions for *entrances* and *properties* wanting, ('tis well known,) are always mark'd in the book at about a page in quantity before the actors quoted are to enter, or the properties to be uſed; that the ſtage may not ſtand ſtill. And therefore, *Greenfield*'s table can be of no uſe to us for this ſcene. Nor, indeed, is any table requiſite. The ſcene, 'tis true, is in a tavern; but the company have no buſineſs to ſit down. There is not the leaſt intimation of any drink going round: it is in *Piſtol*'s own houſe, as he had married *Quickly*: he and his comrades are on their feet, and juſt ſetting out for *France*. The deſcription of *Falſtaffe*'s death, and what he talk'd of, is the only thing that retards them for a few minutes: after which they kiſs their hoſteſs, and part. The conjectural emendation I have given, is ſo near to the traces of the letters in the corrupted text; that I have ventur'd to inſert it as the genuine reading. It has certainly been obſerv'd (in particular, by the ſuperſtition of women;) of people near death, when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of *removing:* as it has of thoſe in a calenture, that they have their heads run on *green fields.* ——To *bable*, or *babble*, is to mutter, or ſpeak indiſcriminately; like children, that cannot yet talk; or like dying perſons, when they are loſing the uſe of ſpeech.

but then he was rheumatick, and talk'd of the whore of *Babylon*.

Boy. Do you not remember, he ſaw a flea ſtick upon *Bardolph*'s noſe, and ſaid, it was a black ſoul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his ſervice.

Nim. Shall we ſhogg? the King will be gone from *Southampton*.

Piſt. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips:
Look to my chattels, and my moveables;
Let ſenſes rule; the word is, pitch and pay;
Truſt none, for oaths are ſtraws; men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-faſt is the only dog, my duck,
Therefore *Caveto* be thy counſellor.
Go, clear thy cryſtals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to *France*; like horſe-leeches, my boys;
To ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck.

Boy. And that's but unwholſome food, they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth and march.

Bard. Farewel, hoſteſs.

Nim. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Piſt. Let houſewifery appear; keep cloſe, I thee command.

Quick. Farewel; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *French* King's Palace.

Enter the French *King, the Dauphin, the Duke of* Burgundy, *and the Conſtable.*

Fr. King. THus come the *Engliſh* with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns
To anſwer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of *Berry*, and of *Britain*,
Of *Brabant*, and of *Orleans*, ſhall make forth,
And you, Prince *Dauphin*, with all ſwift diſpatch;
To line, and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:

For

For *England* his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the ſucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident,
As fear may teach us out of late examples;
Left by the fatal and neglected *Engliſh*
Upon our fields.

Dau. My moſt redoubted father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
For peace itſelf ſhould not ſo dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in queſtion)
But that defences, muſters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of *France:*
And let us do it with no ſhew of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that *England*
Were buſied with a *Whitſon* morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, ſhe is ſo idly king'd,
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically borne,
By a vain, giddy, ſhallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince *Dauphin!*
You are too much miſtaken in this King:
Queſtion your Grace the late ambaſſadors,
With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſy;
How well ſupply'd with noble counſellors,
How modeſt in exception, and withal
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find, his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the out-ſide of the *Roman Brutus*,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide thoſe roots,
That ſhall firſt ſpring and be moſt delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not ſo, my Lord high conſtable.
But tho' we think it ſo, it is no matter:
In cauſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he ſeems;
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection,

Doth, like a miſer, ſpoil his coat with ſcanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King *Harry* ſtrong;
And, Princes, look, you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witneſs our too much memorable ſhame,
When *Creſſy*-battel fatally was ſtruck;
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, *Edward* black Prince of *Wales:*
While that his mounting fire, on mountain ſtanding, (19)
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun,
Saw his heroick ſeed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the work of nature: and deface
The patterns, that by God and by *French* fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a ſtem
Of that victorious ſtock; and let us fear
The native mightineſs and fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Ambaſſadors from *Harry*, King of *England*,
Do crave admittance to your Majeſty. [them.

Fr. King. We'll give them preſent audience. Go, and bring
You ſee, this chaſe is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit; for coward dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, when, what they ſeem to threaten,

(19) *While that his* mountain *fire, on mountain ſtanding.*] But why *mountain* fire? the *French* King does not mean to ſay any thing derogatory, or ſcoffingly of King *Edward* the third; as *Fluellen* afterwards, in this play, as a *Welchman*, is ſtil'd *mountain-ſquire:* nor is the ſize, or ſtature of King *Edward* alluded to, as if he had been *inſtar montis.* I have no doubt, but our author intended *mounting fire*, i. e. high-minded, aſpiring. In this ſenſe, in the firſt act, the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury* ſeems to be ſpeaking of this Prince.

While his moſt mighty *father on a* hill, *&c.*

And the epithet, *mounting*, our poet has more than once employ'd in theſe ſignifications.

So in *Love's Labour loſt*;

Whoe'er he was, he ſhew'd a *mounting* mind.

And in King *John*.

But this is worſhipful ſociety;
And fits the *mounting* ſpirit like myſelf.

Runs

Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign,
Take up the *Engliſh* ſhort; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother *England?*

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Majeſty:
He wills you in the name of God Almighty,
That you diveſt yourſelf, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown;
And all the wide-ſtretch'd honours, that pertain
By cuſtom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of *France*. That you may know,
'Tis no ſiniſter nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vaniſh'd days,
Nor from the duſt of old oblivion rak'd;
He ſends you this moſt memorable line,
In every branch truly demonſtrative,
[*Gives the* French *King a Paper.*
Willing you over-look this pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous anceſtors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then reſign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or elſe what follows?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the crown
Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
And therefore in fierce tempeſt is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Jove:*
That, if requiring fail, he may compel.
He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
On the poor ſouls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vaſty jaws; upon your head
Turning the widows tears, the orphans cries,

The dead mens blood, the pining maidens groans, (20)
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatning, and my message;
Unless the *Dauphin* be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother *England*.

Dau. For the *Dauphin*,
I stand here for him; what to him from *England*?

Exe. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my King; and if your father's Highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty;
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of *France*
Shall hide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent to his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with *England*; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those *Paris* balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris Louvre* shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty *Europe*:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we his subjects have in wonder found,)

(20)——*The* pining *maidens groans*,] This is the epithet Mr. *Pope* has espoused from the old 4to's. Mr. *Rowe* read with the first folio's

The privy *maidens groans*,

Which, according to poetical usage, might signify, the groans of maidens vented in private. From this word which he esteems a corruption, Mr. *Warburton* ingeniously would substitute;

——*The* prived *maidens groans*,

i. e. the *deprived*: the verse, which immediately follows, necessarily requiring such a sense. As all the epithets make sense, I have contented myself with giving the various readings, together with my friend's conjecture.

Between

Between the promiſe of his greener days,
And theſe he maſters now; now he weighs time
Even to the utmoſt grain, which you ſhall read
In your own loſſes, if he ſtay in *France*.

Fr. King. To-morrow you ſhall know our mind at full.
[*Flouriſh*.

Exe. Diſpatch us with all ſpeed, leſt that our King
Come here himſelf to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You ſhall be ſoon diſpatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but ſmall breath, and little pauſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. [*Exeunt*.

Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our ſwift ſcene flies,
In motion of no leſs celerity
Than that of thought. Suppoſe, that you have ſeen
The well-appointed King at *Hampton* peer (21)
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young *Phœbus* fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhip-boys climbing;
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd; behold the threaden ſails,
Borne with th' inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge. O, do but think,
You ſtand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconſtant billows dancing;
For ſo appears this fleet majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow.

(21) *The well-appointed King at* Dover *peer*
Embark his royalty,] Thus all the editions downwards, implicitly after the firſt *Folio*. But could the poet poſſibly be ſo diſcordant from himſelf, (and the chronicles, which he copied;) to make the King here embark at *Dover*; when he has before told us ſo preciſely, and that ſo often over, that he embark'd at *Southampton*? I dare acquit the poet from ſo flagrant a variation. The indolence of a tranſcriber, or a workman at preſs, muſt give riſe to ſuch an error. They, ſeeing *peer* at the end of the verſe, unluckily thought of *Dover*-peer, as the beſt known to them: and ſo unawares corrupted the text.

Grapple your minds to ſternage of this navy,
And leave your *England*, as dead midnight ſtill,
Guarded with grandſires, babies and old women;
Or paſt, or not arriv'd, to pith and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to *France*?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein ſee a ſiege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages
With fatal mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*.
Suppoſe, th' ambaſſador from *France* comes back;
Tells *Harry*, that the King doth offer him
Catharine his daughter, and with her to dowry
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms:
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With lynſtock now the deviliſh cannon touches,
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, before *Harfleur*.

[*Alarm, and Cannon go off.*

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, *and* Glouceſter; *Soldiers, with ſcaling ladders.*

King HENRY.

ONce more unto the breach, dear friends once more;
Or cloſe the wall up with the *Engliſh* dead.
In peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man
As modeſt ſtillneſs and humility:
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tyger;
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;

Let

Let it pry thro' the portage of the head,
Let the braſs cannon let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.
Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit
To his full height. Now on, you nobleſt *Engliſh*,
Whoſe blood is fetcht from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that, like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Have in theſe parts from morn till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument.
Diſhonour not your mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
Whoſe limbs were made in *England*, ſhew us here
The mettle of your paſture: let us ſwear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes;
I ſee you ſtand like greyhounds in the ſlips,
Straining upon the ſtart. The game's a-foot:
Follow your ſpirit; and upon this charge,
Cry, God for *Harry! England!* and St. *George!*

[*Exeunt* King, *and Train.*
[*Alarm, and Cannon go off.*

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piſtol, *and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee, corporal, ſtay; the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a caſe of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain ſong of it.

Piſt. The plain ſong is moſt juſt; for humours do abound:
Knocks go and come: God's vaſſals drop and die;
And ſword and ſhield, in bloody field, doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an ale-houſe in *London*, I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and ſafety.

Piſt. And I; if wiſhes would prevail,
I wou'd not ſtay, but thither would I hye.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs; avaunt, you cullions.

Piſt. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould,
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; uſe lenity, ſweet chuck.

Nim. Theſe be good humours; your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerv'd theſe three ſwaſhers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would ſerve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three ſuch anticks do not amount to a man. For *Bardolph*, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof he faces it out, but fights not. For *Piſtol*, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet ſword; by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For *Nim*, he hath heard, that men of few words are the beſt men; and therefore he ſcorns to ſay his prayers, leſt he ſhould be thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds, for he never broke any man's head but his own, and that was againſt a poſt when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing, and call it purchaſe. *Bardolph* ſtole a lute-caſe, bore it twelve leagues, and ſold it for three half-pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are ſworn brothers in filching; and in *Calais* they ſtole a fire-ſhovel. I knew, by that piece of ſervice, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with mens pockets, as their gloves or their hand-kerchers; which makes much againſt my manhood; for if I would take from another's pocket to put into mine, it is plain pocketting up of wrongs. I muſt leave them and ſeek ſome better ſervice; their villany goes againſt my weak ſtomach, and therefore I muſt caſt it up. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Gower, *and* Fluellen.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the mines; the Duke of *Glouceſter* would ſpeak with you.

Flu.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines are not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the Duke, look you) is digt himself four yards under the countermines; by *Cheshu*, I think, a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Gloucester*, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an *Irish* man, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is captain *Mackmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I think, it be.

Flu. By *Cheshu*, he is an ass, as is in the world; I will verify as much in his beard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the *Roman* disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorris, *and Capt.* Jamy.

Gower. Here he comes, and the *Scots* Captain, Captain *Jamy* with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by *Cheshu*, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the *Romans*.

Jamy. I say, gudday, Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. Godden to your worship, good Captain *James*.

Gower. How now, Captain *Mackmorrice*, have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mack. By Chrish law, tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me law, in an hour. O tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you,

as

as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the war, the *Roman* wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to ſatisfy my opinion; and partly for the ſatisfaction, look you, of my mind; as touching the direction of the military diſcipline, that is the point.

Jamy. It ſall be very gud, gud feith, gud Captains bath; and I ſall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion; that ſall I, marry.

Mack. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me: the day is hot, and the weather and the wars, and the King and the Duke; it is not time to diſcourſe, the town is beſeech'd: and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and by Chriſh do nothing, 'tis ſhame for us all; ſo God ſa' me, tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill; it is ſhame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there iſh nothing done, ſo Chriſh ſa' me law.

Jamy. By the meſs, ere theſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlomber, aile do gud ſervice, or aile ligge i' th' ground for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorouſly as I may, that ſal I ſurely do, the breff and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mack. Of my nation? what iſh my nation? iſh a villain, and a baſtard, and a knave, and a raſcal? what iſh my nation? who talks of my nation?

Flu Look you, if you take the matter otherwiſe than is meant, Captain *Mackmorrice*, peradvaenture, I ſhall think you do not uſe me with that affability as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me, look you; being as good a man as yourſelf, both in the diſciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mack. I do not know you ſo good a man as myſelf; ſo Chriſh ſave me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Jamy. A, that's a foul fault. [*A Parley ſounded.*

Gower. The town ſounds a parley.

Flu.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I'll be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, before the Gates of *Harfleur*.

Enter King Henry *and his train.*

K. Henry. HOW yet resolves the Governor of the town? This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst: as I'm a soldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best)
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the Prince of fiends,
Do with his smircht complexion all fell feats,
Enlinkt to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may, as bootless, spend our vain command
Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send our precepts to th' *Leviathan*
To come a-shoar. Therefore, you men of *Harfleur*,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
While yet my soldiers are in my command;
While yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace
O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds

Of heady murder, ſpoil and villany.
If not; why, in a moment, look to ſee
The blind and bloody ſoldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your ſhrill-ſhrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the ſilver beards,
And their moſt reverend heads dasht to the walls;
Your naked infants ſpitted upon pikes,
While the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds; as did the wives of *Jewry*,
At *Herod*'s bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
What ſay you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guiltly in defence, be thus deſtroy'd?

Enter Governor, upon the Walls.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The *Dauphin*, of whom ſuccours we entreated,
Returns us, that his pow'rs are yet not ready
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy ſoft mercy:
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of us and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

K. *Henry.* Open your gates: Come, uncle *Exeter*,
Go you and enter *Harfleur*, there remain,
And fortify it ſtrongly 'gainſt the *French*:
Uſe mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and ſickneſs growing
Upon our ſoldiers, we'll retire to *Calais*.
To-night in *Harfleur* we will be your gueſt,
To-morrow for the march we are addreſt.

[*Flouriſh, and enter the town.*

SCENE the *French* Court.

Enter Catharine, *and an old gentlewoman.*

Cath. *Alice, tu as eſté en* Angleterre, *& tu parlois bien le language.* (22)

Alice. *Un peu, madame.* Cath.

(22) Cath. Alice, *tu as eté*] I have regulated ſeveral ſpeeches in this *French* ſcene: Some whereof were given to *Alice*, and yet evidently belong'd

Cath. *Je te prie de m' enſeigner; il faut, que j' apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main en Anglois?*

Alice. *La main, il eſt appellé, de hand.*

Cath. *De hand. Et le doyt?*

Alice. *Le doyt? ma foy, je oublie le doyt; mais je me ſouviendra le doyt; je penſe, qu'ils ont appellé des fingres; ouy, de fingres.*

Cath. *La main, de hand; le doit, le fingres. Je penſe, que je ſuis le bon eſcolier. J' ay gaigné deux mots d' Anglois viſtement; comment appellez vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles, les appellons de nayles.*

Cath. *De nayles. Eſcoutez: Dites moy, ſi je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nayles.*

Alice. *C' eſt bien dit, madame; il eſt fort bon Anglois.*

Cath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De arme, madame.*

Cath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *D' elbow.*

Cath. *D' elbow? je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m' avez apprins dès a preſent.*

Alice. *Il eſt trop difficile, madame, comme je penſe.*

Cath. *Excuſe moy, alice; eſcoutez; d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d' arme, de bilbow.*

Alice. *D' elbow, madame.*

Cath. *O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie d' elbow; comment appellez vous le col?*

Alice. *De neck, madame.*

Cath. *De neck; & le menton?*

Alice. *De chin.*

Cath. *De ſin: le col, de neck: le menton, de ſin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur, en verité, vous prononciés les mots auſſi droict, que les natifs d' Angleterre.*

belong'd to *Catharine* and ſo, *vice verſa*. It is not material to diſtinguiſh the particular tranſpoſitions I have made. Mr. *Gildon* has left no bad remark, I think, with regard to our poet's conduct in the character of this Princeſs: "For why he ſhould not allow her (ſays "*he*) to ſpeak in *Engliſh* as well as all the other *French*, I can't imagine: Since it adds no beauty; but gives a patch'd and pye-bald "dialogue of no beauty or force."

Cath.

Cath. *Je ne doute point d' apprendre par la grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N' avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enſeigné?*

Cath. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement; d' hand, de fingre, de mayles, de arme.*

Alice. *De nayles, madame.*

Cath. *De nayles, de arme, de elbow.*

Alice. *Sauf voſtre honneur, d' elbow.*

Cath. *Ainſi de-je d' elbow, de neck, de ſin: comment appellez vous les pieds & de robe.*

Alice. *Le foot, madame, & le coun.*

Cath. *Le foot, & le coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ces ſont des mots mauvais, corruptibles & impudiques, & non pour les dames d' honneur d' uſer: je ne voudrois prononcer cets mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde! il faut le foot, & le coun, neant-moins. Je reciteray un autrefois ma leçon enſemble; d' hand, de fingre, de nayles, d' arme, d' elbow, de neck, de ſin, de foot, de coun.*

Alice. *Excellent, madame.*

Cath. *C' eſt aſſez pour une fois, allons nous en diſner.* [*Exe.*

SCENE, Preſence-Chamber in the *French* Court.

Enter the King of France, *the* Dauphin, *Duke of* Bourbon, *the Conſtable of* France, *and others.*

Fr. King. TIS certain, he hath paſs'd the river *Som.*

Con. And if he be not fought withal,
Let us not live in *France*; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. *O dieu vivant!* ſhall a few ſprays of us,
(The emptying of our fathers luxury,)
Our Syens, put in wild and ſavage ſtock,
Sprout up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And over-look their grafters?

Bour. *Normans*, but baſtard *Normans*; *Norman* baſtards!
Mort de ma vie! if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will ſell my dukedom,
To buy a foggy and a dirty farm

In

In that nook-ſhotten iſle of *Albion*. (23)
Con. Dieu de Batailles! why whence have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the ſun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? can ſodden water,
A drench for ſur-reyn'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with wine,
Seem froſty? Oh! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like frozen iſicles
Upon our houſe-tops, while more froſty people
Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields:
Poor, we may call them, in their native Lords. (24)
Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly ſay,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give

(23) *In that* ſhort nooky *iſle of Albion.*] If the editor meant by this reading *little iſland*, it will be hard to reconcile it to the *largeſt iſland* in the known world. If he means *ſhort* in regard to its circumference, it is ſtill a greater blunder, as every one knows. And if he means, that the *nooks*, or angles of it, are *ſhort*, that will crown the abſurdity. Nothing, ſo ridiculous as this reading, could have come from the pen of *Shakeſpeare*, who certainly wrote it, juſt as his editor found it, *nook-ſhotten* iſle. This on execution will be proved to be as true and proper a deſcription of *Great Britain*, as *Cambden*, or the moſt exact topographer could have given. For *ſhotten* ſignifies any thing that is projected; or, as we ſay, *ſhot out*. So *nook-ſhotten* is a place that ſhoots out into *capes*, *promontories*, and *necks* of land; the very ſituation of our iſland! *Anonymus.*

(24) ——*while more froſty people,*
Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields:
Poor, we may call them, in their native Lords.]
As the laſt verſe here was a long time obſcure, and ſtuck with me, though now I clearly underſtand it; it may not be amiſs, leſt ſome readers ſhould likewiſe be at a loſs, to give a ſhort comment on it. The Lord *Conſtable* is wondering, how the *Engliſh* ſhould derive ſuch ſpirit and courage, as they ſhew'd, under the diſadvantages of their climature and beverage; and that his own countrymen ſhould ſeem cold and froſty, when their blood was ſpirited up with generous wine, and they had ſo warm a ſun, and ſo rich a ſoil: But he has no ſooner ſaid this, than a reflection on their cold behaviour makes him correct himſelf; what talk I of a rich ſoil? ſurely, we may call it poor enough, if it may receive diſparagement from the quality of its poſſeſſors.

Their

to ſignify to you, which is the moral of it, that is turning and inconſtant, and mutabilities and v tions; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a ſphe ſtone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles; in ſ truth, the poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of fortune is an excellent moral.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolph*'s foe, and frowns on h
For he hath ſtoln a *Pix*, and hanged muſt a' be; dam
death! (26)
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe ſuffocate;
But *Exeter* hath given the doom of death,
For *Pix* of little price. Therefore go ſpeak,
The Duke will hear thy voice;
And let not *Bardolph*'s vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach.
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Piſtol*, I do partly underſtand your mean

Piſt. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice for if, look you, he were my brother, I would deſire

(26) *For he hath ſtoln a* Pax,] Thus all the editions, from the *firſt*: "And this is conformable to hiſtory, (ſays Mr. *Pope*) "ſoldier (as *Hall* tells us) being hang'd at this time for ſuch a f —But to ſee this gentleman's accuracy, and inaccuracy, in on the ſame circumſtance! Both *Hall* and *Holingſhead* agree as t point of the *theft*; but as to the thing *ſtoln*, there is not that formity betwixt them and Mr. *Pope*. But let us ſee, what is u ſtood by a *Pax*. It was an ancient cuſtom, at the celebration of that when the prieſt pronounc'd theſe words, *Pax Domini ſit j vobiſcum!* the *peace* of the Lord be always with you! both clerg people kiſs'd one another. And this was call'd *oſculum pacis*, the k *peace*. But that cuſtom being abrogated, a certain image is now pre to be kiſs'd, which, as moſt catholicks know, is call'd a *Pax*. *Du Freſne*'s Gloſſary *Mediæ & Infimæ Latinitatis*; and from hin Gloſſary ſubjoin'd to *Urrey*'s CHAUCER: For that poet talks o ſing *pax*, in his *Parſon*'s Tale.) But it was not this image, v *Bardolfe* ſtole; it was a *pix*; or little cheſt, (from the *Latin* pixis, a box;) in which the conſecrated *Heſt* was uſed to be "A fooliſh ſoldier (ſays *Hall* expreſsly, and *Holingſhead* after h "ſtole a *pix* out of a church; and unreverently did eat the *holy* "*within the ſame contained.*" Is there the leaſt queſtion, but our poet's text muſt be ſet right from theſe chroniclers?

I

ſe his good pleaſure, and put him to execu-
diſciplines ought to be uſed.
e and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendſhip!
is well.
ne fig of *Spain*— [*Exit* Piſt.
ry good.
Why, this is an arrant counterfeit raſcal, I re-
m now; a bawd, a cut-purſe.
I aſſure you, he utt'red as prave words at the
you ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day: But it is very
t he has ſpoke to me, that is well, I warrant
time is ſerve.
Why 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and
to the wars, to grace himſelf at his return in-
under the form of a ſoldier. Such fellows are
the great commanders names, and they will
by rote where ſervices were done; at ſuch
ſconce, at ſuch a breach, at ſuch a convoy;
off bravely, who was ſhot, who diſgrac'd,
the enemy ſtood on; and this they con per-
ne phraſe of war, which they trick up with new-
ths: And what a beard of the general's cut,
id ſute of the camp, will do among foaming
ale-waſh'd wits, is wonderful to be thought
ou muſt learn to know ſuch ſlanders of the
e you may be marvelouſly miſtook.
tell you what, captain *Gower*; I do perceive,
the man that he would gladly make ſhew to
he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell
ind; hear you, the King is coming, and I
with him from the pridge. (27)

Drum

ing is coming, and I muſt ſpe k with him from the pridge.] *b him from the bridge*, Mr. *Pope* tells us, is added in the ions; but that it is plain from the ſequel, that the ſcene nues, and the affair of the bridge is over." It is plain, ſt inaccurate criticiſm, and worthy only of its author. 'tis true, continues, and the affair of the bridge is over; rds are to be continued for all that. Though the affair be over, is that a reaſon, that the King muſt receive no from thence? *Fluellen*, who comes from the bridge, means

Drum and Colours. Enter the King, *and his poor ſoldiers.*

Flu. God pleſs your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* How now, *Fluellen*, cam'ſt thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty: The Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages; marry, th' athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is maſter of the pridge: I can tell your Majeſty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. *Henry.* What men have you loſt, *Fluellen?*

Flu. The perdition of th' athverſary hath been very great, very reaſonable great; marry, for my part, I think, the Duke hath loſt never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majeſty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips blows at his noſe, and it is like a coal of fire, ſometimes plue, and ſometimes red; but his noſe is executed, and his fire's out.

K. *Henry.* We would have ſuch offenders ſo cut off;
And give expreſs charge, that in all our march
There ſhall be nothing taken from the villages,
But ſhall be paid for; and no *French* upbraided,
Or yet abuſed in diſdainful language;
When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms,
The gentler gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

Tucket ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my habit.

K. *Henry.* Well then, I know thee; what ſhall I know of thee?

Mount. My maſter's mind.

K. *Henry.* Unfold it.

Mount. Thus ſays my King: Say thou to *Harry England*,

means no more than this, that he wants to acquaint the King with the tranſactions that had happen'd there, and with the Duke of *Exeter*'s having repuls'd the *French* from thence. And this is what he calls *ſpeaking to the King from the bridge.*

Although

Although we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep:
Advantage is a better ſoldier than raſhneſs.
Tell him, we could at *Harfleur* have rebuk'd him;
But that we thought not good to bruiſe an injury,
Till it were ripe. Now ſpeak we on our cue,
With voice imperial: *England* ſhall repent
His folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire
Our ſuff'rance. Bid him therefore to conſider,
What muſt the ranſom be, which muſt proportion
The loſſes we have borne, the ſubjects we
Have loſt, and the diſgrace we have digeſted;
To anſwer which, his pettineſs would bow under.
Firſt for our loſs, too poor is his exchequer;
For the effuſion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number; and for our diſgrace,
Ev'n his own perſon kneeling at our feet
A weak and worthleſs ſatisfaction.
To this, defiance add; and for concluſion,
Tell him he hath betray'd his followers,
Whoſe condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
My King and maſter; and ſo much my office.

K. *Henry*. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mount. *Mountjoy*.

K. *Henry*. Thou do'ſt thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not ſeek him now;
But could be willing to march on to *Calais*
Without impeachment; for, to ſay the ſooth,
(Though 'tis no wiſdom to confeſs ſo much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My people are with ſickneſs much enfeebled,
My numbers leſſen'd; and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better than ſo many *French*;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of *Engliſh* legs
Did march three *Frenchmen*. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus; this your air of *France*
Hath blown that vice in me; I muſt repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy maſter, here I am;
My ranſom is this frail and worthleſs trunk;
My army but a weak and ſickly guard:

Yet,

Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though *France* himſelf, and ſuch another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, *Montjoy*.
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf:
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour; and ſo, *Mountjoy*, fare you well.
The ſum of all our anſwer is but this;
We would not ſeek a battle as we are,
Yet, as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it:
So tell your maſter.

Mount. I ſhall deliver ſo: Thanks to your Highneſs. [*Exit.*

Glou. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. *Henry.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night;
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourſelves;
And on to morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the *French* Camp near *Agincourt*.

Enter the Conſtable of France, *the Lord* Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, *with others.*

Con. TUT, I have the beſt armour of the world. Would, it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horſe have his due.

Con. It is the beſt horſe of *Europe*.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of *Orleans*, and my Lord high Conſtable, you talk of horſe, and armour,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horſe with any that treads but on four paſterns; *ça, ha! le Cheval volant*, the *Pegaſus, chez les Narines de feu!* he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; when I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a hawk; he trots the air, the earth ſings when he touches it; the baſeſt horn of his hoof is more muſical than the pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beaſt for *Perſeus*; he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient ſtilneſs while his rider mounts him; he is, indeed, a horſe; and all other jades you may call beaſts.

Con. Indeed, my Lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent horſe.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, couſin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the riſing of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deſerved praiſe on my palfrey; it is a theme as fluent as the ſea: Turn the ſands into eloquent tongues, and my horſe is argument for them all; 'tis a ſubject for a Sovereign to reaſon on, and for a Sovereign's Sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a ſonnet in his praiſe, and began thus, *wonder of nature*.——

Orl. I have heard a ſonnet begin ſo to one's miſtreſs.

Dau. Then did they imitate that, which I compos'd to my courſer; for my horſe is my miſtreſs.

Orl. Your miſtreſs bears well.

Dau. Me, well——which is the preſcript praiſe, and perfection, of a good and particular miſtreſs.

Con. Methought, yeſterday your miſtreſs ſhrewdly ſhook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O, then belike ſhe was old and gentle; and you rode, like a *Kerne* of *Ireland*, your *French* hoſe off, and in your ſtrait troſſers. (28)

Con.

(28) *Like a* Kerne *of* Ireland, *your* French *hoſe off, and in your ſtrait* Stroffers.] Thus all the editions have miſtaken this word, which ſhould be *Troſſers*; and ſignifies, a pair of breeches. So *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Coxcomb*;

——O you hobby-headed raſcal, I'll have you flea'd, and *Troſſers* made of thy ſkin to tumble in.

Con. You have good judgment in horſemanſhip.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then; they that ride ſo and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horſe to my miſtreſs.

Con. I had as lieve have my miſtreſs a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, Conſtable, my miſtreſs wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a ſow to my miſtreſs.

Dau. Le chien eſt retourné à ſon propre vomiſſement, & la truie lavée au bourbier; thou mak'ſt uſe of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not uſe my horſe for my miſtreſs; or any ſuch proverb, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ram. My Lord Conſtable, the armour, that I ſaw in your tent to-night, are thoſe ſtars, or ſuns upon it?

Con. Stars, my Lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my ſky ſhall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear many ſuperfluouſly; and 'twere more honour, ſome were away.

Con. Ev'n as your horſe bears your praiſes, who would trot as well, were ſome of your brags diſmounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his deſert. Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paved with *Engliſh* faces.

Con. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhou'd be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the *Engliſh*.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty *Engliſh* priſoners?

Con. You muſt firſt go yourſelf to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis mid-night, I'll go arm myſelf. [*Exit.*

Orl. The *Dauphin* longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the *Engliſh*.

The *French* call, to truſs or pack up, *troſſer*; whether our word, *Trouſers*, be deriv'd from thence, I am not certain: But, by *ſtrait* Troſſers, our poet humorouſly means, *femoribus denudatis*: For the *Kernes* of *Ireland* wear no breeches, any more than the *Scotch-Highlanders* do.

Con.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my Lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that ſhe may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is ſimply the moſt active gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name ſtill.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf; and he ſaid, he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body ſaw it, but his lacquey; 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never ſaid well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with, *There is flattery in friendſhip.*

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the devil his due.*

Con. Well plac'd; there ſtands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with, *A pox of the devil.*

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much *a fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot.*

Con. You have ſhot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the firſt time you were over-ſhot.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord high Conſtable, the *Engliſh* lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſſ. The Lord *Grandpree.*

Con. A valiant and moſt expert gentleman. Would

it were day! Alas, poor *Harry* of *England*! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peeviſh fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo far out of his knowledge?

Con. If the *Engliſh* had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear ſuch heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That iſland of *England* breeds very valiant creatures; their maſtiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Fooliſh curs, that run winking into the mouth of a *Ruſſian* Bear, and have their heads cruſh'd like rotten apples. You may as well ſay, that's a valiant flea, that dares eat his breakfaſt on the lip of a lion.

Con. Juſt, juſt; and the men do ſympathize with the maſtiffs in robuſtious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and ſteel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay; but theſe *Engliſh* are ſhrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then ſhall we find to-morrow, they have only ſtomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, ſhall we about it?

Orl. 'Tis two a clock; but (let me ſee) by ten,
We ſhall have each a hundred *Engliſhmen*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide veſſel of the univerſe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds;
That the fixt centinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch.
Fire anſwers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battel ſees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,

The

The armourers, accomplishing the Knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll:
And (the third hour of drowsy morning nam'd)
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty *French*
Do the low-rated *English* play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned *English*,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger: and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presented them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty:
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle, all
Behold, (as may unworthiness define) (29)

A

(29) —— *Fear; that mean and gentle all Behold, (as may,* &c.] As this stood, it was a most perplex'd and nonsensical passage: and could not be intelligible, but as I have corrected it. The poet, first, expatiates on the real influence that *Harry*'s eye had on his camp: and then addressing himself to every degree of

A little touch of *Harry* in the night.
And ſo our ſcene muſt to the battle fly:
Where, O for pity! we ſhall much diſgrace,
With four or five moſt vile and ragged foils,
Right ill diſpos'd, in brawl ridiculous)
The name of *Agincourt*. Yet ſit and ſee,
Minding true things by what their mock'ries be. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, the *Engliſh* Camp, at *Agincourt*.

Enter King Henry, Bedford *and* Gloucester.

King HENRY.

GLou'ſter, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore ſhou'd our courage be.
Good-morrow, brother *Bedford*: God Almighty!
There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would men obſervingly diſtil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers;
Which is both healthful, and good huſbandry.

his audience, he tells them, he'll ſhew (as well as his unworthy pen and powers can deſcribe it) a little touch, or ſketch of this hero in the night: a faint reſemblance of that chearfulneſs and reſolution which this brave Prince expreſs'd in himſelf, and inſpired in his followers. The poet has in the like manner before, in the prologue to this play, addreſs'd himſelf to the ſpectators.

——*Pardon*, Gentles *all*,
The flat unraiſed ſpirit, that hath dar'd
On this unworthy ſcaffold to bring forth
So great an object.

And likewiſe in one of the preceding Chorus's.

——*and the ſcene*
Is now tranſported, Gentles, *to* Southampton.

So we find him too, in the *Epilogue* to this play, again modeſtly ſpeaking of his own inability.

Thus far with rough and all unable pen
Our bending author hath purſued the ſtory, &c.

Beſides,

Beſides, they are our outward conſciences,
And preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſs us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himſelf.

Enter Erpingham.

Good-morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham:*
A good ſoft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churliſh turf of *France.*

Erping. Not ſo, my Liege; this lodging likes me better;
Since I may ſay, now lie I like a King.

K. *Henry.* 'Tis good for men to love their preſent pain
Upon example; ſo the ſpirit is eaſed:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowſy grave, and newly move
With caſted ſlough and freſh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir *Thomas:* brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our camp;
Do my good-morrow to them, and anon
Deſire them all to my pavillion.

Glou. We ſhall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. *Henry.* No, my good Knight;
Go with my brothers to my Lords of *England:*
I and my boſom muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in heaven bleſs thee, noble *Harry!*

[*Exeunt.*

K. *Henry.* God-amercy, old heart, thou ſpeak'ſt cheerfully.

Enter Piſtol.

Piſt. Qui va là?

K. *Henry.* A friend.

Piſt. Diſcuſs unto me, art thou officer,
Or art thou baſe, common and popular?

K. *Henry.* I am a gentleman of a company.

Piſt. Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant pike?

K. *Henry.* Even ſo: what are you?

Piſt. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. *Henry.* Then you are a better than the King.

Piſt. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fift moſt valiant:
I kiſs his dirty ſhoe, and from my heart-ſtring
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. *Henry.* *Harry le Roy.*

Piſt. Le Roy! a *Corniſh* name: art thou of *Corniſh* crew?

K. *Henry.* No, I am a *Welſhman.*

Piſt. Know'ſt thou *Fluellen?*

K. *Henry.* Yes.

Piſt. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St. *David's* day.

K. *Henry.* Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, leſt he knock that about yours.

Piſt. Art thou his friend?

K. *Henry.* And his kinſman too.

Piſt. The *Figo* for thee then!——

K. *Henry.* I thank you: God be with you.

Piſt. My name is *Piſtol* call'd. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* It ſorts well with your fierceneſs.

[*Manet King* Henry.

Enter Fluellen, *and* Gower, *ſeverally.*

Gow. Captain *Fluellen*——

Flu. So; in the name of Jeſu Chriſt, ſpeak fewer: it is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of *Pompey* the great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in *Pompey's* camp: I warrant you, you ſhall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the ſobrieties of it, and the modeſty of it to be otherwiſe.

Gow. Why the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, in your own conſcience now?

Gow.

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt.*

K. *Henry.* Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this *Welshman.*

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, *and* Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates,* is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be, but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. *Henry.* A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. *Henry.* Under Sir *Thomas Erpingham.* (30)

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. *Henry.* Even as men wrack'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. *Henry.* No; nor is it meet he shou'd: for tho' I speak it to you, I think, the King is but a man as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shews to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and tho' his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will;

(30) K. *Henry. Under Sir* John Erpingham.] Thus all the editions blunderingly, till I corrected it, in my SHAKESPEARE *restor'd*, Sir *Thomas Erpingham*: since which, Mr. *Pope* has vouchsaf'd to rectify the name in his last edition.

but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the *Thames* up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. *Henry*. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and many poor mens lives saved.

K. *Henry*. I dare say, you love him not so ill to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this to feel other mens minds. Methinks, I could not die any where so contented as in the King's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we shou'd seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chop'd off in a battel, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at such a place*; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afear'd there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? now if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. *Henry*. So, if a son, that is sent by his father about merchandize, do fall into some lewd action and miscarry, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities; you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation; but this

is

is not ſo: the King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, the father of his ſon, nor the maſter of his ſervant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſervices. Beſides, there is no King, be his cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrement of ſwords, can try it out with all unſpotted ſoldiers: ſome, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; ſome, of beguiling virgins with the broken ſeals of perjury; ſome, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle boſom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if theſe men have defeated the law, and out-run native puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; ſo that here men are puniſhed, for before breach of the King's laws, in the King's quarrel now: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be ſafe, they periſh. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of thoſe impieties for which they are now viſited. Every ſubject's duty is the King's, but every ſubject's ſoul is his own. Therefore ſhould every ſoldier in the wars do as every ſick man in his bed, waſh every moth out of his conſcience; and dying ſo, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gained: and, in him that eſcapes, it were [illegible] ſin to think, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him out-live that day to ſee his greatneſs, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the King is not to anſwer for it.

Bates. I do not deſire he ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

K. *Henry.* I myſelf heard the King ſay, he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. Ay, he ſaid ſo, to make us fight chearfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ranſom'd, and we ne'er the wiſer.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do againſt a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the ſun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather: you'll never truſt his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. *Henry*. Your reproof is ſomething too round: I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. *Henry*. I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee again?

K. *Henry*. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then if ever thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. *Henry*. There.

Will. This will I alſo wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and ſay, after to morrow, this is my glove; by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. *Henry*. If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

K. *Henry*. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you *Engliſh* fools, be friends; we have *French* quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

[*Manet King* Henry.

K. *Henry*. Indeed, the *French* may lay twenty *French* crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their ſhoulders; but it is no *Engliſh* treaſon to cut *French* crowns, and to morrow the King himſelf will be a clipper.

Upon the King! let us our lives, our ſouls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children and
Our ſins, lay on the King; he muſt bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatneſs,

Subject

Subject to breath of every fool, whose ſenſe
No more can feel but his own wringing
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? and what have Kings,
That privates have not too, ſave ceremony?
Save general ceremony?——
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of God art thou? that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worſhipers.
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in? (31)
O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth:
What is thy toll, O adoration?
Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flatt'ry? O be ſick, great greatneſs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'ſt thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? no, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a King's repoſe;
I am a King, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the ſcepter and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The farſed title running 'fore the King,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high ſhoar of this world;
No, not all theſe thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,

(31) *What are thy* rents? *what are thy* comings-in?
O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth.
What is thy ſoul *of adoration?*] Thus is the laſt line given us, and the nonſenſe of it made worſe by the ridiculous pointing. Let us examine, how the context ſtands with my emendation. What are thy *rents?* what are thy *comings-in?* what is thy *worth?* what is thy *toll?*——(i. e. the *duties*, and *impoſts*, thou receiveſt;) All here is conſonant, and agreeable to a ſenſible exclamation. Mr. *Warburton.*

Nor

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell:
But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of *Phœbus*; and all night
Sleeps in *Elysium*; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help *Hyperion* to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And (but for ceremony) such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a King:
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace;
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. *Henry.* Good old Knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my Lord. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* O God of battles! steel my soldiers hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now (32)
The sense of reck'ning; lest th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.——Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I *Richard*'s body have interred new,

(32) —— *take from them now*
The sense of reck'ning of th' opposed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them.] Thus the first *folio* reads and points this passage. The poet might intend, "take from them the sense of "reckoning those opposed numbers; *which* might pluck their courage "from them." But the *relative* not being express'd, the sense is very obscure; and the following verb seems a petition, in the imperative mood. The slight correction I have given, makes it clear and easy.

And

And on it have beſtow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it iſſued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Tow'rd heaven to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chauntries, where the ſad and ſolemn prieſts
Sing ſtill for *Richard*'s ſoul. More will I do;
Tho' all that I can do, is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after call, (33)
Imploring pardon.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glou. My Liege.
K. *Henry.* My brother *Glo'ſter*'s voice?
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends, and all things ſtay for me.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE changes to the *French* Camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures *and* Beaumont.

Orl. THE ſun doth gild our armour; up, my Lords.
Dau. Monter Cheval: my horſe, *valet, lacquay:* ha!
Orl. O brave ſpirit!
Dau. Via!——les eaux & la terre.——
Orl. Rien puis! le air & feu.——
Dau. Ciel! Couſin *Orleans.——*

(33) *Since that my penitence comes after* all,
Imploring pardon.] We muſt obſerve, that *Henry* IV. had committed an injuſtice, of which he and his *ſon* reap'd the fruits. But juſtice and right reaſon tell us, that they, who ſhare the profits of iniquity, ſhall ſhare likewiſe in the puniſhment. Scripture again tells us, that, when men have ſinn'd, the grace of God gives frequent invitations to repentance; which, in ſcripture language, are ſtyled *Calls*. Theſe, if they have been careleſsly dallied with, and neglected, are at length irrevocably withdrawn; and then repentance comes too late. This, I hope, will ſufficiently vouch for my emendation, and explain what the poet would make the King ſay. Mr. *Warburton.*

Enter Constable.

Now, my Lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in *English* eyes,
And daunt them with superfluous courage! ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The *English* are embattel'd, you *French* Peers.

Con. To horse! you gallant Princes, strait to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair shew shall suck away their souls;
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain;
That our *French* gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport. Let's but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exception, Lords,
That our superfluous lacqueys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe;
Tho' we, upon this mountain's basis by,
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little, little, let us do;
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonuance, and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That *England* shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of *France*?
Yon island carrions, desp'rate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:

Their

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big *Mars* seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips:
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the jymold bitt
Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In live so livelefs as it shews itself.

Con. They've said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And, after, fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard: on, to the field;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the *English* Camp.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, *with all the Host*; Salisbury *and* Westmorland.

Glou. Where is the King?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us, 'tis a fearful odds!
God be wi' you, Princes all; I'll to my charge,
If we no more meet till we meet in heav'n,
Then joyfully, my noble Lord of *Bedford*,
My dear Lord *Glo'ster*, and my good Lord *Exeter*,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed.

Bed. Farewel, good *Salisbury*, and good luck go with thee! (34)

Exe. to *Sal.* Farewel, kind Lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour. [*Exit* Sal.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in *England*,
That do no work to-day!

K. *Henry.* What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin *Westmorland?* no, my fair cousin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By *Jove*, I am not covetous of gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yerns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my Lord, wish not a man from *England*:
God's peace, I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hopes I have. Don't wish one more:
Rather proclaim it *(Westmorland)* through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,

(34) Bed. *Farewel, good* Salisbury, *and good luck go with thee.*
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
Exe. *Farewel, kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.*]
What! does he do *Salisbury* wrong, to wish him good luck? Can any thing be more ridiculous than to say so? the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* prescrib'd to me the transposition of the verses, which I have made in the text: and the old 4to's plainly lead to such a regulation.

And

And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd the feaſt of *Criſpian:*
He that outlives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouze him at the name of *Criſpian:*
He that ſhall live this day, and ſee old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay, to-morrow is Saint *Criſpian:*
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſcars:
Old men forget; yet ſhall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as houſhold words,
Harry the King, *Bedford*, and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Glo'ſter*,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon;
And *Criſpin Criſpian* ſhall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to-day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in *England*, now a-bed,
Shall think themſelves accurs'd, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon St. *Criſpian*'s day.

Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. My ſov'reign Lord, beſtow yourſelf with ſpeed:
The *French* are bravely in their battels ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. *Henry.* All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt. Periſh the man, whoſe mind is backward now!

K. *Henry.* Thou doſt not wiſh more help from *England*, coſin?

Weſt. God's will, my Liege, would you and I alone

Without

Without more help could fight this royal battle!

K. Henry. Why, now thou haſt unwiſh'd five thouſand men;
Which likes me better than to wiſh us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

A Tucket ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King *Harry*,
If for thy ranſom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art ſo near the gulf,
Thou needs muſt be engluttted. Thus, in mercy,
The Conſtable deſires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their ſouls
May make a peaceful and a ſweet retire
From off theſe fields; where, wretches, their poor bodies
Muſt lie and feſter.

K. Henry. Who hath ſent thee now?

Mount. The Conſtable of *France.*

K. Henry. I pray thee, bear my former anſwer back.
Bid them atchieve me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did ſell the lion's ſkin
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our bodies ſhall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I truſt,
Shall witneſs live in braſs of this day's work.
And thoſe that leave their valiant bones in *France*,
Dying like men, tho' buried in your dunghills,
They ſhall be fam'd; for there the ſun ſhall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heav'n;
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a plague in *France*.
Mark then a bounding valour in our *Engliſh*: (35)

(35) *Mark then* abounding *valour in our* Engliſh:] Thus the old *Folio's*. The 4to's more erroneouſly ſtill,
Mark then aboundant——
Mr. *Pope* degraded the paſſage in both his editions, becauſe, I preſume, he did not underſtand it. I corrected it ſome time ago in print, as I have now reform'd the text, and the alluſion is exceedingly beautiful; comparing the revival of the *Engliſh* valour to the *rebounding* of a cannon-ball.

That

That being dead, like to the bullets graſing,
Breaks out into a ſecond courſe of miſchief,
Killing in relapſe of mortality.
Let me ſpeak proudly; tell the conſtable,
We are but warriors for the working day;
Our gayneſs, and our gilt, are all be-ſmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.
There's not a piece of feather in our hoſt;
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly:)
And time hath worn us unto ſlovenry.
But, by the maſs, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor ſoldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in freſher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the *French* ſoldiers heads;
And turn them out of ſervice. If they do,
(As, if God pleaſe, they ſhall) my ranſom then
Will ſoon be levy'd. Herald, ſave thy labour.
Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle herald;
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but theſe my joints:
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Conſtable.

Mount. I ſhall, King *Harry:* And ſo fare thee well,
Thou never ſhalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ranſom.

Enter York.

York. My Lord, moſt humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward. [away.

K. *Henry.* Take it, brave *York*; now, ſoldiers, march
And how thou pleaſeſt, God, diſpoſe the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Field of Battle.

Alarm, Excurſions. Enter Piſtol, French *ſoldier, and boy.*

Piſt. YIeld, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je penſe, que vous eſtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Piſt. Quality, calmy, cuſtore me, art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? diſcuſs.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigniour Dieu!*

Piſt.

Piſt. O, Signieur Dewe ſhould be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark;
O Signieur Dewe, thou dieſt on point of fox,
Except, O Signeur, thou do give to me
Egregious ranſom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prennez miſericorde, ayez pitie de moy.*

Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerve, I will have forty moys; for I will fetch thy rym out at thy throat, in drops of crimſon blood.

Fr. Sol. *Eſt-il impoſſible d' eſchapper la force de ton bras?*

Piſt. Braſs, cur? [*braſs?*
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, offer'ſt me

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy.*

Piſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy; aſk me this ſlave in *French*,
What is his name?

Boy. *Eſcoutez, comment eſtes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monſieur le Fer.*

Boy. He ſays, his name is Mr. *Fer.*

Piſt. Mr. *Fer!* I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret him: Diſcuſs the ſame in *French* unto him. [*ferk.*

Boy. I do not know the *French* for *fer*, and *ferret*, and

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monſieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez preſt; car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſé tout a cette heure de couper voſtre gorge.*

Piſt. Owy, cuppelle gorge, parmafoy, peſant, unleſs thou give me crowns, brave crowns: Or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my ſword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner; je ſuis gentilhomme de bonne maiſon, gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents eſcus.*

Piſt. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to ſave his life, he is a gentleman of a good houſe, and for his ranſom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Piſt. Tell him, my fury ſhall abate, and I the crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monſieur, que dit-il?*

Boy.

Boy. *Encore qu'il eſt contre ſon jurement, de pardonner aucun priſonnier: Neantmoins pour les eſcus que vous l'avez promettes, il eſt content de vous donner la liberté, le franchiſement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne milles remerciemens, & je me eſtime heureux que je ſuis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je penſe, le plus brave, valiant, & tres eſtimé Signeur d'Angleterre.*

Piſt. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thouſand thanks, and eſteems himſelf happy, that he hath fall'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the moſt brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signieur of *England.*

Piſt. As I ſuck blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew. Follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivez le grand capitain.* [*Exe.* Piſt. *and Fr. Sol.* I did never know ſo full a voice iſſue from ſo empty a heart; (36) but the ſaying is true, the empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound. *Bardolph* and *Nim* had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'th' old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger: yet they are both hang'd; and ſo would this be, if he durſt ſteal any thing adventr'ouſly. I muſt ſtay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp; the *French* might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Another part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Conſtable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin *and* Rambures.

Con. O *Diable!*

Orl. O Signeur! le jour eſt perdu, tout eſt perdu.

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlaſting ſhame

(36) *I did never know ſo* woefull *a voice iſſue from ſo* empty *a heart;*] This took its riſe from a blunder of the ſecond edition in *Folio.* But why, *woefull? Piſtol* was all bounce and noiſe. Beſides, where's the *Antitheſis?* we muſt certainly read with the firſt *Folio,---I did never know ſo* full a *voice*---But then the arch boy immediately corrects himſelf from the old ſaying, *the* empty *veſſel makes the* greateſt *ſound.*

Sits

Sits mocking in our plumes. [*A ſhort alarm.*
O meſchante fortune!——do not run away.
Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dau. O perdurable ſhame! let's ſtab ourſelves:
Be theſe the wretches, that we play'd at dice for?
Orl. Is this the King we ſent to for his ranſom?
Bour. Shame, and eternal ſhame, nothing but ſhame!
Let us die, inſtant:—Once more back again; (37)
The man, that will not follow *Bourbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a baſe pander hold the chamber-door,
Whilſt by a ſlave, no gentler than my dog,
His faireſt daughter is contaminated.
Con. Diſorder, that hath ſpoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.
Orl. We are enow, yet living in the field,
To ſmother up the *Engliſh* in our throngs;
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be ſhort, elſe ſhame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter the King *and his* train, *with priſoners.*

K. *Henry.* Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen;
But all's not done; the *French* yet keep the field.
Exe. The Duke of *York* commends him to your Majeſty.
K. *Henry.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I ſaw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From helmet to the ſpur all bleeding o'er.
Exe. In which array, brave ſoldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody ſide
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of *Suffolk* alſo lies.
Suffolk firſt dy'd, and *York*, all haggled over,
Comes to him where in gore he lay inſteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kiſſes the gaſhes,

(37) *Let us die,* inſtant: *Once more back again*;] This verſe, which is quite left out in Mr. *Pope*'s editions, ſtands imperfect in the firſt *Folio*. By the addition of a ſyllable, I think, I have retriev'd the poet's ſenſe. It is thus in the old copy;
Let us die *in* once more back again.

That

That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, "tarry, my couſin *Suffolk*,
" My ſoul ſhall thine keep company to heav'n:
" Tarry, ſweet ſoul, for mine, then fly a-breaſt:
" As in this glorious and well foughten field
" We kept together in our chivalry.
Upon theſe words I came, and cheer'd him up;
He ſmil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, ſays, "dear my Lord,
" Commend my ſervice to my Sovereign;
So did he turn, and over *Suffolk*'s neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſt his lips;
And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtop'd;
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. *Henry*. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I muſt perforce compound (38)
With miſtful eyes, or they will iſſue too. [*Alarm.*
But, hark, what new alarm is this ſame?
The *French* have re-inforc'd their ſcatter'd men:
Then every ſoldier kill his priſoners.
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

Alarms continued; after which, Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage! 'tis expreſly againſt the law of arms; (39) 'tis as arraunt a piece of knavery,

(38) *For, hearing this, I muſt perforce compound*
With mixtfull *Eyes,*] What monſter of a word is this *mixtfull*? The poet certainly wrote, *miſtfull*: i. e. juſt ready to over-run with tears. The word he took from his obſervation of nature: For juſt before tears burſt out, it appears as if there was a miſt before our eyes.
Mr. *Warburton.*

(39) *Kill the poyes and the luggage! 'tis expreſsly againſt the law of arms;*] In the old *Folio*'s, the 4th *act* is made to begin here. But as the matter of the *Chorus*, which is to come betwixt the 4th and 5th acts, will by no means ſort with the *Scenary* that here follows; I have thoſe to fall in with the other regulation. Mr. *Pope* gives a reaſon, why

knavery, mark you now, as can be deſir'd in your conſcience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly raſcals, that ran away from the battle, ha' done this ſlaughter: Beſides, they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King moſt worthily hath caus'd ev'ry ſoldier to cut his priſoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant King!

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth*, captain *Gower*; what call you the town's name, where *Alexander* the pig, was born?

Gow. *Alexander* the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, ſave the phraſe is a little variations.

Gow. I think, *Alexander* the great was born in *Macedon*; his father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

why this ſcene ſhould be connective to the preceding ſcene; but his reaſon, according to cuſtom, is a miſtaken one. *The words of* Fluellen, (he ſays,) *immediately follow thoſe of the King juſt before.* The King's laſt words, at his going off, were;

Then ev'ry ſoldier kill his priſoners:
Give the word through.

Now Mr *Pope* muſt very accurately ſuppoſe, that *Fluellen* overhears this: and that by replying, *Kill the poyes and the luggage! 'tis expreſsly againſt the law of arms*; --He is condemning the King's order, as againſt martial diſcipline. But this is a moſt abſurd ſuppoſition. *Fluellen* neither overhears, nor replies to, what the King had ſaid: Nor has *kill the poyes and the luggage* any reference to the ſoldiers killing their priſoners. Nay, on the contrary (as there is no *interval* of an *act* here,) there muſt be ſome little pauſe betwixt the King's going off, and *Fluellen*'s entering: (And therefore I have ſaid, *alarms continued*;) for we find by *Gower*'s firſt ſpeech, that the ſoldiers had already cut their priſoners throats, which requir'd ſome time to do. The matter is this. The baggage, during the battle, (as K. *Henry* had no men to ſpare,) was guarded only by boys and lacqueys; which ſome *French* run-ways getting notice of, they came down upon the *Engliſh* camp-boys, whom they kill'd, and plunder'd and burn'd the baggage: In reſentment of which villany it was, that the King, contrary to his wonted lenity, order'd all priſoners throats to be cut. And to this villany of the *French* runaways *Fluellen* is alluding, when he ſays, *Kill the poyes and the luggage.* The fact is ſet out, (as Mr. *Pope* might have obſerved) both by *Hall* and *Hollingſhead*.

Flu.

Flu. I think, it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porn: I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the orld: I warrant, that you fall find, in the compariſons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the ſituations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in *Macedon*, there is alſo moreover a river at *Monmouth*: It is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*, but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is ſalmons in both. If you mark *Alexander*'s life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth*'s life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. *Alexander*, God knows and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations; and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his beſt friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finiſh'd. I ſpeak but in figures, and compariſons of it; as *Alexander* kill'd his friend *Clytus*, being in his ales and his cups; ſo alſo *Harry Monmouth*, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly-doublet; he was full of jeſts and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falſtaff*.

Flu. That is he: I tell you, there is good men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majeſty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, *with* Bourborn *and other priſoners; Lords and Attendants. Flouriſh.*

K. *Henry.* I was not angry ſince I came to *France*,
Until this inſtant. Take a trumpet, herald,
Ride thou unto the horſemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our ſight.
If they'll do neither, we will come them;
And make them ſker away, as ſwift as ſtones

Enforced from the old *Aſſyrian* ſlings:
Beſides, we'll cut the throats of thoſe we have;
And not a man of them, that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our mercy. Go, and tell them ſo.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the *French*, my Liege.
Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.
K. *Henry*. How now, what means their herald? know'ſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſom?
Com'ſt thou again for ranſom?
Mount. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable licence
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them:
To ſort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our Princes (woe, the while!)
Lie drown'd, and ſoak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbs
In blood of Princes, while their wounded ſteeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead maſters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.
K. *Henry*. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horſemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.
Mount. The day is yours.
K. *Henry*. Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength, for it!
What is this caſtle call'd, that ſtands hard by?
Mount. They call it *Agincourt*.
K. *Henry*. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Criſpin Criſpianus*.
Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, and your great uncle *Edward* the plack Prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a moſt prave pattle here in *France*.
K. *Henry*. They did, *Fluellen*. *Flu*.

Flu. Your Majeſty ſays very true: If your Majeſties is remember'd of it, the *Welſhmen* did good ſervice in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Majeſty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the ſervice; and I do believe, your Majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the leek upon St. *Tavee*'s day.

K. *Henry.* I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am *Welſh*, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in *Wye* cannot waſh your Majeſty's *Welſh* plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pleſs and preſerve it, as long as it pleaſes his Grace and his Majeſty too.

K. *Henry.* Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeſhu, I am your Majeſty's countryman, I care not who know it: I will confeſs it to all the orld; I need not to be aſhamed of your Majeſty, praiſed be God, ſo long as your Majeſty is an honeſt man.

K. *Henry.* God keep me ſo!

Enter Williams.

Our heralds go with him:
[*Exeunt Heralds, with* Mountjoy.
Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Soldier, you muſt come to the King.

K. *Henry.* Soldier, why wear'ſt thou that glove in thy cap?

Wil. And't pleaſe your Majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

K. *Henry.* An *Engliſhman?*

Wil. And't pleaſe your Majeſty, a raſcal that ſwagger'd with me laſt night; who, if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'th' ear; or if I can ſee my glove in his cap, which he ſwore as he was a ſoldier he would wear, (if alive) I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

K. *Henry.* What think you, captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this ſoldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, in my conſcience.

K. *Henry*. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great ſort, quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: If he be perjur'd, ſee you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jackſawce, as ever his black ſhoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conſcience law.

K. *Henry*. Then keep thy vow, ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Wil. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. *Henry*. Who ſerv'ſt thou under?

Wil. Under captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. *Henry* Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Wil. I will, my Liege. [*Exit*.

K. *Henry*. Here *Fluellen*, wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap; when *Alanſon* and myſelf were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alanſon* and an enemy to our perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him if thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his ſubjects: I would fain ſee the man, that has but two legs, that ſhall find himſelf agriev'd at this glove; that is all: But I would fain ſee it once, an pleaſe God of his grace that I might ſee.

K. *Henry*. Know'ſt thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an pleaſe you.

K. *Henry*. Pray thee, go ſeek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit*.

K. *Henry*. My Lord of *Warwick* and my brother *Glo'ſter*,
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the heels:
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchaſe him a box o'th' ear.
It is the ſoldier's; I by bargain ſhould
Wear it myſelf. Follow, good couſin *Warwick*:
If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, as, I judge

By

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word;
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it:
For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder;
And quickly he'll return an injury.
Follow; and ſee, there be no harm between them.
Come you with me, uncle of *Exeter*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, before King *Henry*'s Pavilion.

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Wil. I Warrant, it is to Knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleaſure, captain, I beſeech you now come apace to the King: There is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Wil. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Wil. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor as any's in the univerſal world, in *France* or in *England*.

Gow. How now, Sir? you villain!

Wil. Do you think I'll be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain *Gower*, I will give treaſon his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Wil. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lye in thy throat. I charge you in his Majeſty's name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke of *Alanſon*'s.

Enter Warwick *and* Glouceſter.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, here is, praiſed be God for it, a moſt contagious treaſon come to light, look you, as you ſhall deſire in a ſummer's day. Here is his Majeſty——

Enter King Henry, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry*. Now now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has ſtruck the glove, which your Majeſty is take out of the helmet of *Alanſon*.

Wil. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it; and he, that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to ſtrike him, if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majeſty hear now, ſaving your Majeſty's manhood, what an arrant, raſcally, beggerly, lowſy knave it is; I hope, your Majeſty is pear me teſtimonies, and witneſſes, and avouchments, that this is the glove of *Alanſon* that your Majeſty is give me, in your conſcience now.

K. *Henry*. Give me thy glove, ſoldier; look, here is the fellow of it: 'Twas me, indeed, thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike, and thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. An pleaſe your Majeſty, let his neck anſwer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. *Henry*. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Wil. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your Majeſty.

K. *Henry*. It was ourſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Wil. Your Majeſty came not like yourſelf; you appear'd to me, but as a common man; witneſs the night, your garments, your lowlineſs; and what your Highneſs ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you, take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beſeech your Highneſs, pardon me.

K. *Henry*. Here, uncle *Exeter*, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly; hold, there is twelve-pence for you; and I pray you to ſerve god, and keep you out of prawls and

and prabbles, and quarrels and diſſentions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Wil. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will ſerve you to mend your ſhoes; come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhful; your ſhoes is not ſo good; 'tis a good filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

K. *Henry.* Now, *Herald*, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the ſlaughter'd *French.*

K. *Henry.* What priſoners of good ſort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of *Orleans*, nephew to the King; *John* Duke of *Bourbon*, and Lord *Bouchiquald:*
Of other Lords, and Barons, Knights, and 'Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, beſides common men.

K. *Henry.* This note doth tell me of ten thouſand *French*
Slain in the field; of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-ſix; added to theſe,
Of Knights, Eſquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd Knights;
So that in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred mercenaries:
The reſt are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, 'Squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of thoſe their nobles, that lie dead,
Charles Delabreth, high conſtable of *France*;
Jaques of *Chatilion*, admiral of *France*;
The maſter of the croſs-bows, Lord *Rambures*;
Great maſter of *France*, the brave Sir *Guichard Dauphin*;
John Duke of *Alanſon*, *Anthony* Duke of *Brabant*,
The brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*,
And *Edward* Duke of *Bar:* Of luſty Earls,
Grandpree and *Rouſſie*, *Faulconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vaudemont* and *Leſtrale.*
Here was a royal fellowſhip of death!
Where is the number of our *Engliſh* dead?

Exe. Edward the Duke of *York*, the Earl of *Suffolk*,

Sir *Richard Ketley*, *Davy Gam*, Eſquire;
None elſe of name; and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. *Henry*. O God, thy arm was here!
And not to us but to thy arm alone,
Aſcribe we all. When, without ſtratagem,
But in plain ſhock and ev'n play of battel,
Was ever known ſo great, and little loſs,
On one part, and on th' other? take it, God,
For it is only thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. *Henry*. Come, go we in proceſſion to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an pleaſe your Majeſty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. *Henry*. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great good.

K. *Henry*. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te deum*:
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay;
And then to *Calais*; and to *England* then;
Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happy men. [*Exe*.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchſafe, to thoſe that have not read the ſtory,
That I may prompt them; and to ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things;
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here preſented. Now we bear the King
Tow'rd *Calais*: Grant him there; and there being ſeen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the ſea: Behold, the *Engliſh* beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd ſea;
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King,
Seems to prepare his way; ſo let him land,

And

And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to *London*.
So ſwift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-heath*:
Where that his Lords deſire him to have borne
His bruiſed helmet, and his bended ſword,
Before him through the city; he forbids it;
Being free from vainneſs and ſelf-glorious pride:
Giving full trophy, ſignal, and oſtent,
Quite from himſelf to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-houſe of thought,
How *London* doth pour out her citizens:
The Mayor and all his brethren in beſt ſort,
Like to the Senators of antique *Rome*,
With the *Plebeians* ſwarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring *Cæſar* in.
As by a low, but loving likelihood,
Were now the General of our gracious Empreſs
(As in good time he may) from *Ireland* coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his ſword;
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more (and much more cauſe)
Did they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the *French*
Invites the King of *England*'s ſtay at home:
The Emperor's coming in behalf of *France*,
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till *Harry*'s back return again to *France*:
There muſt we bring him; and myſelf have play'd
The int'rim, by remembring you, 'tis paſt.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, ſtrait back again to *France*.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, the *Engliſh* Camp, in *France.*

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

GOWER.

NAY, that's right: But why wear you your leek to-day? St. *David*'s day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things; I will tell you as a friend, captain *Gower*; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggarly, lowſy, pragging knave *Piſtol*, which you and yourſelf and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow (look you now) of no merits; he is come to me and prings me pread and ſalt yeſterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could breed no contentions with him; but I will be ſo pold as to wear it in my cap, till I ſee him once again; and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, ſwelling like a turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwelling, nor his turky-cocks. God pleſſe you, aunchient *Piſtol:* You ſcurvy lowſy knave, God pleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha! art thou bedlam? doſt thou thirſt, baſe *Trojan*,
To have me fold up *Parca*'s fatal web?
Hence, I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſy knave, at my deſires and my requeſts and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: Becauſe, look you, you do not love it; and your affections, and your appetites, and your digeſtions, does not agree with it; I would deſire you to eat it.

Piſt. Not for *Cadwallador* and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you, [*Strikes him.*
Will you be ſo good, ſcald knave, as eat it?

Piſt.

Piſt. Baſe *Trojan*, thou ſhalt die.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcald knave, when God's will is: I will deſire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is ſawce for it——— [*Strikes him*] You call'd me yeſterday mountain-ſquire, but I will make you to-day a ſquire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have aſtoniſh'd him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eat ſome part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days and four nights. Pite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Piſt. Muſt I bite?

Flu. Yes, out of doubt, and out of queſtions too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this leek, I will moſt horribly revenge; I eat and ſwear——

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have ſome more ſawce to your leek? there is not enough leek to ſwear by.

Piſt. Quiet thy cudgel; thou doſt ſee, I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, ſcald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the ſkin is good for your proken coxcomb: when you take occaſions to ſee leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em, that's all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good; hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you ſhall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you ſhall eat.

Piſt. I take thy groat in earneſt of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you ſhall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels; God pe wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave: Will you mock at an ancient tradition, began upon an honourable reſpect, and worn as a memorable trophy

of

of predeceaſed valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have ſeen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeak *Engliſh* in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an *Engliſh* cudgel; you find it otherwiſe; and henceforth let a *Welſh* correction teach you a good *Engliſh* condition: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Piſt. Doth fortune play the huſwife with me now?
News have I, that my *Dol* is dead of malady of *France*;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off:
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn;
And ſomething lean to cut-purſe of quick hand:
To *England* will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal;
And patches will I get unto theſe ſcars,
And ſwear, I got them in the *Gallia* wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE, the *French* Court, at *Trois* in *Champaigne.*

Enter at one door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, *and other Lords; at another, the* French *King, Queen* Iſabel, *Princeſs* Catharine, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *and other* French.

K. *Henry.* PEace to this meeting, wherefore we are met:
Unto our brother *France,* and to our ſiſter,
Health and fair time of day; joy, and good wiſhes,
To our moſt fair and princely couſin *Catharine;*
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriv'd,
We do ſalute you, Duke of *Burgundy.*
And, Princes *French,* and Peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face;
Moſt worthy brother *England,* fairly met!
So are you, Princes *Engliſh,* every one.

Q. *Iſa.* So happy be the iſſue, brother *England,*
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes:
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Againſt the *French,* that met them in their bent,

The

The fatal balls of murdering baſiliſks:
The venom of ſuch looks, we fairly hope,
Have loſt their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels into love.
K. *Henry*. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.
Q. *Iſa*. You *Engliſh* Princes all, I do ſalute you.
Burg. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of *France*, and *England*. That I've labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours,
To bring your moſt imperial Majeſties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your Mightineſſes on both parts can witneſs.
Since then my office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted: let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurſe of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this beſt garden of the world,
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely viſage?
Alas! ſhe hath from *France* too long been chas'd;
And all her huſbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart, (40)
Unpruned lies; her hedges even pleach'd,
Like priſoners, wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth diſorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon; while that the culter ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch ſavagery:
The even mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the ſcythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleneſs; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,

(40) *Her vine*——*Unpruned* dies:] We muſt read as Mr. *Warburton* intimated to me, *lies*: for neglect of pruning does not kill the vine, but cauſes it to ramify immoderately, and grow wild; by which the requiſite nouriſhment is withdrawn from its fruit.

Loſing

Loſing both beauty and utility;
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their nurtures, grow to wildneſs. (41)
Even ſo our houſes, and ourſelves and children
Have loſt, or do not learn, for want of time,
The ſciences, that ſhould become our country;
But grow like ſavages, (as ſoldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood)
To ſwearing and ſtern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that ſeems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are aſſembled; and my ſpeech intreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel theſe incoveniencies;
And bleſs us with her former qualities.

K. *Henry*. If, Duke of *Burgundy*, you would the peace,
Whoſe want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited; you muſt buy that peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands:
Whoſe tenours and particular effects
You have, enſchedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no anſwer made.

K. *Henry*. Well, then; the peace,
Which you before ſo urg'd, lies in his anſwer.

Fr King. I have but with a curſorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles; pleaſeth your Grace
T' appoint ſome of your Council preſently
To ſit with us, once more with better heed
To re-ſurvey them; we will ſuddenly (42)
Paſs, or, accept, and peremptory anſwer.

K. *Henry*.

(41) *Defective in their* natures, *grow to wildneſs*.] Quite contrary; they were not defective, but exuberant in their natures, and creſcive faculty: only, wanting their due cultivation, they degenerated. We muſt therefore read, *nurtures*. Mr. *Warburton*.

(42) —— *we will ſuddenly*
Paſs our *accept, and peremptory anſwer*.] As the *French* King deſires more time to conſider deliberately of the articles, 'tis odd and abſurd for him to ſay abſolutely, that he would accept them all. He certainly muſt mean, that he would at once *waive* and *decline* what he diſlik'd,

K. *Henry*. Brother, we ſhall. Go, uncle *Exeter*,
And brother *Clarence*, and you, brother *Gloucester*,
Warwick and *Huntington*, go with the King;
And take with you free pow'r to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll conſign thereto. Will you, fair ſiſter,
Go with the Princes, or ſtay here with us?

Q. *Iſa*. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do ſome good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be ſtood on.

K. *Henry*. Yet leave our couſin *Catharine* here with us,
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. *Iſa*. She hath good leave. [*Exeunt*.

Manent King Henry, Catharine, *and a Lady*.

K. *Henry*. Fair *Catharine*, moſt fair,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a ſoldier terms,
Such as will enter at a Lady's ear,
And plead his love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your Majeſty ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeak your *England*.

K. *Henry*. O fair *Catharine*, if you will love me ſoundly with your *French* heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſs it brokenly with your *Engliſh* tongue. Do you like me, *Kate*?

Cath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is *like me*.

K. *Henry*. An angel is like you, *Kate*, and you are like an angel.

Cath. *Que dit-il, que je ſuis ſemblable à les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy, vrayement, (ſauf voſtre grace) ainſi dit-il.*

diſlik'd, and conſign to ſuch as be approv'd of. Our author uſes *paſs* in this manner, in other places. K. *John*;

But if you fondly *paſs* our proffer'd love;

And *Othello*;

Yet, ſurely, *Caſſio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not *paſs*. *Mr.* Warburton.

K. *Henry*.

K. *Henry*. I ſaid ſo, dear *Catharine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirm it.

Cath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes ſont pleines de tromperies.*

K. *Henry*. What ſays ſhe, fair one? that tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. *Ouy*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princes.

K. *Henry*. The Princeſs is the better *Engliſh* woman. I' faith, *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding; I am glad thou canſt ſpeak no better *Engliſh* for if thou could'ſt, thou would'ſt find me ſuch a plain King, that thou would'ſt think I had ſold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay, I love you; then if you urge me further than to ſay, do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer; i' faith, do; and ſo clap hands and a bargain; how ſay you, Lady?

Cath. *Sauf voſtre bonneur*, me underſtand well.

K. *Henry*. Marry, if you would put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why you undid me; for the one I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a Lady at leap frog, or by vaulting into my ſaddle with my armour on my back; under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a wife: or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and ſit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in proteſtation; only downright oaths, which I never uſe till urg'd, and never break for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth ſun-burning; that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there; let thine eye be thy cook. I ſpeak plain ſoldier; if thou canſt love me for this, take me; if not, to ſay to thee that I ſhall die, is true; but for thy love, by the lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt, dear *Kate*, take a fellow of plain and uncoined conſtancy,

for

for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for theſe fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhime themſelves into Ladies favours, they do always reaſon themſelves out again. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater; a rhime is but a ballad; a good leg will fall, a ſtraight back will ſtoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, *Kate*, is the ſun and the moon; or rather the ſun, and not the moon; for it ſhines bright and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou wouldſt have ſuch a one, take me; take a ſoldier; take a King: and what ſay'ſt thou then to my love? ſpeak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it poſſible dat I ſhould love de enemy of *France*?

K. *Henry*. No, it is not poſſible that you ſhould love the enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me you ſhould love the friend of *France*; for I love *France* ſo well, that I will not part with a village of it: I will have it all mine; and *Kate*, when *France* is mine and I am yours, then yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Cath. I cannot tell vhat is dat.

K. *Henry*. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in *French*, (which, I am ſure, will hang upon my tongue like a new married wife about her huſband's neck, hardly to be ſhook off) *quand j' ay le poſſeſſion de France, & quand vous aves le poſſeſſion de moi* (let me ſee, what then? St. *Dennis* be my ſpeed!) *donc voſtre eſt France, & vous eſtes mienne*. It is as eaſy for me, *Kate*, to conquer the kingdom, as to ſpeak ſo much more *French*: I ſhall never move thee in *French*, unleſs it be to laugh at me.

Cath. *Sauf voſtre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, eſt mellieur que l' Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. *Henry*. No, faith, is't not, *Kate*; but thy ſpeaking of my tongue and I thine, moſt truly falſly, muſt needs be granted to be much at one. But, *Kate*, doſt thou underſtand thus much *Engliſh*? canſt thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. *Henry*. Can any of your neighbours tell, *Kate*? I'll aſk them. Come, I know thou loveſt me; and at night

when

when you come into your cloſet, you'll queſtion this gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your heart; but good *Kate* mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princeſs, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beeſt mine, *Kate*, (as I have ſaving faith within me, tells me, thou ſhalt) I get thee with ſcambling, and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good ſoldier-breeder: ſhall not thou and I between St. *Dennis* and St. *George*, compound a boy half *French*, half *Engliſh*, that ſhall go to *Conſtantinople* and take the *Turk* by the beard? ſhall we not? what ſay'ſt thou, my fair Flower-de-luce? (43)

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. *Henry*. No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe; do but now promiſe, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of ſuch a boy; and for my *Engliſh* moiety, take the word of a King and a bachelor. How anſwer you, *La plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deeſſe.*

Cath. Your Majeſtee ave fauſe Frenche enough to deceive de moſt ſage damoiſel dat is *en France.*

K. *Henry*. Now, fy upon my falſe *French*; by mine honour, in true *Engliſh* I love thee, *Kate*; by which honour I dare not ſwear thou loveſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou doſt, notwithſtanding the poor and untempering effect of my viſage. Now beſhrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of iron, that when I come to woo Ladies I fright them: but, in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear. My comfort is, that old age (that ill layer up of beauty) can do no more ſpoil upon my face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, moſt fair *Catharine*, will

(43) *That ſhall go to* Conſtantinople, *and take the* Turk *by the beard?*] The poet is unwittingly guilty of an Anachroniſm in this paſſage; for the *Turks* were not maſters of *Conſtantinople* till the year 1453, (in the beginning of *Mahomet* the IId, his Reign,) when K. *Henry* V. had been dead 31 years.

you have me? put off your maiden bluſhes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empreſs, take me by the hand and ſay, *Harry* of *England*, I am thine; which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, tho' I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt find the beſt King of good fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſick; for thy voice is muſick, and thy *Engliſh* broken; therefore Queen of all, *Catharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *Engliſh*, wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is, as it ſhall pleaſe *le roy mon pere.*

K. *Henry* Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate.*

Cath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. *Henry.* Upon that I kiſs your hand, and I call you my Queen.

Cath. *Laiſſez, mon ſeigneur, laiſſez, laiſſez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaiſſez voſtre grandeur, en baiſant lamain d'une voſtre indigne ſerviteure*; *excuſez moy, Je vous ſupplie, mon tres-puiſſant ſeigneur.*

K. *Henry.* Then I will kiſs your lips, *Kate.*

Cath. *Les dames & damoiſels pour eſtre baiſées devant leur nopces, il n'eſt pas le coutume de France.*

K. *Henry.* Madam my interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Lady. Dat it is not be de faſhion *pour les* Ladies of *France*; I cannot tell, what is *baiſſer* en *Engliſh.*

K. *Henry.* To kiſs.

Lady. Your Majeſty *entendre* bettre *que moy.*

K. *Henry.* Is it not a faſhion for the maids in *France* to kiſs before they are married, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. *Ouy, vrayement.*

K. *Henry.* O *Kate*, nice cuſtoms curt'ſy to great Kings. Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak liſt of a country's faſhion; we are the makers of manners, *Kate*; and the liberty, that follows our places, ſtops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice faſhion of your country in denying me a kiſs; therefore patiently and yielding. [*Kiſſing her.*]

You

You have witchcraft in your lips, *Kate*; there is more eloquence in a touch of them, than in the tongues of the *French* council; and they ſhould ſooner perſuade *Harry* of *England*, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French *King and Queen, with* French *and* Engliſh *Lords.*

Burg. God ſave your Majeſty! my royal couſin, teach you our Princeſs *Engliſh?*

K. *Henry.* I would have her learn, my fair couſin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good *Engliſh.*

Burg. Is ſhe apt?

K. *Henry.* Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not ſmooth; ſo that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot ſo conjure up the ſpirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeneſs. (44)

Burg. Pardon the frankneſs of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you muſt make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeneſs, he muſt appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet roſ'd over with the virgin crimſon of modeſty, if ſhe deny the appearance of a naked blind boy, in her naked ſeeing ſelf? it were, my Lord, a hard condition for a maid to conſign to.

K. *Henry.* Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they ſee not what they do.

K. *Henry.* Then, good my Lord, teach your couſin to conſent to winking.

(44) *Our* tongue *is* rough, *and my* condition *not* ſmooth; *ſo that having neither the* voice *nor the* heart *of* hatred *about me.* ——] What Mock-reaſoning is here! where the tongue is rough and harſh, and the diſpoſition rugged too, do not both the voice and heart give ſuſpicion of hatred, or, at leaſt, diſlike? If the late editor purpoſely departed from the text here, he ſhould have given us his reaſons for it: if he did not, the deviation is no great praiſe to his diligence as a collator. The old *Folio*'s read, —— *Flattery* about me, —— which makes all eaſy and conſonant.

Burg.

Burg. I will wink on her to conſent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning. Maids, well ſummer'd and warm kept, are like flies at *Bartholomew*-tide, blind, though they have their eyes: and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. *Henry.* This moral ties me over to time, and a hot ſummer; and ſo I ſhall catch the flie your couſin in the latter end, and ſhe muſt be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my Lord, before it loves.

K. *Henry.* It is ſo; and you may ſome of you thank love for my blindneſs, who cannot ſee many a fair *French* city, for one fair *French* maid that ſtands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my Lord, you ſee them perſpectively; the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

K. *Henry.* Shall *Kate* be my wife?

Fr. King. So pleaſe you.

K. *Henry.* I am content, ſo the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; ſo the maid, that ſtood in the way for my wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have conſented to all terms of reaſon.

K. *Henry.* Is't ſo, my Lords of *England?*

Weſt. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter firſt; and then in ſequel all,
According to their firm propoſed nature.

Exe. Only he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:
Where your Majeſty demands, That the King of *France*, having occaſion to write for matter of grant, ſhall name your Highneſs in this form, and with this addition in *French: noſtre tres cher fiz Henry Roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France:* and thus in *Latin*; *Præclariſſimus filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ & hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Yet this I have not (brother) ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſs.

K. *Henry.* I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the reſt,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair ſon, and from her blood raiſe up

Iſſue

Iſſue to me; that theſe contending Kingdoms,
England and *France*, whoſe very ſhores look pale
With envy of each other's happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet breaſts; that never war advance
His bleeding ſword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.

Lords. Amen!

K. *Henry*. Now welcome, *Kate*; and bear me witneſs all,
That here I kiſs her, as my Sovereign Queen. [*Flouriſh.*

Q. *Iſa*. God, the beſt maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one:
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdoms ſuch a ſpouſal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealouſy,
Which troubles oft the bed of bleſſed marriage,
Thruſt in between the paction of theſe Kingdoms, (45)
To make divorce of their incorporate league:
That *Engliſh* may as *French*, *French Engliſhmen*,
Receive each other. God ſpeak this Amen!

All. Amen.

K. *Henry*. Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
My Lord of *Burgundy*, we'll take your oath
And all the Peers, for ſurety of our leagues.
Then ſhall I ſwear to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept, and proſp'rous be!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough, and all-unable, pen
Our bending author hath purſu'd the ſtory;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory.

(45) *Thruſt in between the* paſſion *of theſe kingdoms*] The old Folio's have it, *the pation*; which makes me believe, the author's word was *paction*; a word more proper on the occaſion of a peace ſtruck up. A paſſion of two kingdoms for one another, is an odd expreſſion. An amity and political harmony may be fix'd betwixt two countries, and yet either people be far from having a paſſion for the other.

Small

H Gravelot in Vol. 4. P. 385. G. Vertue Sculpt.

Small time, but, in that ſmall, moſt greatly liv'd
This ſtar of *England*. Fortune made his ſword;
By which the world's beſt garden he atchiev'd,
And of it left his ſon imperial Lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did this King ſucceed:
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had i' th' managing,
That they loſt *France*, and made his *England* bleed:
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhewn; and, for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

THE

FIRST PART

OF

King HENRY VI.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry VI.
Duke of Glocester, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*
Cardinal Beaufort, *Bishop of* Winchester, *and uncle likewiſe to the King.*
Duke of Exeter.
Duke of Somerſet.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Saliſbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot.
Young Talbot, *his ſon.*
Richard Plantagenet, *afterwards Duke of* York.
Mortimer *Earl of* March.
Sir John Faſtolfe.
Woodvile, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
Lord Mayor of London.
Sir Thomas Gargrave.
Sir William Glanſdale.
Sir William Lucy.
Vernon, *of the* White-roſe, *or* York *faction.*
Baſſet, *of the* Red-roſe, *or* Lancaſter *faction.*

Charles, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of* France.
Reignier, *Duke of* Anjou, *and titular King of* Naples.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alanſon.
Baſtard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris.
Maſter gunner of Orleans.
Boy, his ſon.
An old ſhepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, *daughter to* Reignier, *and afterwards Queen to King* Henry.
Counteſs of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *a Maid pretending to be inſpir'd from Heaven, and ſet-ting up for the Championeſs of* France.
Fiends, attending her.

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and ſeveral Attendants both of the English *and* French.

The SCENE *is partly in* England, *and partly in* France.

The

The First Part of (1)

King HENRY VI.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Weſtminſter*-Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry *the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of* Bedford, *Regent of* France; *the Duke of* Gloucester, *Protector*; *the Duke of* Exeter, *and the Earl of* Warwick; *the Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *and the Duke of* Somerſet.

BEDFORD.

HUng be the Heav'ns with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and ſtates,
Brandiſh your cryſtal treſſes in the ſky;
And with them ſcourge the bad revolting ſtars,
That

(1) *The firſt Part of King* HENRY VI.] The hiſtorical tranſactions, contain'd in this play, take in the compaſs of above 30 years. I muſt obſerve, however, that our author, in the three parts of King *Henry* VI. has not been very preciſe to the date and diſpoſition of his facts; but ſhuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of time. For Inſtance; that Lord *Talbot* is kill'd at the end of the 4th act of this play, was in reality did not fall till the 13th of *July* 1453: And the ſecond part of *Henry* VI. opens with the marriage of the King, which was ſolemniz'd eight years before *Talbot*'s death, in the year 1445. Again, in the

That have conſented unto *Henry*'s death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er loſt a King of ſo much worth.

Glo. *England* ne'er had a King until his time:
Virtue he had, deſerving to command.
His brandiſh'd ſword did blind men with its beams;
His arms ſpread wider than a dragon's wings:
His ſparkling eyes, repleat with awful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day ſun fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his deeds exceed all ſpeech:
He never lifted up his hand, but conquer'd.

Exe. We mourn in black; why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never ſhall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend:
And death's diſhonourable victory
We with our ſtately preſence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? ſhall we curſe the planets of miſhap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or ſhall we think the ſubtle-witted *French*
Conj'rers and ſorc'rers, that, afraid of him,
By magick verſe have thus contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a King, bleſt of the King of Kings.
Unto the *French*, the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his ſight.
The battels of the Lord of hoſts he fought;
The church's pray'rs made him ſo proſperous.

Glo. The church? where is it? had not church-men pray'd,

ſecond part. Dame *Eleanor Cobham* is introduc'd to inſult Queen *Margaret*; though her penance and baniſhment for ſorcery happen'd three years before that Princeſs came over to *England*. I could point out many other tranſgreſſions againſt hiſtory, as far as the order of time is concern'd. Indeed, though there are ſeveral maſter-ſtrokes in theſe three plays, which inconteſtibly betray the workmanſhip of *Shakeſpeare*; yet I am almoſt doubtful, whether they were entirely of his writing. And unleſs they were wrote by him very early, I ſhould rather imagine them to have been brought to him as a director of the *Stage*; and ſo to have receiv'd ſome finiſhing beauties at his hand. Any accurate obſerver will eaſily ſee, the *diction* of them is more *obſolete*, and the *numbers* more *mean* and *proſaical*, than in the generality of his genuine compoſitions.

His

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate Prince;
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Wil. Glo'ster, whate'er we like, thou art Protector.
And lookest to command the Prince and realm;
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious church-men, may.

Glou. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the altar: Heralds, wait on us;
Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not now that *Henry*'s dead!
Posterity await for wretched years,
When at their mothers moist eyes babes shall suck;
Our isle be made a nourice of salt tears, (2)
And none but women left to 'wail the dead!
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the Heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make, (3)
Than *Julius Cæsar*, or bright——

Enter

(2) *Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,*] Thus it is in both the impressions by Mr. *Pope*: Upon what authority, I cannot say. All the old copies read, a *nourish*; and considering it is said in the line immediately preceding, that babes shall suck at their mothers moist eyes, it seems very probable that our author wrote, a *Nourice*; i.e. that the whole isle should be one common *nourse*, or *nourisher*, of tears: And those be the nourishment of its miserable issue. The word, 'tis true, is, purely *French*; but it had been adopted, long before our author's time into our tongue, and frequently used by *Chaucer*.

(3) *A far more glorious star thy soul will make Than* Julius Cæsar, *or bright*——] Whether this was a design'd break of the author's, occasion'd by the sudden and abrupt entrance of the messenger; or whether the latter end of the verse was lost, by its not being legible to the first editors, is not very easy now to determine. Mr. *Pope* thinks (for rhyme-sake, I suppose;) that the poet might possibly have fill'd up the hemistich thus;

——*or bright Sir* Francis Drake.

But there are more objections than one to be made to this conjecture. In the first place, Sir *Francis Drake* did not die till the year 1595; before which time, I believe, this play had made its appearance. Be-

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all;
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, *Champaign*, and *Rheimes*, and *Orleans*,
Paris, *Guysors*, *Poictiers*, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead *Henry*'s coarse?

sides, the poet, as he mentioned the star of *Julius Cæsar*, must be supposed, to talk sense in the close of the verse, to instance in some other deified hero, and who had the rule likewise of a star. Mr. *Pope* has attempted to be smart upon me for restoring a genuine *Anachronism* to our poet; and yet is here for foisting a fictitious one upon him, which, I dare say, the poet never once conceiv'd in his imagination. In all *Anachronisms*, as in other licences of poetry, this rule ought certainly to be observ'd; that the poet is to have regard to *Verisimilitude*. But there is no *Verisimilitude*, when the *Anachronism* glares in the face of the common people. For this falshood is, like all other falshoods in poetry, to be only tolerated, where the falshood is hid under Verisimilitude. No sober critick ever blamed *Virgil*, for instance, for making *Dido* and *Æneas* contemporary. (Such a *Prolepsis* may be justified by the examples of the greatest poets of antiquity.) But had he made *Æneas* mention *Hamilcar*, what man in his senses would have thought of an excuse for him? for the name of *Hamilcar*, tho' a foreigner, was too recent in the acquaintance of the people; as he had for five years together infested the coast of *Italy*; and after that, begun the second *Punic* war upon them. The case of our author, differs in his mentioning *Machiavel* in some of his plays, the action of which was earlier than that statesman's birth. For *Machiavel* was a foreigner, whose age, we may suppose, the common audience not so well acquainted with; as being long before their time, and, indeed, very near the time of the action of those plays. Besides he having to establish'd a reputation, in the time of our author, amongst the politicians, might well be suppos'd by those, who were not chronologers, to be of much longer standing than he was. This, therefore, was within the rules of licence; and if there was not chronological truth, there was at least chronological likelihood; without which a poet goes out of his jurisdiction, and comes under the penalty of the criticks laws. I have only one further remark to make upon the topick in hand, and 'tis this: that where the authority of all the books makes the poet commit a blunder, (whose general character it is, not to be very exact;) 'tis the duty of an editor to shew him as he is; and to detect all fraudulent tampering to make him better. But to fill up a chasm by conjecture, with an *Anachronism* that states sense out of countenance; this with submission to Mr. *Pope*, *Nec homines*, *nec Dii*, *nec concessere Columnæ*.

Speak,

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.
Glou. Is *Paris* lost, and *Roan* yielded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?
Mess. No treachery, but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions;
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would have lingring wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings:
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words, peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, *English* nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot;
Crop'd are the Flower de-luces in your arms,
Of *England*'s coat one half is cut away.
Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.
Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*;
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for *France*.
Away with these disgraceful, wailing robes;
Wounds I will lend the *French*, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the *English* quite,
Except some petty towns of no import.
The Dauphin *Charles* is crowned King in *Rheims*;
The bastard *Orleans* with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of *Anjou*, doth take his part,
The Duke of *Alanson* flies to his side. [*Exit.*
Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?
Glou. We will not fly but to our enemies throats:
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.
Bed. *Gloster*, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?

An army have I muſter'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

Enter a Third Meſſenger.

3 *Meſſ.* My gracious Lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry*'s hearſe,
I muſt inform you of a diſmal fight
Betwixt the ſtout Lord *Talbot* and the *French*.

Win. What! wherein *Talbot* overcame? is't ſo?

3 *Meſſ.* O, no; wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'erthrown.
The circumſtance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of *Auguſt* laſt, this dreadful Lord
Retiring from the ſiege of *Orleans*,
Having ſcarce full ſix thouſand in his troop,
By three and twenty thouſand of the *French*
Was round encompaſſed and ſet upon.
No leiſure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to ſet before his archers;
Inſtead whereof, ſharp ſtakes, pluckt out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confuſedly;
To keep the horſemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant *Talbot* above human thought
Enacted wonders with his ſword and lance.
Hundreds he ſent to hell, and none durſt ſtand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew.
The *French* exclaim'd, the devil was in arms!
All the whole army ſtood agaz'd on him.
His ſoldiers, ſpying his undaunted ſpirit,
A *Talbot! Talbot!* cried out amain,
And ruſh'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conqueſt fully been ſeal'd up,
If Sir *John Faſtolfe* had not play'd the coward; (4)

He

(4) *If Sir* John Falſtaffe] Mr. *Pope* has taken notice, in a note upon the third act of this play, "That *Falſtaffe* is here introduc'd "again, who was dead in *Henry* V; the occaſion whereof is, that "this play was written before *Henry* IV. or *Henry* V." This ſeems to me but an idle piece of criticiſm. It is the hiſtorical Sir *John Faſtolfe*, (for ſo he is call'd by both our chroniclers) that is here mention'd, who was a lieutenant-general in the wars with *France*, deputy regent to the Duke of *Bedford* in *Normandy*, and a *Knight* of the *Garter*;

He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,
With purpoſe to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having ſtruck one ſtroke.
Hence grew the gen'ral wrack and maſſacre;
Enclos'd were they with their enemies.
A baſe *Walloon*, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thruſt *Talbot* with a ſpear into the back;
Whom all *France* with her chief aſſembled ſtrength
Durſt not preſume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* ſlain then? I will ſlay myſelf,
For living idly here in pomp and eaſe;
Whilſt ſuch a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his daſtard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Meſſ.* O no, he lives, but is took priſoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:
Moſt of the reſt ſlaughter'd, or took likewiſe.

Bed. His ranſom there is none but I ſhall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown ſhall be the ranſom of my friend:
Four of their Lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewel, my maſters, to my taſk will I;
Bonfires in *France* forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. *George*'s feaſt withal.
Ten thouſand ſoldiers with me I will take,
Whoſe bloody deeds ſhall make all *Europe* quake.

3 *Meſſ.* So you had need, for *Orleans* is beſieg'd;
The *Engliſh* army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of *Salisbury* craveth ſupply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny;
Since they ſo few watch ſuch a multitude.

Exe. Remember, Lords, your oaths to *Henry* ſworn:
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,

Garter: and not the *Comic* character afterwards introduced by our author; and which was a creature merely of his own brain. Nor, when he nam'd him *Falſtaffe*, do I believe, he had any intention of throwing a ſlur on the memory of this renowned old warrior. Eſpecially, if the tradition be true, that this humorous character was at firſt call'd *Oldcaſtle* by our author; and afterwards chang'd to *Falſtaffe*, upon a repreſentation made to Queen *Elizabeth*; ſome of the *Oldcaſtles* ſurviving, who thought themſelves aggriev'd in that character bearing the name of their family.

Or

Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit* Bedford.
Glou. I'll to the *Tower* with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and ammunition;
And then I will proclaim young *Henry* King. [*Exit* Gloucester.
Exe. To *Eltam* will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*
Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be thus out of office:
The King from *Eltam* I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal. [*Exit.*

SCENE, before *Orleans* in *France.*

Enter Charles, Alanson, *and* Reignier, *marching with a drum and Soldiers.*

Char. MARS his true moving, ev'n as in the heav'ns, (5)
So in the earth to this day is not known.
Late, did he shine upon the *English* side:
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near *Orleans:*
Tho' still the famish'd *English*, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.
Alan. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves;
Either they must be dieted, like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,

(5) Mars *his true moving,*] Our poet in an hundred passages of his works, has shewn us his acquaintance with *judicial Astrology*; he here gives us a glimpse of his knowledge in *Astronomy*. The revolutions of the planet *Mars* were not found out till the beginning of the 17th century. *Kepler*, I think, was the person, who first gave light to discovery upon this subject, from the observations of *Tycho-Brahe*, in his Treatise *De Motibus Stellæ* Martis, of which Treatise I have seen no earlier edition than that from *Frankfort* publish'd in 1609; at least 15 years, if not more, after the appearance of this play.

Or

Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Reign. Let's raise the siege: Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum: We will rush on them:
Now for the honour of the forlorn *French*:
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[*Here alarm, they are beaten back by the* English *with great loss.*

Re-Enter Charles, Alanson, *and* Reignier.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs, cowards, dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desp'rate homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alan. Froysard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* bred,
During the time *Edward* the Third did reign:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Samsons* and *Goliasses*
It sendeth forth to skirmish; one to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose,
They had such courage and audacity!

Cha. Let's leave this town, for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else they could ne'er hold out so, as they do:
By my consent we'll e'en let them alone.

Alan. Be it so.

Enter

Enter the Baſtard of Orleans.

Baſt. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.
Dau. Baſtard of *Orleans*, thrice welcome to us.
Baſt. Methinks, your looks are ſad, your cheer appall'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a viſion, ſent to her from Heav'n,
Ordained is to raiſe this tedious ſiege;
And drive the *Engliſh* forth the bounds of *France*.
The ſpirit of deep prophecy ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibylls* of old *Rome*: (6)
What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speak, ſhall I call her in? believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.
Dau. Go, call her in; but firſt to try her ſkill,
Reignier, ſtand thou as Dauphin in my place;
Queſtion her proudly, let thy looks be ſtern:
By this means ſhall we ſound what ſkill ſhe hath.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do theſe wond'rous feats?
Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? come, come from behind,
I know thee well, tho' never ſeen before.
Be not amaz'd: There's nothing hid from me;
In private will I talk with thee apart:
Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave awhile.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at firſt daſh.
Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a ſhepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art:
Heav'n, and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate.

(6) *Exceeding the nine* Sibylls *of old* Rome.] Either the poet is forgetful here of tradition, or purpoſely gives himſelf a latitude of expreſſion. The *Cumæan Sibyl* is the only one ſuppoſed to have viſited *Italy*; and ſhe it was, according to ſome authors, who brought the *nine* volumes of *Sibylline* oracles to *Tarquinius Superbus*. To this fable, no doubt, our author here alludes.

Lo,

Lo, whilſt I waited on my tender lambs,
And to ſun's parching heat diſplay'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a viſion full of Majeſty,
Will'd me to leave my baſe vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd ſucceſs.
In compleat glory ſhe reveal'd herſelf;
And, whereas I was black and ſwart before,
With thoſe clear rays which ſhe infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bleſt with, which you ſee.
Aſk me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer unpremeditated.
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt find that I exceed my ſex.
Reſolve on this, thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou haſt aſtoniſh'd me with thy high terms;
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In ſingle combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are ture;
Otherwiſe, I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd ſword,
Deck'd with fine flow'r-de-luces on each ſide;
The which, at *Tourain* in St. *Catharine*'s church,
Out of a deal of old iron I choſe forth.

Dau. Then come o' God's name, for I fear no woman.

Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle *overcomes.*

Dau. Stay, ſtay thy hands, thou art an *Amazon*;
And fighteſt with the ſword of *Debora*.

Pucel. Chriſt's mother helps me, elſe I were too weak.

Dau. Who-e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that muſt help me;
Impatiently I burn with thy deſire,
My heart and hands thou haſt at once ſubdu'd;
Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy name be ſo,
Let me thy ſervant and not Sovereign be,
'Tis the *French* Dauphin ſueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I muſt not yield to any rites of love,
For my profeſſion's ſacred from above:

When I have chaſed all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.

Dau. Mean time, look gracious on thy proſtrate thrall.

Reig. My Lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alan. Doubtleſs, he ſhrives this woman to her ſmock;
Elſe ne'er could he ſo long protract his ſpeech.

Reig. Shall we diſturb him, ſince he keeps no meane?

Alan. He may mean more than we poor men do know;
Theſe women are ſhrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My Lord, where are you? what deviſe you on?
Shall we give over *Orleans* or no?

Pucel. Why, no, I ſay; diſtruſtful recreants!
Fight till the laſt gaſp, for I'll be your guard.

Dau. What ſhe ſays, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Pucel. Aſſign'd I am to be the *Engliſh* ſcourge.
This night the ſiege aſſuredly I'll raiſe:
Expect Saint *Martin*'s ſummer, *Halcyon* days,
Since I have enter'd thus into theſe wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge itſelf,
Till by broad ſpreading it diſperſe to nought.
With *Henry*'s death the *Engliſh* circle ends;
Diſperſed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud inſulting ſhip,
Which *Cæſar* and his fortune bore at once.

Dau. Was *Mahomet* inſpired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inſpired then.
Helen the mother of great *Conſtantine*,
Nor yet St. *Philip*'s daughters, were like thee.
Bright ſtar of *Venus*, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worſhip thee?

Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raiſe the ſiege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſave our honours;
Drive them from *Orleans*, and be immortaliz'd.

Dau. Preſently try: come, let's away about it.
No prophet will I truſt, if ſhe proves falſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, the *Tower*-gates, in *London*.

Enter Gloucester, *with his serving-men*.

Glou. I Am this day come to survey the *Towers*.
Since *Henry*'s death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates. 'Tis *Gloucester*, that calls.

1 *Ward.* Who's there, that knocketh so imperiously?

1 *Man.* It is the noble Duke of *Gloucester*.

2 *Ward.* Who e'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Man.* Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him! so we answer him;
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?
There's none Protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize.
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghil grooms?

Gloucester's *men rush at the* Tower-*gates; and* Woodville *the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Wood. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's *Gloster*, that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of *Winchester* forbids;
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glou. Faint-hearted *Woodville*, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester*, that haughty prelate,
Whom *Henry*, our late Sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King;
Open the gate, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serv. Open the gates there to the Lord Protector;
We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.

Enter

Enter to the Protector at the Tower-*gates*, Winchester *and his men in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious *Humphrey*, what means this (7)?
Glou. Piel'd prieſt, doſt thou command me be ſhut out?
Win. I do, thou moſt uſurping proditor,
And not Protector, of the King or realm.
Glou. Stand back, thou manifeſt conſpirator;
Thou, that contriv'd'ſt to murder our dead Lord;
Thou, that giv'ſt whores indulgencies to ſin; (8)
I'll canvaſs thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inſolence.
Win. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be *Damaſcus*, be thou curſed *Cain*, (9)

(7) *How now, ambitious* umpire, *what means this?*] This reading has obtain'd in all the editions ſince the ſecond *folio*. The firſt *folio* has it, *Umpheir*. It is obſervable that, in both, the word is diſtinguiſh'd in *Italicks*. But why, *Umpire?* Or of what? *Glouceſter* was Protector of the realm in the King's minority, but not an umpire in any particular matter that we know of. The traces of the letters, and the word being printed originally in *Italicks*, convince me, that the Duke's chriſtian name lurk'd under this corruption. I have therefore ventur'd to reſtore it in the text: And *Glouceſter* is not ſo ſeldom as fifty times call'd *Humphrey* in this and the ſucceeding play.

(8) *Thou, that giv'ſt whores.*] The brothel-houſes, or *ſtews*, which were of old licens'd on the *Bankſide* at *Southwark*, were within the diſtrict, and under the juriſdiction, of the Biſhop of *Winchester*. To this our poet has again alluded in the laſt ſpeech of his *Troilus* and *Creſſida*:

——but that my fear is this,
Some galled *goose* of *Winchester* would hiſs.

For the venereal tumour, call'd a *Winchester-goose*, deriv'd its name from that Biſhop giving diſpenſations to ſtrumpets. Nor were harlots alone permitted to exerciſe their function at the *Bankſide*; but ſtalkhauds were likewiſe indulg'd to keep publick houſes for the reception of ſuch cattle. And theſe became ſo infamous, that in the eleventh year of *Henry* VI. we find, a ſtatute was made, that none, who dwelt at the ſtews in *Southwark*, ſhould be impannell'd in juries, nor keep any inn, or tavern, but there. Theſe ſtews, in the thirty-ſeventh year of King *Henry* VIII. (*Anno* 1546) were, by proclamation and ſound of trumpet, ſuppreſs'd; and the houſes let to people of reputation, and honeſt callings.

(9) *This be* Damaſcus.] About four miles from *Damaſcus* is a high hill, reported to be the ſame on which *Cain* kill'd his brother *Abel*. Maundr. *Trav.* p. 131.

To

To ſlay thy brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

Glou. I will not ſlay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy ſcarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth,
I'll uſe to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do, what thou dar'ſt; I beard thee to thy face.

Glou. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place.
Blue coats to tawny. Prieſt, beware thy beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you ſoundly.
Under my feet I'll ſtamp thy Cardinal's hat:
In ſpight of Pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. *Glo'ſter*, thou'lt anſwer this before the Pope.

Glou. *Winchester* goose! I cry, a rope, a rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them ſtay?
Thee I'll chaſe hence, thou wolf in ſheep's array.
Out tawny coats; out, ſcarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's *men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of* London, *and his officers.*

Mayor. Fy, Lords; that you, being ſupreme magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould break the peace!

Glou. Peace, Mayor, for thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here diſtrain'd the *Tower* to his uſe.

Win. Here's *Glo'ceſter* too, a foe to citizens,
One that ſtill motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purſes with large fines;
That ſeeks to overthrow religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the *Tower*,
To crown himſelf King, and ſuppreſs the Prince.

Glou. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they ſkirmiſh again.*

Mayor. Nought reſts for me in this tumultuous ſtrife,
But to make open proclamation.
Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canſt.

All

All manner of men assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the King's, we charge and command you in his Highness's name, to repair to your several dwelling places, and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and tell our minds at large.
Win. Glo'ster, we'll meet to thy dear cost, be sure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.
This Cardinal is more haughty than the devil.
Glou. Mayor, farewel: Thou dost but what thou may'st.
Win. Abominable *Glo'ster*, guard thy head,
For I intend to have it, ere be long. [*Exeunt.*
Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God! that Nobles should such stomachs beard!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, changes to *Orleans* in *France*.

Enter the Master-Gunner of Orleans, *and his Boy.*

M. Gun. SIrra, thou know'st how *Orleans* is besieg'd,
And how the *English* have the suburbs won.
Boy. Father, I know, and oft have shot at them,
How e'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town,
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The Prince's 'spials have informed me,
The *English*, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Went thro' a secret grate of iron bars,
In yonder tow'r, to over-peer the city;
And thence discover how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ord'nance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And fully ev'n these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch.
For I can stay no longer.——

If

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the Governor's. [*Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter Salisbury *and* Talbot *on the Turrets, with others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of *Bedford* had a prisoner,
Called the brave Lord *Ponton de Santrailo*.
For him was I exchang'd, and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdaining scorn'd, and craved death,
Rather than I would be so vilde esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was, as I desir'd.
But O, the treach'rous *Fastolfe* wounds my heart;
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my pow'r.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick spectacle to all.
Here, said they, is the terror of the *French*;
The scare-crow, that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great a fear my name amongst them spread,
That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel;
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had;
They walk'd about me ev'ry minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter

Enter the Boy, *with a Linſtock.*

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is ſupper-time in *Orleans:*
Here thro' this grate I can count every one,
And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortify;
Let us look in, the ſight will much delight thee.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, and Sir *William Glanſdale*,
Let me have your expreſs opinions,
Where is beſt place to make our battery next?
Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there ſtand Lords.
Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tal. For ought I ſee this city muſt be famiſh'd,
Or with light ſkirmiſhes enfeebled.
[*Here they ſhoot, and* Salisbury *falls down.*
Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched ſinners.
Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man.
Tal. What chance is this, that ſuddenly hath croſt us?
Speak, *Saliſbury*; at leaſt, if thou canſt ſpeak;
How far'ſt thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's ſide ſtruck off!
Accurſed tow'r, accurſed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battels *Saliſbury* o'ercame:
Henry the Fifth he firſt train'd to the wars.
Whilſt any trump did ſound, or drum ſtruck up,
His ſword did ne'er leave ſtriking in the field.
Yet liv'ſt thou, *Saliſbury?* tho' thy ſpeech doth fail,
One eye thou haſt to look to heav'n for grace.
The ſun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heav'n, be thou gracious to none alive,
If *Saliſbury* wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargave*, haſt thou any life?
Speak unto *Talbot*; nay, look up to him.
O *Saliſ'ry*, chear thy ſpirit with this comfort,
Thou ſhalt not die, while——
——He beckons with his hand, and ſmiles on me,
As who ſhould ſay, *When I am dead and gone,*

Remember

Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantagenet, I will; and *Nero*-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall *France* be only in my name.
[*Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens.*
What stir is this? what tumult's in the Heav'ns?
Whence cometh this alarum and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the *French* have gather'd head.
The *Dauphin* with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[*Here* Salisbury *lifteth himself up, and groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying *Salisbury* doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a *Salisbury* to you.
Pucelle or *Pussel*, *Dauphin* or *Dog-fish*,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horses heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey brave *Salisbury* into his tent,
And then we'll try what dastard *Frenchmen* dare.
[*Alarm. Exeunt, bearing* Salisbury *and Sir* Thomas Gargrave *out.*

Here an alarm again; and Talbot *pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: Then enter* Joan la Pucelle, *driving* Englishmen *before her. Then enter* Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our *English* troops retire, I cannot stay them:
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here, she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch;
And straitway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.
Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I, that must disgrace thee.
[*They fight.*
Tal.

Tal. Heavens, can you ſuffer hell ſo to prevail?
My breaſt I'll burſt with ſtraining of my courage,
And from my ſhoulders crack my arms aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded ſtrumpet.

Pucel. Talbot, farewel, thy hour is not yet come,
I muſt go victual *Orleans* forthwith.

A ſhort alarm. Then enter the town with ſoldiers.

O'ertake me if thou canſt, I ſcorn thy ſtrength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-ſtarved men,
Help *Salisbury* to make his teſtament:
This day is ours, as many more ſhall be. [*Exit* Pucelle.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel,
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as ſhe lifts.
So bees with ſmoak, and doves with noiſom ſtench,
Are from their hives, and houſes, driv'n away.
They call'd us for our fiereeneſs *Engliſh* dogs,
Now, like their whelps, we crying run away.

[*A ſhort alarm.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of *England*'s coats:
Renounce your ſoil, give ſheep in lions ſtead:
Sheep run not half ſo tim'rous from the wolf,
Or horſe or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-ſubdued ſlaves.

[*Alarm. Here another Skirmiſh.*

It will not be: Retire into your trenches:
You all conſented unto *Salisbury*'s death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into *Orleans*,
In ſpight of us, or ought that we could do,
O, would I were to die with *Saliſbury!*
The ſhame hereof will make me hide my head. [*Exit* Tal.

[*Alarm, retreat, flouriſh.*

Enter on the Wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alanſon, *and Soldiers.*

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls,
Reſcu'd is *Orleans* from the *Engliſh* wolves:

Thus

Thus *Jean la Pucelle* hath perform'd her word.
Dau. Divinest creature, bright *Astrea*'s daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success!
Thy promises are like *Adonis*' garden, (10)

That

(10) *Thy promises are like* Adonis' *garden,*] This is a piece of poetical history, which, I own, I have not been able to trace. *Alcinous*'s garden, in the *Odyssey*, has something in it, I know, that might countenance this *simile* of our author. "*There a perpetual* zephyr "*blowing, some fruits blossom'd, others were ripen'd, by it.*"

——— ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἀιεὶ
Ζεφυρίη πνείουσα τὰ μὲν φύει, ἄλλα δὲ πέσσει.

But our poet speaks here *locally* of *Adonis*'s garden, as *Homer* there does of *Alcinous*'s: For which I can find no warrant in any ancient writer. We read, 'tis true, of Ἀδωνιδος κῆποι, but they were *moveable gardens* in machine, and not capable of such improvements. In the festival celebrated to the memory of *Adonis*, his image was carried in pomp; as were also certain *shells*, or vessels, fill'd with earth, in which several sorts of grain and herbs were sown, especially lettices: Because *Adonis* was thought to have been laid out by *Venus* upon a bed of lettices. This plantation was made so long before the festival, as to sprout forth, and be green at that time. *Theocritus*, I remember, describing *Arsinoe*, *Ptolemy*'s Queen, in her celebration of this festival, takes notice that she had prepar'd these *gardens* of *Adonis* in silver flaskets.

Πὰρ δ' ἁπαλοὶ Κᾶποὶ πεφυλαγμένοι ἐν ταλαρίσκοις
Ἀργυρέοις.

This species of *portable gardens* in honour of *Adonis* a (superstition, that has been variously explain'd; is mentioned by *Theophrastus*, *Aristotle*, *Plato*, *Pausanias*, *Athenæus*, *Eustathius*, and a croud of authors more, who are quoted by *Castellanus*, and *Meursius* in his *Græcia Feriata*. To any other garden belonging to *Adonis*, I am utterly a stranger. What author our *Shakespeare* traded with for this hint, I cannot pretend to say: Nor dare I, on the other hand, assert that his mind was on *Alcinous*, though his copies all exhibit *Adonis*. A learned and reverend gentleman having attempted to impeach Dr. *Bentley* of error, for maintaining that there never was existent any magnificent or spacious *Garden* of Adonis; an opinion, in which it has been my fortune to second the *Doctor* upon this head, I thought myself concern'd in some part to weigh those authorities, which are alledg'd by the *Objector* for *Adonis* having any *real* garden. *Pliny*, (in the xixth book of his Natural History, ch. iv.) has these words: *Antiquitas nihil prius mirata est quam Hesperidum* Hortos, *ac Regum* Adonidis *&* *Alcioni*. The first and third of these suppos'd *gardens*, it must be granted, are merely fictitious and mythological; and depend only on the testimony of poetic imagination: and therefore there is very little reason to conclude, that the *Naturalist* meant any more by *Adonis*'s gardens, than those planted in honour of him, and carried about at his festivals. The Scholiast on *Theocritus* tells us, it was a custom to sow wheat, barley,

That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetess!
Recover'd is the town of *Orleans*;
More bleſſed hap did ne'er befal our ſtate.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets;
To celebrate the joy, that God hath giv'n us.

and other grain, in the ſuburbs of their towns; (where *Adonis* was worſhip'd;) and theſe planted ſpots were call'd *Adonis*'s gardens, and conſecrated to him: and the fruits and plants, which were produc'd there, were of thoſe that were carried about in the ceremonies perform'd to his worſhip. But it will not be pretended, I hope, that theſe were gardens cultivated by him; but barely conſecrated to his memory. The learned *Huetius*, indeed, in his *Demonſtrat. Evangelic.* mentions, that the *Greeks* relate of *Adonis*, that he was exceedingly devoted to the culture of gardens: *Regem* Adonidem Hortorum *curæ impenſe fuiſſe deditum narrantes.* But what does this imply more, than that he was an admirer of rural pleaſures; of gardens, as well as lawns and chaſes? Not that there was any known or celebrated garden, formed and cultivated by himſelf, and which therefor carried his name. Nay, *Huetius* was ſo far from believing any ſuch matter, that he thinks, the original of the *portable gardens* came from the reſemblance of the name *Adon* to that of *Eden*: And that *Gan-Eden*, or the garden of pleaſure, the term which the *Phœnician* women gave to theſe portable gardens, in proceſs of time was chang'd into *Gan-Adon*, the gardens of *Adonis*. So *Gerard Croſius*, in his *Homerus Hebraïzans*, gives it as his opinion, that whatever the old fables have ſaid of the *Heſperides*, and the gardens of *Adonis*, as well as what *Homer* has ſaid of *Alcinous*'s gardens, have all their foundation from the *Moſaic* EDEN. And I'll add, that the *Elyſian Fields*, in many reſpects, are a copy from the ſame picture. —— *Marino*, indeed, the *Italian* poet, has planted a fictitious garden for *Adonis*; as our *Spenſer* has likewiſe done ſince, upon the other's plan. But theſe are poetic deſcriptions, and founded on no baſis of truth or real locality. When I wrote the note, to which I make this a ſupplement, I obſerv'd, that what author our *Shakeſpeare* traded with for his hint about *Adonis*'s gardens, I could not pretend to ſay: But I am now convinc'd, that he copied the thought of his *Simile* from the following paſſage of *Spenſer*.

There is *continual ſpring*, and *harveſt* there
Continual, both *meeting at one time*;
For both the *boughs* do laughing *bloſſoms* bear,
And with freſh colours deck the wanton prime;
And eke at once the *heavy trees* they climb,
Which ſeem to labour under their *fruit's load*, &c.
Fairy Queen, B. iii. Can. 6. St. 42.

Alan.

Alan. All *France* will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
Dau. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friers in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhodope*'s or *Memphis* ever was!
In Memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of *Darius*, (11)
Transported shall be at high festivals,
Before the Kings and Queens of *France*.
No longer on St. *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan la Pucelle* shall be *France*'s Saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

(11) —— *Coffer of* Darius] When *Alexander* the Great took the city *Gaza*, the metropolis of *Syria*, amidst the other spoils and wealth of *Darius* treasur'd up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little chest, or casket. Having surveyed the singular rarity of it, and asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it; when they had severally deliver'd their Opinions, he told them, He esteem'd nothing so worthy to be preserv'd in it as *Homer*'s *Iliads*. Vide *Plutarchum* in Vitâ *Alexand. Magni*.

ACT II.

SCENE, before *Orleans*.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

SERJEANT.

SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noiſe or ſoldier you perceive
Near to the wall, by ſome apparent ſign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
Cent. Serjeant, you ſhall. Thus are poor ſervitors
(When others ſleep upon their quiet beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſs, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy, *with ſcaling ladders. Their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whoſe approach the regions of *Artois*,
Walloon, and *Picardy* are friends to us;
This happy night the *Frenchmen* are ſecure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted.
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful ſorcery.
Bed. Coward of *France*; how much he wrongs his fame,
Deſpairing of his own arms fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Puccelle*, whom they term ſo pure?
Tal. A maid, they ſay.
Bed. A maid? and be ſo martial?
Bur. Pray God, ſhe prove not maſculine ere long,
If underneath the ſtandard of the *French*
She carry armour, as ſhe hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practiſe and converſe with ſpirits;
God

God is our fortreſs, in whoſe conqu'ring name
Let us reſolve to ſcale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Aſcend, brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together; better far I gueſs,
That we do make our entrance ſeveral ways:
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may riſe againſt their force.
Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.
Bur. I to this.
Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now, *Saliſbury!* for thee and for the right
Of *Engliſh Henry*, ſhall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
Cent. [*within.*] Arm, arm; the enemy doth make aſſault.
[*The* Engliſh, *ſcaling the walls Cry St.* George!
A Talbot!

The French *leap o'er the walls in their ſhirts. Enter, ſeveral ways,* Baſtard, Alanſon, Reignier, *half ready and half unready.*

Alan. How now, my Lords? what all unready ſo?
Baſt. Unready? I, and glad we 'ſcap'd ſo well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds;
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.
Alan. Of all exploits, ſince firſt I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or deſperate than this.
Baſt. I think, this *Talbot* is a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heav'ns, ſure, favour him.
Alan. Here cometh *Charles*, I marvel how he ſped.

Enter Charles *and* Joan.

Baſt. Tut! holy *Joan* was his defenſive guard.
Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didſt thou at firſt, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain;
That now our loſs might be ten times as much?
Pucel. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my pow'r alike?
Sleeping, or waking, muſt I ſtill prevail?

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident ſoldiers, had your watch been good,
This ſudden miſchief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of *Alanſon*, this was your default,
That, being Captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alan. Had all your quarters been as ſafely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus ſhamefully ſurpriz'd.

Baſt. Mine was ſecure.

Reig. And ſo was mine, my Lord.

Char. And for myſelf, moſt part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in paſſing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels.
Then how, or which way, ſhould they firſt break in?

Pucel. Queſtion, my Lords, no further of the caſe,
How, or which way; 'tis ſure, they found ſome part
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there reſts no other ſhift but this,
To gather our ſoldiers, ſcatter'd and diſperſt,
And lay new platforms to endamage them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, within the Walls of *Orleans*.

Alarum. Enter a Soldier crying, a Talbot! *a* Talbot! *they fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Sol. I'LL be ſo bold to take what they have left:
The cry of *Talbot* ſerves me for a ſword,
For I have loaden me with many ſpoils,
Uſing no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, *and* Burgundy.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whoſe pitchy mantle over veil'd the earth.
Here ſound retreat, and ceaſe our hot purſuit. [*Retreat.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the market place,
The middle centre of this curſed town.

Now

Now have I pay'd my vow unto his ſoul:
For ev'ry drop of blood was drawn from him,
There have at leaſt five *Frenchmen* dy'd to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefeſt temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corps ſhall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the ſack of *Orleans*;
The treach'rous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to *France*.
But, Lords, in all our bloody maſſacre,
I muſe, we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous *Joan* of *Arc*,
Nor any of his falſe confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the ſudden from their drowſy beds,
They did amongſt the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls, for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myſelf, as far as I could well diſcern
For ſmoak and duſky vapours of the night,
Am ſure, I ſcar'd the Dauphin and his trull:
When, arm in arm, they both came ſwiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle doves,
That could not live aſunder day or night.
After that things are ſet in order here,
We'll follow them with all the pow'r we have.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. All hail, my Lords; which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike *Talbot*, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of *France*?

Tal. Here is the *Talbot*, who would ſpeak with him?

Meſſ. The virtuous Lady, Counteſs of *Auvergne*,
With modeſty, admiring thy renown,
By me intreats, great Lord, thou would'ſt vouchſafe
To viſit her poor caſtle where ſhe lies;
That ſhe may boaſt ſhe hath beheld the man,
Whoſe glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it ev'n so? nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comick sport,
When Ladies crave to be encountered with.
You can't, my Lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, that is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this Lady's courtesy.
Come hither, Captain; you perceive my mind. [*Whispers.*

Capt. I do, my Lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Countess of *Auvergne*'s Castle.

Enter the Countess, and her Porter.

Count. PORter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you've done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As *Sythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus*' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his atchievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your Ladyship
By message crav'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome; what! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of *France*?

Is

Is this the *Talbot* ſo much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers ſtill their babes? (12)
I ſee, report is fabulous and falſe.
I thought, I ſhould have ſeen ſome *Hercules*;
A ſecond *Hector*, for his grim aſpect,
And large proportion of his ſtrong knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a filly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled Shrimp
Should ſtrike ſuch terror in his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But ſince your Ladyſhip is not at leiſure,
I'll ſort ſome other time to viſit you.

Count. What means he now? Go ask him, whither he goes.

Meſſ. Stay, my Lord *Talbot*; for my Lady craves
To know the cauſe of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that ſhe's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, *Talbot*'s here.

Enter Porter with Keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou priſoner.

Tal. Pris'ner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirſty Lord:
And for that cauſe I train'd thee to my houſe.
Long time thy ſhadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the ſubſtance ſhall endure the like,
And I will chain theſe legs and arms of thine,
That haſt by tyranny theſe many years
Waſted our country, ſlain our citizens,
And ſent our ſons and huſbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha.

(12) *That with his* Name *the* mothers ſtill their babes?] This deſcription of the terror, which *Talbot* ſtruck into the *French*, ſeems to me to be ridicul'd by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Knight* of the *Burning Peſtle*, in which ſeveral other paſſages of our author are ſneer'd at:

We'll fear our children *with him*;
If they be nether ſo unruly, do but cry
Ralph *comes!* Ralph *comes!* to them,
And they'll be as quiet as lambs.

Count. Laugheſt thou, wretch? thy mirth ſhall turn to moan.
Tal. I laugh to ſee your Ladyſhip ſo fond,
To think, that you have aught but *Talbot's* ſhadow
Whereon to practiſe your ſeverity.
Count. Why? art not thou the man?
Tal. I am, indeed.
Count. Then have I ſubſtance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but ſhadow of my ſelf:
You are deceiv'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part
And leaſt proportion of humanity:
I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not ſufficient to contain it.
Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I ſhew you preſently.

Winds his horn; drum ſtrike up; a peal of Ordnance. Enter Soldiers.

How ſay you, Madam? are you now perſuaded,
That *Talbot* is but ſhadow of himſelf?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinews, arms and ſtrength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and ſubverts your towns;
And in a moment makes them deſolate.
Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe:
I find, thou art no leſs than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not provoke thy wrath;
For, I am ſorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Tal. Be not diſmay'd, fair Lady; nor miſconſtrue
The mind of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction do I crave,
But only with your patience that we may

Taſte

Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers stomachs always serve them well.
Cous. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *London*, in the *Temple garden.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, *and others.*

Plan. GReat Lords and Gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth:
Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th' error?
Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
I never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my Lord of *Warwick*, then between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the Law,
Good-faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born Gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,

If

If he ſuppoſe that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white roſe with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward, and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red roſe from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours; and without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flattery,
I pluck this white roſe with *Plantagenet*.
Suf. I pluck this red roſe with young *Somerſet*,
And ſay withal, I think, he held the right.
Ver. Stay, Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude, that he, upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt roſes are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good maſter *Vernon*, it is well objected;
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth and plainneſs of the caſe,
I pluck this pale and maiden bloſſom here,
Giving my verdict on the white roſe ſide.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Leſt, bleeding, you do paint the white roſe red;
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
Ver. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be ſurgeon to my hurt;
And keep me on the ſide, where ſtill I am.
Som. Well, well, come on; who elſe?
Lawyer. Unleſs my ſtudy and my books be falſe,
The argument, you held, was wrong in you;
[*To* Somerſet.
In ſign whereof I pluck a white roſe too.
Plan. Now, *Somerſet*, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my ſcabbard, meditating that
Shall die your white roſe to a bloody red.
Plan Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roſes;
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
Som. No, *Plantagenet*,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks

Bluſh

Bluſh for pure ſhame to counterfeit our roſes;
And yet thy tongue will not confeſs thy error,
Plan. Hath not thy roſe a canker, *Somerſet?*
Som. Hath not thy roſe a thorn, *Plantagenet?*
Plan. Ay, ſharp and piercing to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy conſuming canker eats his falſhood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roſes,
That ſhall maintain what I have ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſeen.
Plan. Now by this maiden bloſſom in my hand,
I ſcorn thee and thy faction, peeviſh boy. (13).
Suf. Turn not thy ſcorns this way, *Plantagenet.*
Plan. Proud *Pool*, I will; and ſcorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pool!*
We grace the Yeoman by converſing with him.
War Now, by God's will, thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet.*
His grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*,
Third ſon to the third *Edward* King of *England:*
Spring creſtleſs Yeomen from ſo deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durſt not for his craven heart ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Chriſtendom.
Was not thy father, *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*,
For treaſon headed in our late King's days?
And by his treaſon ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted and exempt from antient gentry?

(13) *I ſcorn thee and thy* paſſion, *peeviſh boy.*] The old copies read, *Faſhion:* which the Epithet *peeviſh*, I preſume, induc'd Mr. *Pope* to change into *Paſſion.* But I dare ſay, I have reſtor'd the true word, *Faction*: i. e. I ſcorn thee, and thoſe that uphold thee. *Somerſet* had ſaid but juſt before,

Well, I'll find Friends *to wear my bleeding roſes.*

And *Plantagenet* ſays a little after;

——— *this pale and angry roſe*
Will I for ever and my Faction *wear;*

Beſides, if *Faction were* not the true reading, why ſhould *Suffolk* immediately reply,

Turn not thy ſcorns this way, Plantagenet?

His

His treſpaſs yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treaſon, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker *Pool*, and you yourſelf,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To ſcourge you for this reprehenſion; (14)
Look to it well, and ſay, you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill,
And know us by theſe colours for thy foes:
For theſe my friends, in ſpight of thee, ſhall wear.
Plan. And by my ſoul, this pale and angry roſe,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flouriſh to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And ſo farewel, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, *Pool*, farewel, ambitious *Richard*.
[*Exit.*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and muſt perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object againſt your houſe,
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the truce of *Winchester* and *Glouceſter*:
And if thou be not then created *York*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwick*.
Mean time, in ſignal of my love to thee,
Againſt proud *Somerſet* and *William Pool*,
Will I upon thy party wear this roſe.
And here I propheſy; this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,

(14) *To ſcourge you for this* apprehenſion.] Tho' this word poſſeſſes all the copies, I am perſuaded, it did not come from the author. I have ventur'd to read, *Reprehenſion:* and *Plantagenet* means, that *Somerſet* had *reprehended* or reproached him with his father the Earl of *Cambridge*'s treaſon.

Shall

Shall ſend, between the red roſe and the white,
A thouſand ſouls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you?
That you on my behalf would pluck a flow'r.
Ver. In your behalf ſtill will I wear the ſame.
Lawyer. And ſo will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir,
Come, let us four to dinner; I dare ſay,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Priſon.

Enter Mortimer, *brought in a chair, and Jailors.*

Mor. KInd keepers of my weak decaying age, (15)
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelf.
Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long impriſonment:
And theſe grey locks, the purſuivants of death,
Neſtor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*,
Theſe eyes, like lamps whoſe waſting oil is ſpent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.
Weak ſhoulders over-borne with burthening grief,
And pithleſs arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his ſapleſs branches to the ground:

(15) This *Edmund Mortimer*, when King *Richard* II. ſet out upon his fatal *Iriſh* expedition, was declared by that Prince heir apparent to the crown: for which reaſon King *Henry* IV. and V. took care to keep him in priſon during their whole reigns. *Mortimer*'s pretenſions to the crown, by deſcent, in right of his mother, ſtood thus.

King *Edward* III.

Lionel, Duke of *Clarence*.

Philippa, (who married *Edmund Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.)

Roger, Earl of *March*.

Edmund Mortimer.

Yet

Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
(Unable to support this lump of clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave;
As witting, I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

Keep. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come;
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul then shall be satisfy'd.
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsom sequestration have I had;
And, ev'n since then, hath *Richard* been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost!

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My Lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?

Plan. I, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despised *Richard*, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latest gasp.
Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks;
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from *York*'s great stock,
Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerset* and me:
Amongst which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,

Else

Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father Earl of *Cambridge* lost his head.

Mor. This cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me;
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsom dungeon there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit;
And death approach not, ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his cousin *Richard*, *Edward*'s son;
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that descent,
During whose reign the *Percies* of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that young King *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
I was the next by birth and parentage:
For by my mother I derived am
From *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*, the third son
To the Third *Edward*; whereas *Bolingbroke*
From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that heroick line.
But mark; as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir;
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth
After his father *Bolingbroke* did reign,
Thy father, Earl of *Cambridge*, (then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *York*,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was;)
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem

And

And re-inſtal me in the diadem:
But as the reſt, ſo fell that noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the title reſted, were ſuppreſt.
Plan. Of which, my Lord, your Honour is the laſt.
Mor. True; and thou ſeeſt, that I no Iſſue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the reſt I wiſh thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.
Plan. Thy grave admoniſhments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing leſs than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With ſilence, nephew, be thou politick:
Strong-fixed is the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As Princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a ſettled place.
Plan. O uncle, would ſome part of my young years
Might but redeem the paſſage of your age!
Mor. Thou doſt then wrong me, as that ſlaught'rer doth,
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou ſorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral.
And ſo farewel; and fair befal thy hopes (16)

(16) ——— *and fair* be all *thy hopes*.] *Mortimer* knew *Plantagenet*'s hopes were fair, but that the eſtabliſhment of the *Lancaſtrian* line diſappointed them: ſure, he would wiſh, that his nephew's fair hopes might have a fair iſſue; and this reſtitution of a ſingle letter, which might eaſily have dropt out at preſs, will give us; as, I am perſuaded, the Poet wrote;

——— *and fair* befal *thy hopes!*

So, in *Love's Labour's loſt*;

Bir. *Now fair* befal *your maſk!*
Roſa. *Fair* fall *the face, it covers!*

And ſo *Falconbridge* in King *John*;

Fair fall *the bones, that took the pains for me!*

Beſides, the firſt line of *Plantagenet*'s reply to *Mortimer* confirms my emendation:

And peace, no war, befal *thy parting ſoul!*

And

And prosp'rous be thy life, in peace and war! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befal thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And, like a hermit, over-past thy days.
Well; I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.
Here dies the dusky torch of *Mortimer*,
Choak'd with ambition of the meaner sort.
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which *Somerset* hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress.
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill th' advantage of my good. (17) [*Exit.*

(17) *Or make my* will *th' advantage of my good.*] So all the printed copies: but with very little regard to the Poet's meaning. What was *Plantanet*'s *will*, but to be restor'd to his blood? The conjunction disjunctive, therefore here is absurd and ungrammatical. Besides, I dare say, a *contrast* was designed in the terms, which is lost by the corruption of the text. I restore only throwing out a single letter,

Or make my ill *th' advantage of my* good.

Thus we recover the *antithesis* of the expression; and the disjunctive becomes proper and necessary to the meaning. "Either I will procure the honours of my blood to be restor'd; or my *misfortune*, my "hardship in being refused this, shall at least gain me friends, and "turn to my advantage."

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, the Parliament.

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, *and* Richard Plantagenet; Glouceſter *offers to put up a bill: Wincheſter ſnatches it, and tears it.*

WINCHESTER.

COm'ſt thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets ſtudiouſly devis'd?
Humphrey of *Glo'ſter*, if thou can'ſt accuſe,
Or ought intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention ſuddenly;
As I with ſudden and extemporal ſpeech
Purpoſe to anſwer what thou canſt object.
Glou. Preſumptuous prieſt, this place commands my patience;
Or thou ſhould'ſt find, thou haſt diſhonour'd me.
Think not, altho' in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outragious crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the method of my pen.
No, prelate, ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſs,
Thy leud, peſtif'rous, and diſſentious pranks,
The very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moſt pernicious uſurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace,
Laſcivious, wanton, more than well beſeems
A man of thy profeſſion and degree.
And for thy treach'ry, what's more manifeſt?
In that thou laid'ſt a trap to take my life,
As well at *London-Bridge*, as at the *Tower*.
Beſide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were ſifted,
The King thy Sovereign is not quite exempt

From

From envious malice of thy ſwelling heart.
Win. *Glo'ſter*, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchſafe
To give me hearing what I ſhall reply.
If I were covetous, perverſe, ambitious,
As he will have me; how am I ſo poor?
How haps it then, I ſeek not to advance
Or raiſe my ſelf? but keep my wonted calling.
And for diſſemion, who preferreth peace
More than I do? except I be provok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, which hath incens'd the Duke:
It is, becauſe no one ſhould ſway but he;
No one, but he, ſhould be about the King;
And that engenders thunder in his breaſt,
And makes him roar theſe accuſations forth.
But he ſhall know I am as good——
Glou. As good?
Thou baſtard of my grandfather!
Win Ay, lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glou. Am not I then Protector, ſawcy prieſt?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?
Glou. Yes, as an out-law in a caſtle keeps,
And uſeth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unrev'rend *Glo'ſter!*
Glou. Thou art reverend
Touching thy ſpiritual function, not thy life.
Win. Thi- *Rome* ſhall remedy.
War. Roam thither then.
Som. My Lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, ſee, the biſhop be not over-born:
Som. Methinks, my Lord ſhould be religious;
And know the office that belongs to ſuch.
War. Methinks, his Lordſhip ſhould be humbler then,
It fitteth not a prelate ſo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy ſtate is touch'd ſo near.
War. State, holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. *Plantagenet*, I ſee, muſt hold his tongue;

Leſt

Left it be said, 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
'Must your bold verdict enter talk with Lords?
Else would I have a fling at *Winchester*.

K. *Henry*. Uncles of *Glo'ster*, and of *Winchester*,
The special watchmen of our *English* weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers, as ye, should jar!
Believe me, Lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissention is a vip'rous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the common wealth.

[*A noise within*; Down with the tawny coats.

K. *Henry*. What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun thro' malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again*, Stones, Stones.

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. Oh, my good Lords, and virtuous *Henry*,
Pity the city *London*, pity us;
The Bishop and the Duke of *Glo'ster*'s men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in ev'ry street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, in skirmish, with bloody pates.

K. *Henry* We charge you on allegiance to ourselves,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace:
Pray, uncle *Glo'ster*, mitigate this strife.

1 *Serv*. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv*. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glou.

Glou. You of my houſhold, leave this peeviſh broil;
And ſet this unaccuſtom'd fight aſide.

3 *Serv.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Juſt and upright; and for your royal birth
Inferior to none but to his Majeſty:
And ere that we will ſuffer ſuch a Prince,
So kind a father of the common-weal,
To be diſgraced by an inkhorn mate;
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight:
And have our bodies ſlaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [*Begin again.*

Glou. Stay, ſtay, I ſay;
And if you love me, as you ſay you do,
Let me perſuade you to forbear a while.

K. *Henry.* O, how this diſcord doth afflict my ſoul!
Can you, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, behold
My ſighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My Lord Protector, yield: yield, *Wincheſter*;
Except you mean with obſtinate repulſe
To ſlay your Sovereign, and deſtroy the Realm.
You ſee, what miſchief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted thro' your enmity:
Then be at peace, except ye thirſt for blood.

Win. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will never yield.

Glou. Compaſſion on the King commands me ſtoop;
Or I would ſee his heart out, ere the prieſt
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, the Duke
Hath baniſh'd moody diſcontented fury,
As by his ſmoothed brows it doth appear.
Why look you ſtill ſo ſtern and tragical?

Glou. Here *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my hand.

K. *Henry.* Fy, uncle *Beauford:* I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous ſin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,

But

But prove a chief offender in the ſame?

War. Sweet King! the biſhop hath a kindly gird:
For ſhame, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, relent;
What, ſhall a child inſtruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of *Glo'ſter*, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glou. Ay, but I fear me with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token ſerveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourſelves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I diſſemble not!

Win. [*Aſide.*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

K. *Henry.* O loving uncle, gentle Duke of *Glo'ſter*,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my maſters, trouble us no more;
But join in friendſhip, as your Lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content, I'll to the ſurgeon's.

2 *Serv.* So will I.

3 *Serv.* And I'll ſee what phyſick the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt.*

War. Accept this ſcrowl, moſt gracious Sovereign,
Which in the right of *Richard Plantagenet*
We do exhibit to your Majeſty.

Glou. Well urg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*; for, ſweet Prince,
An if your Grace mark ev'ry circumſtance,
You have great reaſon to do *Richard* right:
Eſpecially, for thoſe occaſions
At *Eltham* place I told your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* And thoſe occaſions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving Lords, our pleaſure is,
That *Richard* be reſtored to his blood.

War. Let *Richard* be reſtored to his blood,
So ſhall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the reſt, ſo willeth *Wincheſter*.

K. *Henry.* If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the houſe of *York*;
From whence you ſpring by lineal deſcent.

Rich. Thy humble ſervant vows obedience,

And

And faithful ſervice, till the point of death.
K. *Henry.* Stoop then, and ſet your knee againſt my foot.
And in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant ſword of *York.*
Riſe, *Richard,* like a true *Plantagenet,*
And riſe created princely Duke of *York.*
Rich. And ſo thrive *Richard,* as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty ſprings, ſo periſh they,
That grudge one thought againſt your Majeſty!
All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York!*
Som. Periſh, baſe Prince, ignoble Duke of *York!* [*Aſide.*
Glou. Now will it beſt avail your Majeſty
To croſs the ſeas, and to be crown'd in *France:*
The preſence of a King engenders love
Amongſt his ſubjects and his loyal friends,
As it diſanimates his enemies.
K. *Henry.* When *Glo'ſter* ſays the word, King *Henry* goes;
For friendly counſel cuts off many foes.
Glou. Your ſhips already are in readineſs. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in *England* or in *France,*
Not feeling what is likely to enſue;
This late diſſenſion, grown betwixt the Peers,
Burns under feigned aſhes of forg'd love;
And will at laſt break out into a flame.
As feſter'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and fleſh, and ſinews, fall away;
So will this baſe and envious diſcord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which in the time of *Henry,* nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of ev'ry ſucking babe;
That *Henry,* born at *Monmouth,* ſhould win all;
And *Henry,* born at *Windſor,* ſhould loſe all:
Which is ſo plain, that *Exeter* doth wiſh,
His days may finiſh ere that hapleſs time. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to *Roan* in *France*.

Enter Joan la Pucelle *diſguis'd, and four Soldiers w*
ſacks upon their backs.

Pucel. THeſe are the city-gates, the gates of *Roan*,
Thro' which our policy muſt make a brea
Take heed, be wary, how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar ſort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we ſhall;)
And that we find the ſlothful watch but weak,
I'll by a ſign give notice to our friends;
That *Charles* the Dauphin may encouuter them.

Sol. Our ſacks ſhall be a mean to ſack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over *Roan*;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knoc*

Watch. *Qui va là?*

Pucel. *Paiſans, pauvres gens de France.*
Poor market-folks, that come to ſell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in, the market-bell is rung.

Pucel. Now, *Roan*, I'll ſhake thy bulwarks to the groun
[*Exeu*

Enter Dauphin, Baſtard, and Alanſon.

Dau. St. *Dennis* bleſs this happy ſtratagem!
And once again we'll ſleep ſecure in *Roan*.

Baſt. Here enter'd *Pucelle*, and her practiſants:
Now ſhe is there, how will ſhe ſpecify
Where is the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in?

Reig. By thruſting out a torch from yonder tow'r,
Which, once diſcern'd, ſhews, that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakneſs) which ſhe enter'd.

Enter Joan la Pucelle *on the top, thruſting out a tor*
burning.

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth *Roan* unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the *Talbotites*.

Baſ

Baſt. See, noble *Charles*, the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret ſtands.
Dau. Now ſhines it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes.
Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter and cry, *The Dauphin!* preſently,
And then do execution on the watch.
[*An alarm*; Talbot *in an excurſion.*
Tal. France, thou ſhalt rue this treaſon with thy tears,
If *Talbot* but ſurvive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned ſorcereſs,
Hath wrought this helliſh miſchief unawares:
That hardly we eſcap'd the prize of *France.* (18) [*Exit.*

An alarm: Excurſions. Bedford *brought in, ſick, in a chair. Enter* Talbot *and* Burgundy, *without*; *within*, Joan la Pucelle, *Dauphin, Baſtard, and* Reignier, *on the walls.*

Pucel. Good morrow, gallants, want ye corn for bread?
I think, the Duke of *Burgundy* will faſt,
Before he'll buy again at ſuch a rate,
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taſte?
Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend, and ſhameleſs curtizan!
I truſt, ere long to choak thee with thine own;
And make thee curſe the harveſt of that corn.
Dau. Your Grace may ſtarve, perhaps, before that time.
Bed. Oh, let not words, but deeds, revenge this treaſon!
Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,

(18) *That hardly we eſcap'd the* pride *of* France.] All the copies concur in this reading: but it ſeems to be an abſurd and unmeaning one. The beſt conſtruction, that can ariſe from *eſcaping the pride of* France, is, *eſcaping the proud* French: which would come very improperly from *Talbot*'s mouth. I have ventur'd to ſuppoſe, our author wrote, the *prize*: i. e. We hardly eſcap'd being *ſeiz'd* by, becoming the prize of the *French*. So in *Richard* the IIId.

A beauty-waining, and diſtreſſed widow,
Ev'n the afternoon of her beſt days,
Made *prize* and purchaſe of his wanton eye.

So likewiſe in the *French* tongue, *la priſe*, ſignifies the *ſeizure*, or *apprehending* of any thing, as well as the thing *ſeized*.

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of *France*, and hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with his shame.

Pucel. Are you so hot? yet, *Pucelle*, hold thy peace;
If *Talbot* do but thunder, rain will follow.
[*They whisper together in council.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

Pucel. Belike, your Lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee, *Alanson*, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alan. Scignior, no.

Tal. Seignior, hang: — base muleteers of *France*!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Pucel. Captains, away; let's get us from the walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my Lord: we came, Sir, but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too ere it be long,
Or else reproach be *Talbot*'s greatest fame!
Vow, *Burgundy*, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by publick wrongs sustain'd in *France*,
Either to get the town again, or die.
And I, as sure as *English Henry* lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late betrayed town
Great *Cœur-de-lion*'s heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of *Bedford*: come, my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,

Fitter

ter for ſickneſs, and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord *Talbot*, do not ſo diſhonour me:
ere I will ſit before the walls of *Roan*,
id will be partner of your weal and woe.
Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let us now perſuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
iat ſtout *Pendragon*, in his litter ſick,
ime to the field, and vanquiſhed his foes.
ethinks, I ſhould revive the ſoldiers hearts;
cauſe I ever found them as myſelf.
Tal. Undaunted ſpirit in a dying breaſt!
ien be it ſo: heav'ns keep old *Bedford* ſafe!
id now no more ado, brave *Burgundy*,
it gather we our forces out of hand,
id ſet upon our boaſting enemy. [*Exit.*

alarm: Excurſions: Enter Sir John Faſtolfe, *and a Captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir *John Faſtolfe*, in ſuch haſte?
Faſt. Whither away! to ſave myſelf by flight.
'e are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord *Talbot*?
Faſt. Ay, all the *Talbots* in the world to ſave my life.
[*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*
etreat: Excurſions. Pucelle, Alanſon, *and Dauphin fly.*
Bed. Now, quiet ſoul, depart when heav'n ſhall pleaſe;
or I have ſeen our enemies overthrow.
/hat is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
'hey, that of late were daring with their ſcoffs,
re glad and fain by flight to ſave themſelves.
[*Dies; and is carried off in his chair.*

SCENE, within the Walls of *Roan.*

An alarm: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, *and the reſt.*

al. Loſt and recover'd in a day again?
This is a double honour, *Burgundy*;
et heav'ns have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial *Talbot*, *Burgundy*
Inſhrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monuments.
Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke; but where is *Pucelle* now?
I think, her old familiar is aſleep.
Now where's the baſtard's braves, and *Charles* his gliſes?
What, all a-mort? *Roan* hangs her head for grief,
That ſuch a valiant company are fled.
Now we will take ſome order in the town,
Placing therein ſome expert officers,
And then depart to *Paris* to the King;
For there young *Henry* with his nobles lies.
Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaſeth *Burgundy*.
Tal. But yet before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd;
But ſee his exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*.
A braver ſoldier never couched launce,
A gentler heart did never ſway in court.
But Kings and mightieſt potentates muſt die,
For that's the end of human miſery. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dauphin, Baſtard, Alanſon, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Diſmay not, Princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that *Roan* is ſo recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corroſive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for a while;
And, like a peacock, ſweep along his tail:
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the reſt will be but rul'd.
Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence.
One ſudden foil ſhall never breed diſtruſt.
Baſt. Search out thy wit for ſecret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alan. We'll ſet thy ſtatue in ſome holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a bleſſed Saint.
Employ thee then, ſweet virgin, for our good.
Pucel. Then thus it muſt be, this doth *Joan* deviſe:

By

By fair perſuaſions, mixt with ſugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of *Burgundy*
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.
Dau. Ay, marry, ſweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for *Henry*'s warriors;
Nor ſhall that nation boaſt it ſo with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.
Alan. For ever ſhould they be expuls'd from *France*,
And not have title of an Earldom here.
Pucel. Your honours ſhall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wiſhed end.
[*Drum beats afar off.*
Hark, by the ſound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto *Paris*-ward.
[*Here beat an* Engliſh *march.*
There goes the *Talbot* with his colours ſpread,
And all the troops of *Engliſh* after him. [French *march.*
Now, in the rereward, comes the Duke and his:
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets ſound a parley.*

Enter the Duke of Burgundy *marching.*

Dau. A parley with the Duke of *Burgundy*.——
Burg. Who craves a parley with the *Burgundy?*
Pucel. The princely *Charles* of *France*, thy countryman.
Burg. What ſay'ſt thou, *Charles?* for I am marching hence.
Dau. Speak, *Pucelle*, and enchant him with thy words.
Pucel. Brave *Burgundy*, undoubted hope of *France!*
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid ſpeak to thee.
Bur. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.
Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile *France*;
And ſee the cities, and the towns, defac'd
By waſting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth cloſe his tender dying eyes;
See, ſee the pining malady of *France*.
Behold the wounds, the moſt unnat'ral wounds,

Which thou thyſelf haſt giv'n her woeful breaſt.
Oh, turn thy edged ſword another way:
Strike thoſe, that hurt; and hurt not thoſe, that help:
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's boſom,
Should grieve thee more than ſtreams of common gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And waſh away thy country's ſtained ſpots.

Burg. Either ſhe hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me ſuddenly relent.

Pucel. Beſides, all *French* and *France* exclaim on thee:
Doubting thy birth, and lawful progeny.
Whom join'ſt thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not truſt thee but for profit's ſake?
When *Talbot* hath ſet footing once in *France*,
And faſhion'd thee that inſtrument of ill;
Who then but *Engliſh Henry* will be Lord,
And thou be thruſt out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof:
Was not the Duke of *Orleans* thy foe?
And was not he in *England* priſoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They ſet him free without his ranſom paid;
In ſpight of *Burgundy*, and all his friends.
See then thou fight'ſt againſt thy countrymen;
And join'ſt with them, will be thy ſlaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring Lord;
Charles, and the reſt will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I'm vanquiſhed. Theſe haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-ſhot,
And made me almoſt yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and ſweet countrymen;
And, Lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.
My forces and my pow'r of men are yours.
So farewel *Talbot*, I'll no longer truſt thee.

Pu. Done, like a *Frenchman*: turn, and turn again!—(19)

Dau.

(19) *Done like a* Frenchman; *turn, and turn again.*] I make no doubt but this was a ſecret wipe on *Henry* IVth of *France*, who ſo oft turn'd his religion, as the exigencies of ſtate requir'd: and whoſe laſt

Da. Welcome, brave Duke! thy friendſhip makes us freſh.
Baſt. And doth beget new courage in our breaſts.
Alan. *Pucelle* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerve a coronet of gold.
Dau. Now let us on, my Lords, and join our powers;
And ſeek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Paris*.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Exeter, *&c. To them* Talbot, *with his ſoldiers.*

Tal. MY gracious Prince, and honourable peers
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my Sovereign.
In ſign whereof, this arm (that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortreſſes,
Twelve cities, and ſev'n walled towns of ſtrength,
Beſide five hundred priſoners of eſteem;)
Lets fall the ſword before your Highneſs' feet:
And with ſubmiſſive loyalty of heart
Aſcribes the glory of his conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God, and next unto your Grace.
K. *Henry.* Is this the fam'd Lord *Talbot*, uncle *Glo'ſter*,
That hath ſo long been reſident in *France*?
Glou. Yes, if it pleaſe your Majeſty, my Liege.
K. *Henry.* Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord.
When I was young, (as yet I am not old)

A

laſt turn, which was in the year 1593, when he reconciled himſelf to the Church of *Rome*, was ſo ungrateful to his old faſt friend Queen *Elizabeth*, that it threw her into a kind of melancholy: in the pomp and parade of which, ſhe is ſaid to have paſs'd ſome of her time in tranſlating *Boetius de Conſolatione Philoſophiæ*. Our author could not have paid his court with more addreſs to his royal miſtreſs's reſentments, than by the ſacrifice of this piece of ſatire on *Henry* of *Navarre* for his apoſtacy from the reform'd church.

Mr. *Warburton.*

I do remember how my father said, (20)
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because 'till now we never saw your faces.
Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of *Shrewsbury*,
And in our coronation take your place. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Vernon *and* Basset.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of *York*;
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my Lord, the Duke of *Somerset*.

Ver. Sirrah, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as *York*.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take you that.
[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,

(20) *I do remember how my father said,*] But *Henry* VI. was but nine months old, when his father dy'd: We have this twice from his own mouth, in the two subsequent parts of this history.

2 *Henry* VI. Act 4.

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a King at *nine months* old.

3 *Henry* VI. Act 3.

I was anointed King at *nine months old*.

A forgetfulness, therefore, of this pitch, (careless as our author was in some respects,) could hardly come from him, had these plays been his in the first concoction: however he might pass such an absurd circumstance inadvertently, while he was only putting the finishing hand to them. Contradictions of so gross a stamp put me in mind of Sir *Martin Marr all*, (in *Dryden*,) who says, "he was born at "*Cambridge*, and he remembers it as perfectly as if it were but yes-"day."

That,

That, whoſo draws a ſword, 'tis preſent death; (21)
Or elſe this blow ſhould broach thy deareſt blood.
But I'll unto his Majeſty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou ſhalt ſee, I'll meet thee to thy coſt.

Ver. Well, miſcreant, I'll be there as ſoon as you;
And, after, meet you ſooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

(21) ——— *the law of arms is ſuch,*
That, whoſo draws a ſword 'tis preſent death.] We are not to underſtand this, with regard to any penalty for drawing a ſword in the preſence, or within the verge of the royal palace: neither can the poet mean, that by the law of arms in general it was death to draw a ſword. Why then does *Baſſet* ſay, he'll crave liberty of the King to revenge his wrongs? Let us hear what the King ſays afterwards, when both parties come to aſk his leave for the combat.

——— *remember, where we are;*
In France, *amongſt a fickle wav'ring nation:*
If they perceive diſſention in our looks,
And that within ourſelves we diſagree,
How will their grudging ſtomachs be provok'd
To wilful diſobedience, and rebell?

'Tis probable therefore, that the King, conſidering himſelf, as it were, in an enemy's country, and fearful of ill conſequences from any of his own ſubjects bandying and quarrelling *there* with one another, had made it a capital offence by the martial law for any of his people to draw a weapon upon one another: And, this granted, there's ſome reaſon, why theſe combatants could not carve for their own revenge, without firſt obtaining a diſpenſation from this ſtrick order: and why they could no more draw their ſwords in another place, than in the *preſence*, without licence granted them.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Paris.*

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, *and Governor of* Paris.

GLOUCESTER.

LORD Biſhop, ſet the crown upon his head.
Win. God ſave King *Henry*, of that name the ſixth!
Glou. Now, governor of *Paris*, take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteem none friends, but ſuch as are his friends;
And none your foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practices againſt his ſtate.
This ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God!

Enter Faſtolfe.

Faſt. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from *Calais*,
To haſte unto your coronation;
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace from th' Duke of *Burgundy*.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and thee!
I vow'd, baſe Knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven leg,
Which I have done; becauſe unworthily
Thou waſt inſtalled in that high degree.
Pardon, my Princely *Henry*, and the reſt:
This daſtard, at the battle of *Poictiers*,
When but in all I was ſix thouſand ſtrong,
And that the *French* were almoſt ten to one,
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was given,
Like to a truſty 'ſquire, did run away.
In which aſſault we loſt twelve hundred men;

My-

Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great Lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no?

Glou. To say the truth, this fact was infamous
And ill beseeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth;
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage;
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of Knight,
Profaning this most honourable Order;
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. *Hen.* Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom;
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of *Burgundy*.

Glou. What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
No more but plain and blunt, *To the King.* [*Reading.*
Hath he forgot, he is his Sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Portend some alteration in good will?
What's here? *I have upon especial cause,* [*Reads.*
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious factions,
And join'd with Charles, *the rightful King of* France.
O monstrous treachery! can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There

There ſhould be found ſuch falſe diſſembling guile?

K. *Henry*. What! doth my uncle *Burgundy* revolt?

Glou. He doth, my Lord, and is become your foe.

K. *Henry*. Is that the worſt this letter doth contain?

Glou. It is the worſt, and all, my Lord, he writes.

K. *Hen*. Why then Lord *Talbot* there ſhall talk with him,
And give him chaſtiſement for this abuſe.
My Lord, how ſay you, are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? yes: but that I'm prevented,
I ſhould have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. *Hen*. Then gather ſtrength, and march unto him ſtraight;
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treaſon,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my Lord, in heart deſiring ſtill
You may behold confuſion of your foes. [*Exit* Talbot.

Enter Vernon, *and* Baſſet.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious Sovereign.

Baſ. And me, my Lord; grant me the combat too.

York. This is my ſervant; hear him, noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine; ſweet *Henry*, favour him.

K *Hen*. Be patient, Lords, and give them leave to ſpeak.
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my Lord, for he hath done me wrong.

Baſ. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

K. *Hen*. What is the wrong whereon you both complain?
Firſt let me know, and then I'll anſwer you.

Baſ. Croſſing the ſea from *England* into *France*,
This fellow here, with envious, carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the roſe I wear;
Saying, the ſanguine colour of the leaves
Did repreſent my maſter's bluſhing cheeks;
When ſtubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain queſtion in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of *York* and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lord's worthineſs,

I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble Lord;
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my Lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flow'r
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, *Somerset*, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of *York*, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. *H.* Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men!
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both of *York* and *Somerset*,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,
And then your Highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, *Somerset*.

Ver. Nay, let it rest, where it began at first.

Baf. Confirm it so, mine honourable Lord.

Glou. Confirm it so? confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate;
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the King, and us?
And you, my Lords, methinks, you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections:
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;
Let me perswade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his Highness: good my Lords, be friends.

K. *Henry.* Come hither you, that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my Lords; remember where we are;
In *France*, amongst a fickle wavering nation:

If

If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebell?
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certify'd,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henry*'s peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of *France*?
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle, which was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife:
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more encline to *Somerset*, than *York*.
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of *Scots* is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of *York*, we institute your Grace
To be our regent in these parts of *France*:
And, good my Lord of *Somerset*, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to *Calais*;
From thence to *England*; where I hope ere long
To be presented by your victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanson*, and that trait'rous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, *and* Vernon.

War. My Lord of *York*, I promise you, the King

Prettily

Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And ſo he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of *Somerſet*.
War. Tuſh, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare preſume, ſweet Prince, he thought no harm.
York. An if I wiſs, he did.—But let it reſt; (22)
Other affairs muſt now be managed. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didſt thou, *Richard*, to ſuppreſs thy voice;
For had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I fear, we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there
More ran'rous ſpight, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd.
But howſoe'er, no ſimple man that ſees
This jarring diſcord of nobility,
This ſhould'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites;
But that he doth preſage ſome ill event.
'Tis much, when ſcepters are in childrens hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind diviſion:
There comes the ruin, there begins confuſion. [*Exit.*

SCENE, before the Walls of *Bourdeaux*.

Enter Talbot *with trumpets, and drum.*

Tal. GO to the gates of *Bourdeaux*, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the Wall. [*Sounds.*

(22) *And if I* wiſh *he did.*] Thus the editions have ſlightly corrupted this paſſage. By the pointing reform'd, and a ſingle letter expung'd, I have reſtored the text to its purity. *And if I wis, he did.* —The ſenſe is this. *Warwick* had ſaid, the King meant no harm in wearing *Somerſet*'s roſe: to which *York* teſtily replies; "Nay, if "I think right, or know any thing of the matter, he did think "harm." To *wis* and *wiſt*, (from the *Saxon* word *wiſtan*, *cognoſcere*;) is a word frequent in this ſenſe, both with *Chaucer* and *Spencer*. Nor is this the only place, in which it occurs in our author. *Richard* III. Act I.

I *wis*, your grandam had a worſer match.

Mr. *Pope*, in his laſt edition, has embraced my correction.

Enter

Enter General, aloft.

English John Talbot, Captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to *Harry* King of *England*;
And thus he would.—Open your city gates;
Be humbled to us, call my Sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody pow'r.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your ſtately and air-braving tow'rs,
If you forſake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nations terrour, and their bloody ſcourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canſt not enter, but by death:
For, I proteſt, we are well fortify'd;
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are ſquadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canſt thou turn thee for redreſs;
But death doth front thee with apparent ſpoil;
And pale deſtruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thouſand *French* have ta'en the ſacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no chriſtian ſoul but *Engliſh Talbot*.
Lo! there thou ſtand'ſt, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt glory of thy praiſe,
That I thy enemy due thee withal;
For ere the glaſs, that now begins to run,
Finiſh the proceſs of his ſandy hour,
Theſe eyes, that ſee thee now well colour'd,
Shall ſee thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy muſic to thy tim'rous ſoul;
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exit from the Walls.*

Tal. He ſables not. I hear the enemy:
Out ſome light horſemen, and peruſe their wings.
O, negligent and heedleſs diſcipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little herd of *England*'s tim'rous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* curs.
If we be *Engliſh* deer, be then in blood;
Not raſcal-like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody, mad, and deſperate ſtags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of ſteel,
And make the cowards ſtand aloof at bay.
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they ſhall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and St. *George*, *Talbot*, and *England*'s right,
Proſper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, another Part of *France*.

Enter a Meſſenger, that meets York. *Enter* York, *with trumpet, and many ſoldiers.*

York. ARE not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Meſſ. They are return'd, my Lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to *Bourdeaux* with his pow'r,
To fight with *Talbot*; as he march'd along,
By your eſpyals were diſcovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for *Bourdeaux*.

York. A plague upon that villain *Somerſet*,
That thus delays my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were levied for this ſiege!
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble Chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity!
If he miſcarry, farewel wars in *France*.

Enter

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our *Engliſh* ſtrength,
Never ſo needful on the earth of *France*,
Spur to the reſcue of the noble *Talbot*;
Who now is girdled with a waſte of iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction:
To *Bourdeaux*, warlike Duke; to *Bourdeaux*, *York!*
Elſe farewel *Talbot*, *France*, and *England*'s honour.

York. O God! that *Somerſet*, who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my cornets, were in *Talbot*'s place!
So ſhould we ſave a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward:
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiſs traitors ſleep.

Lucy. O, ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſs'd Lord.

York. He dies, we loſe; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, *France* ſmiles: we loſe, they daily get:
All long of this vile traitor *Somerſet*.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot*'s ſoul,
And on his ſon young *John!* who, two hours ſince,
I met in travel towards his warlike father;
This ſev'n years did not *Talbot* ſee his ſon,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy ſhall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young ſon welcome to his grave!
Away! vexation almoſt ſtops my breath,
That ſundred friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewel; no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe; I cannot aid the man.
Maine, *Blois*, *Poictiers*, and *Tours* are won away,
Long all of *Somerſet*, and his delay. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Thus while the vulture of ſedition
Feeds in the boſom of ſuch great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſs
The conqueſts of our ſcarce-cold conqueror;
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth!—While they each other croſs,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE, another part of *France*.

Enter Somerſet, *with his army.*

Som. IT is too late; I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*
Too raſhly plotted. All our gen'ral force
Might with a ſally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring *Talbot*
Hath ſullied all his gloſs of former honour,
By this unheedful, deſp'rate, wild adventure:
York ſet him on to fight, and die in ſhame,
That, *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.

Capt. Here is Sir *William Lucy*, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

[*Enter Sir* William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir *William*, whither were you ſent?

Lu. Whither, my Lord? from bought and ſold Lord *Talbot*:
Who, ring'd about with bold adverſity,
Cries out for noble *York* and *Somerſet*,
To beat aſſailing death from his weak legions.
And while the honourable Captain there
Drops bloody ſweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for reſcue;
You, his falſe hopes, the truſt of *England*'s honour,
Keep off aloof with worthleſs emulation.
Let not your private diſcord keep away
The levied ſuccours, that ſhould lend him aid;
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the *Baſtard*, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alanſon, *Reignier*, compaſs him about;
And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.

Som. *York* ſet him on, *York* ſhould have ſent him aid.

Lucy. And *York* as faſt upon your Grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you with-hold his levied hoſt,
Collected for this expedition.

Som.

Som. *York* lies: he might have ſent, and had the horſe:
I owe him little duty, and leſs love,
And take foul ſcorn to fawn on him by ſending.

Lucy. The fraud of *England*, not the force of *France*,
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded *Talbot*:
Never to *England* ſhall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your ſtrife.

Som. Come, go; I will diſpatch the horſemen ſtrait:
Within ſix hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes reſcue: he is ta'en, or ſlain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would *Talbot* never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot*, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his ſhame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Field of Battle near *Bourdeaux*.

Enter Talbot, *and his ſon.*

Tal. O Young *John Talbot*, I did ſend for thee
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of war;
That *Talbot*'s name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſs age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boading ſtars!
Now art thou come unto a feaſt of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger.
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe;
And I'll direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſudden flight. Come, dally not; be gone.

John. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your ſon?
And ſhall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Diſhonour not her honourable name,
To make a baſtard, and a ſlave of me.
The world will ſay, he is not *Talbot*'s blood,
That baſely fled, when noble *Talbot* ſtood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be ſlain.

John. He that flies ſo, will ne'er return again.

Tal.

Tal. If we both ſtay, we both are ſure to die.
John. Then let me ſtay, and, father, do you fly:
Your loſs is great, ſo your regard ſhould be;
My worth unknown, no loſs is known in me.
Upon my death the *French* can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtain the honour you have won:
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for vantage, ev'ry one will ſwear;
But if I bow, they'll ſay, it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will ſtay,
If the firſt hour I ſhrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preſerv'd with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I'll ſhame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my bleſſing I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Tal. Part of thy father may be ſav'd in thee.
John. No part of him, but will be ſhame in me.
Tal. Thou never hadſt renown, nor canſt not loſe it.
John. Yes, your renowned name; ſhall flight abuſe it?
Tal. Thy father's charge ſhall clear thee from that ſtain.
John. You cannot witneſs for me, being ſlain.
If death be ſo apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with ſuch ſhame.
John. And ſhall my youth be guilty of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſever'd from your ſide,
Than can yourſelf yourſelf in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not; if my father die.
Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair ſon,
Born to eclipſe thy life this afternoon:
Come, ſide by ſide, together live and die;
And ſoul with ſoul from *France* to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm:

Alarm: Excurſions, wherein Talbot's *ſon is hemm'd about, and* Talbot *reſcues him.*

Tal. St. *George*, and victory! fight, ſoldiers, fight:
The regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of *France*'s ſword.
Where is *John Talbot?* pauſe, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and reſcu'd thee from death.

John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy ſon:
The life, thou gav'ſt me firſt was loſt and done;
Till with thy warlik ſword, deſpight of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'ſt new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's creſt thy ſword ſtruck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud deſire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful ſpleen and warlike rage,
Beat down *Alanſon*, *Orleans*, *Burgundy*,
And from the pride of *Gallia* reſcu'd thee.
The ireful baſtard *Orleans*, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy firſt fight, I ſoon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly ſhed
Some of his baſtard blood; and in diſgrace
Beſpoke him thus: Contaminated, baſe,
And miſ-begotten blood I ſpill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from *Talbot*, my brave boy—
Here, purpoſing the baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art not thou weary, *John?* how doſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art ſeal'd the ſon of Chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one ſtands me in little ſtead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one ſmall boat.
If I to-day die not with *Frenchmen*'s rage,
To-morrow I ſhall die with mickle age.

By

By me they nothing gain; and if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhorting of my life one day.
In thee thy mother dies, our houſhold's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and *England's* fame:
All theſe, and more, we hazard by thy ſtay;
All theſe are ſav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The ſword of *Orleans* hath not made me ſmart,
Theſe words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
On that vantage bought with ſuch a ſhame, (23)
To ſave a paltry life, and ſlay bright fame!
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
The coward horſe, that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peaſant boys of *France*,
To be ſhame's ſcorn, and ſubject of miſchance.
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not *Talbot's* ſon:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If ſon to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot's* foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy deſp'rate Sire of *Crete*,
Thou *Icarus!* thy life to me is ſweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's ſide;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm. Excurſions. Enter old Talbot, *led.*

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone.
O! where's young *Talbot?* where is valiant *John?*
Triumphant death, ſmear'd with captivity!
Young *Talbot's* valour makes me ſmile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me ſhrink, and on my knee,
His bloody ſword he brandiſh'd over me;

(23) *On that advantage, bought with ſuch a ſhame,*
To ſave a paltry life, and ſlay bright fame!
Before young Talbot *from old* Talbot *fly,*
The coward horſe, that bears me, fall and dye.]

This paſſage ſeems to lie obſcure, and disjointed. Neither the Grammar is to be juſtified; nor is the ſentiment better. I have ventur'd at a ſlight alteration, which departs ſo little from the reading which has obtained, but ſo much raiſes the ſenſe, as well as takes away the obſcurity, that I am willing to think it reſtores the author's meaning.

And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and ſtern impatience;
But when my angry guardant ſtood alone,
Tendring my ruin, and aſſail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart,
Into the cluſtring battle of the *French*:
And, in that ſea of blood, my boy did drench
His over-mounting ſpirit; and there dy'd
My *Icarus!* my bloſſom in his pride!

Enter John Talbot, *borne*.

Serv. O my dear Lord! lo! where your ſon is borne.
Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh'ſt us here to ſcorn,
Anon, from thy inſulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither ſky,
In thy deſpight, ſhall 'ſcape mortality.
O thou, whoſe wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath,
Brave death by ſpeaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a *Frenchman*, and thy foe.
Poor boy! he ſmiles, methinks, as who ſhould ſay,
"Had death been *French*, then death had died to-day."
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My ſpirit can no longer bear theſe harms.
Soldiers, adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young *John Talbot*'s grave. [*Die.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, continues near *Bourdeaux*.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, Burgundy, *Baſtard, and* Pucelle.

CHARLES.

HAD *York* and *Somerſet* brought reſcue in,
We ſhould have found a bloody day of this.

Baſt. How the young whelp of *Talbot*'s raging brood
Did fleſh his puny ſword in *Frenchmen*'s blood!

Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I ſaid:
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquiſh'd by a maid."
But with a proud, majeſtical, high ſcorn
He anſwer'd thus: "Young *Talbot* was not born
"To be the pillage of a giglot wench."
So, ruſhing in the bowels of the *French*,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtleſs, he would have made a noble Knight:
See, where he lies inherſed in the arms
Of the moſt bloody nurſer of his harms.

Baſt. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones aſunder;
Whoſe life was *England*'s glory, *Gallia*'s wonder.

Char. Oh, no: forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what ſubmiſſive meſſage art thou ſent?

Lucy. Submiſſion, Dauphin? 'tis a mere *French* word:
We *Engliſh* warriors wot not, what it means.
I come to know what priſoners thou haſt ta'en,

And to ſarvey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For priſoners aſk'ſt thou? hell our priſon is.
But tell me whom thou ſeek'ſt?

Lucy. Where is the great *Alcides* of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewſbury?*
Created, for his rare ſucceſs in arms,
Great Earl of *Waſhford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*;
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnival* of *Sheffield*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the noble Order of St. *George*,
Worthy St. *Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marſhal to our King *Henry* the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of *France*.

Pucel. Here is a ſilly, ſtately, ſtile, indeed:
The *Turk*, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not ſo tedious a ſtile as this.
Him that thou magnify'ſt with all theſe titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* ſlain, the *Frenchmen*'s only ſcourge,
Your kingdom's terrour and black *Nemeſis?*
Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might ſhoot them at your faces!
Oh, that I could but call theſe dead to life,
It were enough to fright the realm of *France!*
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudeſt of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial, as beſeems their worth.

Pucel. I think this upſtart is old *Talbot*'s ghoſt;
He ſpeaks with ſuch a proud commanding ſpirit:
For God's ſake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but ſtink, and putrify the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence;
But from their aſhes, Dauphin, ſhall be rear'd
A Phœnix, that ſhall make all *France* afear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt:

And now to *Paris*, in this conqu'ring vein;
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot*'s slain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *England.*

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* HAve you perus'd the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of *Armagnac?*
Glou. I have my Lord; and their intent is this;
They humbly ſue unto your Excellence.
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of *England* and of *France.*
K. *Henry.* How doth your Grace affect this motion?
Glou. Well, my good Lord; and as the only means
To ſtop effuſion of our Chriſtian blood,
And ſtabliſh quietneſs on ev'ry ſide.
K. *Henry.* Ay, marry, uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That ſuch immanity and bloody ſtrife
Should reign among profeſſors of one faith.
Glou. Beſide, my Lord, the ſooner to effect
And ſurer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of *Armagnac*, near kin to *Charles*,
A man of great authority in *France*,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and ſumptuous dowry.
K *Henry.* Marriage? alas! my years are yet too young;
And fitter is my ſtudy and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call th' Ambaſſadors; and, as you pleaſe,
So let them have their anſwers ev'ry one.
I ſhall be well con'ent with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter Wincheſter, *and three Ambaſſadors.*

Exe. What, is my Lord of *Wincheſter* inſtall'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verify'd,

Henry the Fifth did ſometime propheſy:
" If once he come to be a Cardinal,
" He'll make his cap coequal with the crown."
K. *Henry*. My Lords Ambaſſadors, your ſev'ral ſuits
Have been conſider'd and debated on;
Your purpoſe is both good and reaſonable:
And therefore are we certainly reſolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of *Wincheſter* we mean
Shall be tranſported preſently to *France*.
Glou. And for the proffer of my Lord your maſter,
I have inform'd his Highneſs ſo at large;
As, liking of the Lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend ſhe ſhall be *England's* Queen.
K. *Henry*. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And ſo, my Lord Protector, ſee them guarded,
And ſafely brought to *Dover*; where, inſhipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the ſea.
[*Exeunt King and Train.*
Win. Stay, my Lord *Legate*, you ſhall firſt receive
The ſum of money, which I promiſed
Should be deliver'd to his Holineſs,
For cloathing me in theſe grave ornaments.
Legate. I will attend upon your Lordſhip's leiſure.
Win. Now *Wincheſter* will not ſubmit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudeſt Peer.
Humphrey of *Glo'ſter*, thou ſhalt well perceive,
That nor in birth, or for authority,
The Biſhop will be over-borne by thee:
I'll either make thee ſtoop, and bend thy knee,
Or ſack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to *France*.

Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alanſon, *Baſtard*, Reignier, *and* Joan la Pucelle.

Dau. THeſe news, my Lords, may cheer our drooping ſpirits:
'Tis ſaid, the ſtout *Pariſians* do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike *French*.

Alan. Then march to *Paris*, royal *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your pow'rs in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongſt them, if they turn to us,
Elſe ruin combat with their Palaces!

Enter Scout.

Scout. Succeſs unto our valiant General,
And happineſs to his accomplices!

Dau. What tidings ſend our ſcouts? I pr'ythee, ſpeak.

Scout. The *Engliſh* army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle preſently.

Dau. Somewhat too ſudden, Sirs, the warning is;
But we will preſently provide for them.

Burg. I truſt, the ghoſt of *Talbot* is not there;
Now he is gone, my Lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all baſe paſſions fear is moſt accurſt.
Command the conqueſt, *Charles*, it ſhall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.

Dau. Then on, my Lords; and *France* be fortunate.

[*Exeunt.*

Alarm: Excurſions. *Enter* Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly.
Now help, ye charming ſpells and periapts;
And ye choice ſpirits, that admoniſh me,
And give me ſigns of future accidents; [*Thunder.*
You ſpeedy helpers, that are ſubſtitutes
Under the lordly Monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This ſpeedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accuſtom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar ſpirits, that are cull'd
Out of the pow'rful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that *France* may get the field.
[*They walk, and ſpeak not.*
Oh, hold me not with ſilence over long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you.
In earneſt of a further benefit:
So you do condeſcend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redreſs? my body ſhall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my ſuit.
[*They ſhake their heads.*
Cannot my body, nor blood-ſacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then, take my ſoul; my body, ſoul and all;
Before that *England* give the *French* the foil. [*They depart.*
See, they forſake me. Now the time is come,
That *France* muſt vail her lofty plumed creſt,
And let her head fall into *England*'s lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too ſtrong for me to buckle with:
Now, *France*, thy glory droopeth to the duſt. [*Exit.*

Excurſions: Pucelle *and* York *fight hand to hand.*
Pucelle *is taken.* *The* French *fly.*

York. Damſel of *France*, I think, I have you faſt,
Unchain your ſpirits now with ſpelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with *Circe*, ſhe would change my ſhape.
Pucel. Chang'd to a worſer ſhape thou canſt not be.
York. Oh, *Charles* the Dauphin is a proper man;
No ſhape, but his, can pleaſe your dainty eye.

Pucel.

Pucel. A plaguing miſchief light on *Charles* and thee!
And may ye both be ſuddenly ſurpris'd
By bloody hands, in ſleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning hag! inchantreſs, hold thy tongue.
Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curſe a-while.
York. Curſe, miſcreant, when thou comeſt to the ſtake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarm. *Enter* Suffolk, *with Lady* Margaret *in his hand.*

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my priſoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
Oh, faireſt beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands:
I kiſs theſe fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender ſide.
Who art thou? ſay; that I may honour thee.
Mar. *Margaret*, my name; and daughter to a King;
The King of *Naples*; whoſoe'er thou art.
Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the ſwan her downy cignets ſave,
Keeping them priſ'ners underneath her wings.
Yet if this ſervile uſage once offend,
Go and be free again, as *Suffolk*'s friend. [*She is going.*
Oh, ſtay! I have no pow'r to let her paſs:
My hand would free her, but my heart ſays, no.
As plays the ſun upon the glaſſy ſtream,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So ſeems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not ſpeak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fy, *De la Pole*, diſable not thyſelf:
Haſt not a tongue? is ſhe not here thy priſ'ner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's ſight?
Ay; beauty's princely majeſty is ſuch,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the ſenſes rough.
Mar. Say, Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy name be ſo,
What ranſom muſt I pay before I paſs?

For, I perceive, I am thy priſoner.
Suf. How canſt thou tell, ſhe will deny thy ſuit, (24)
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aſide.*
Mar. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? what ranſom muſt I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aſide.*
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranſom, yea, or no?
Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou haſt a wife;
Then how can *Margaret* be thy paramour? [*Aſide.*
Mar. 'Twere beſt to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; ſure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a diſpenſation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would, that you would anſwer me.
Suf. I'll win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why, for my King: Tuſh, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is ſome carpenter.
Suf. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatisfy'd,
And peace eſtabliſhed between theſe realms.
But there remains a ſcruple in that too:
For though her father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Main*, yet he is poor;
And our Nobility will ſcorn the match. [*Aſide.*
Mar. Hear ye me, Captain? are ye not at leiſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdain they ne'er ſo much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a ſecret to reveal.
Mar. What tho' I be inthrall'd, he ſeems a Knight,
And will not any way diſhonour me. [*Aſide.*
Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps, I ſhall be reſcu'd by the *French*;
And then I need not crave his courteſy. [*Aſide.*
Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cauſe.
Mar. Tuſh, women have been captivate ere now. [*Aſide.*

(24) *How canſt thou tell,* &c.] This inattention of *Suffolk* to *Margaret*, while he is ruminating to himſelf, is practis'd before by our author, (and with infinitely more maſtery, and humour;) in his ſecond part of King *Henry* the IVth, in a ſcene betwixt the Lord *Chief Juſtice* and Sir *John Falſtaffe*.

Suf.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you ſo?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle Princeſs, would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queen?
Mar. To be a Queen in bondage, is more vile
Than is a ſlave in baſe ſervility;
For Princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy *England*'s Royal King be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry*'s Queen,
To put a golden ſcepter in thy hand,
And ſet a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condeſcend to be my ——
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry*'s wife.
Suf. No, gentle Madam; I unworthy am
To woo ſo fair a dame to be his wife;
And have no portion in the choice myſelf.
How ſay you, Madam, are you ſo content?
Mar. An if my father pleaſe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captains and our colours forth:
And, Madam, at your father's caſtle-walls,
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

Sound. *Enter* Reignier *on the walls.*

Suf. See, *Reignier*, ſee thy daughter priſoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. *Suffolk*, what remedy?
I am a ſoldier and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleneſs.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my Lord:
Conſent, and for thy honour give conſent,
Thy daughter ſhall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her eaſy-held impriſonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?

Suf.

Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or faign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant I descend;
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our territories;
Command in *Anjou* what your Honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy in so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion of a King:
What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a Lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be *Henry*'s, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again in *Henry*'s Royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffick of a King.
And yet, methinks, I could be well content (25)
To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*
I'll

(25) ——— *I could be well content*
To be mine own attorney *in this case.*] i. e. I could like to act in my own behalf in this affair, to negotiate for myself. So, before, in King *John*;

In us, that are *our own* great *deputy*;

i. e. in me, who act for myself, in my own right. Tho' this kind of expression, in strictness of sense, or language, may not be so justifiable; yet they are either of them very intelligible by *implication*: and there are many authorities in our author, and other poets, to keep them in countenance, where there is such a contradiction in the terms, that they cannot be reconciled but by being explained into a meaning. To instance in a few passages;

Two

I'll over then to *England* with this news,
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So

Two Gentlemen of *Verona*;

It is mine eye, or *Valentino*'s praiſe,
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me *reaſonleſs*, to *reaſon* thus?

So likewiſe in *Hamlet*;

——— Try what *repentance* can;
Yet what can *it*, when one *cannot repent*?

Nor are examples of this ſort wanting in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.
Queen of *Corinth*:

Come, we muſt do theſe mutual offices;
We muſt be *our own ſeconds*.

King and *no King*:

Think, how this want of grief diſcredits you,
And you will *weep*, becauſe you *cannot weep*.

And in *Bonduca*:

Thoſe men, beſide *themſelves*, allow no *neighbours*.

I have produced theſe authorities, in reply to a criticiſm of Mr. *Pope*'s; becauſe, in the gaity of his *wit* and *good humour*, he was pleas'd to be very ſmart upon me, as he thought, for a line, in a *poſthumous* play of our author's which I brought upon the ſtage: Double Falſhood:

Nought, *but itſelf*, can be its *parallel*.

It is ſpoken of an action ſo enormous, that the poet meant, it had no equal upon record. I have ſhewn from examples, that ſuch a licence in expreſſion was practis'd in our *Engliſh* writers: I'll ſubjoin a few inſtances of the ſame liberty, taken by the beſt *Roman* claſſics.

——— *tam* conſimil' *eſt atque* ego.
Plaut. *in* Amphitr.

——— *modo formoſiſſimus infans*,
Jam juvenis, jam vir, jam ſe formoſior ipſo.
Ovid. *Metam.*

——— *quæris* Alcidæ parem?
Nemo *eſt*, *niſi* ipſe. Senec. *Herc. fur.*

Proximus *ſum* Egomet mihi. Terent. *Andria.*

——— *Gnata, quid genubus meis*
Fles advoluta, quid prece indomitum domas?
Senec. *Thebaid.*

Patriam petendo perdis? ut fiat tua,
Vis eſſe nullam? Idem *ibid.*

Sed vetuere *Patres, quod* non potuere vetare.
Ovid. *Metam.*

I know, ſome learned men have ſuſpected the pointing of this laſt paſſage, and clapp'd the latter part of the hemiſtich to agree with a ſubſequent

So farewel, *Reignier*; ſet this diamond ſafe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian Prince King *Henry*, were he here.
Mar. Farewel, my Lord: good wiſhes, praiſe and pray'rs
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*. [*She is going.*
Suf. Farewel, ſweet Madam; hark you, *Margaret*;
No princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin and his ſervant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtly directed.
But, Madam, I muſt trouble you again,
No loving token to his Majeſty?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unſpotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I ſend the King.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kiſſes her.*
Mar. That for thyſelf —— I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeviſh tokens to a King.
Suf. O, wert thou for myſelf! — but, *Suffolk*, ſtay;
Thou may'ſt not wander in that labyrinth;
There minotaurs, and ugly treaſons, lurk.
Sollicit *Henry* with her wond'rous praiſe,
Bethink thee on her virtues that ſurmount,
Her nat'ral graces that extinguiſh art;
Repeat their ſemblance often on the ſeas;
That, when thou com'ſt to kneel at *Henry*'s feet,
Thou may'ſt bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter York, Warwick, *a Shepherd, and* Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that ſorcereſs, condemn'd to burn.
Shep. Ah, *Joan!* this kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I ſought ev'ry country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſs, cruel, death!

ſubſequent line there. But, I think, the verſe is perfectly *Ovidian* as it is, and means this; *But the parents* forbad *what they could not* hinder. —— For *vetare* ſignifies, *prohibere dictis & factis*, as *Martinius* tells us.

Ah,

Ah, *Joan*, sweet daughter, I will die with thee.

Pucel. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—my Lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother, living yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bach'lorship.

War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues, what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fy, *Joan*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear;
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.

Pucel. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? now curse be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk,
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake:
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish, some rav'nous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vitious qualities.

Pucel. First, let me tell you, whom you have condemn'd;
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of Kings;
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth:
I never had to do with wicked spirits.
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,

Corrupt

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace, that others have,
You judge it streight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived *Joan* of *Arc* hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heav'n.

York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, Sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place pitchy barrels on the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, *Joan*, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now, heav'n forefend! the holy maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that ere you wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine, what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since *Charles* must father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd, my child is none of his;
It was *Alanson*, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alanson! that notorious *Machiavel!*
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Pucel. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier*, King of *Naples*, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl; I think, she knows not well,
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.

Strumpet,

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee.
Uſe no intreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucel. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curſe.
May never glorious ſun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkneſs and the gloomy ſhade of death,
Inviron you, till miſchief and deſpair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourſelves?
[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou foul accurſed miniſter of hell!

Enter Cardinal of Wincheſter.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With letters of commiſſion from the King.
For know, my Lords, the ſtates of Chriſtendom,
Mov'd with remorſe of theſe outrageous broils,
Have earneſtly implor'd a gen'ral peace
Betwixt our nation and th' aſpiring *French*;
And ſee at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approaching to confer about ſome matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and ſoldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And ſold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not loſt moſt part of all the towns,
By treaſon, falſhood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
Oh, *Warwick*, *Warwick!* I foreſee with grief
The utter loſs of all the realm of *France*.

War. Be patient, *York*: if we conclude a peace,
It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſevere covenants,
As little ſhall the *Frenchmen* gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, *Baſtard, and* Reignier.

Char. Since, Lords of *England*, it is thus agreed.
That peaceful truce ſhall be proclaim'd in *France*;

We

We come to be informed by yourselves,
What the conditions of that league must be.
York Speak, *Winchester*, for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.
Win. Charles and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace;
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
And, *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him;
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.
Alan. Must he be then a shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.
Char. 'Tis known, already that I am possest
Of more than half the *Gallian* territories,
And therein rev'renc'd for their lawful King.
Shall I, for lucre of the rest un-vanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, Lord Ambassador, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.
York. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league;
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.
Reig My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:

If

If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We ſhall not find like opportunity.

Alan. To ſay the truth, it is your policy,
To ſave your ſubjects from ſuch maſſacre,
And ruthleſs ſlaughters, as are daily ſeen
By our proceeding in hoſtility.
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it, when your pleaſure ſerves.
[*Aſide, to the Dauphin.*

War. How ſay'ſt thou, *Charles?* ſhall our condition ſtand?

Char. It ſhall:
Only reſerv'd, you claim no intereſt
In any of our towns of garriſon.

York. Then ſwear allegiance to his Majeſty.
As thou art Knight, never to diſobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of *England:*
Thou, nor thy Nobles, to the Crown of *England.*
So now diſmiſs your army, when you pleaſe:
Hang up your enſigns, let your drums be ſtill,
For here we entertain a ſolemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *England.*

Enter Suffolk, *in converſe with King* Henry; Glouceſter, *and* Exeter.

K. *Henry.* YOur wond'rous rare deſcription, noble Earl,
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath aſtoniſh'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's ſettled paſſions in my heart.
And, like as rigour of tempeſtuous guſts
Provokes the mightieſt hulk againſt the tide,
So am I driv'n by breath of her renown,
Either to ſuffer ſhipwrack, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tuſh, my good Lord, this ſuperficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praiſe:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I ſufficient ſkill to utter them,)

Would

Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to raviſh any dull conceit,
And, which is more, ſhe is not ſo divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlineſs of mind
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaſte intents,
To love and honour *Henry* as her Lord.

K. *Henry*. And otherwiſe will *Henry* ne'er preſume:
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give conſent,
That *Marg'ret* may be *England*'s Royal Queen.

Glou. So ſhould I give conſent to flatter ſin.
You know, my Lord, your Highneſs is betroth'd
Unto another Lady of eſteem:
How ſhall we then diſpenſe with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the lists
By reaſon of his adverſary's odds.
A poor Earl's daughter is unequal odds;
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is *Marg'ret* more than that?
Her father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good Lord, her father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jeruſalem*;
And of ſuch great authority in *France*,
That his alliance will confirm our peace;
And keep the *Frenchmen* in allegiance.

Glou. And ſo the Earl of *Armagnac* may do,
Becauſe he is near kinſman unto *Charles*.

Exe. Beſide, his wealth doth warrant lib'ral dow'r,
While *Reignier* ſooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A dow'r, my Lords! diſgrace not ſo your King,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe and poor,
To chuſe for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queen;
And not to ſeek a Queen, to make him rich.

So-

So worthleſs peaſants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, ſheep or horſe,
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyſhip;
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his nuptial bed.
And therefore, Lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
It moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth us,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd;
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſs,
And is a pattern of celeſtial peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry*, being a King,
But *Marg'ret*, that is daughter to a King?
Her peerleſs feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted ſpirit,
(More than in woman commonly is ſeen,)
Anſwer our hope in iſſue of a King:
For *Henry*, ſon unto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors;
If with a Lady of ſo high reſolve,
As is fair *Marg'ret*, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my Lords, and here conclude with me,
That *Marg'ret* ſhall be Queen, and none but ſhe.

K. *Henry*. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of *Suffolk*; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am aſſur'd,
I feel ſuch ſharp diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
As I am ſick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore ſhipping; poſt, my Lord, to *France*;
Agree to any covenants; and procure,
That Lady *Marg'ret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſs the ſeas to *England*; and be crown'd
King *Henry*'s faithful and anointed Queen.

For

For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I ſay; for till you do return,
I am perplexed with a thouſand cares.
And you, good uncle, baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know, it will excuſe
This ſudden execution of my will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glou. Ay; grief, I fear me, both at firſt and laſt.
[*Exit* Glouceſter.

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes,
As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*,
With hope to find the like event in love;
But proſper better than the *Trojan* did:
Marg'ret ſhall now be Queen, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and realm. [*Exit.*

The End of the FOURTH Volume.

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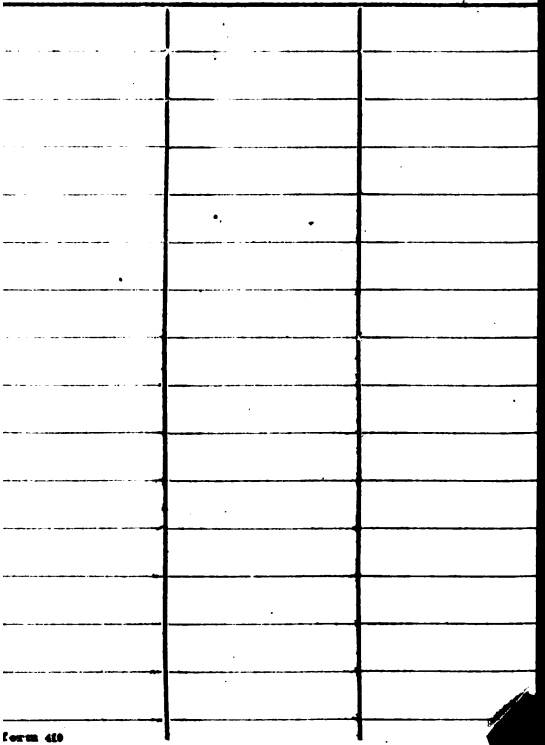

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